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Off-Hand
Portraits
of
Prominent New Yorkers







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OFF-HAND PORTRAITS

OF

PROMINENT NEW YORKERS.

BY

STEPHEN FISKE,

Author of English Photographs, etc.

"Nothing extenuate
Nor set down aught in malice,"

—SHAKESPEARE.

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P R E F A C E .

THESE sketches of prominent New Yorkers are, I think, aptly described by their title and motto. They have been written off-hand, and, if aught has been extenuated, certainly naught has been set down in malice. They were originally published in the *Knickerbocker*, under the editorship of T. F. Durant, Esq., whom I have to thank for the opportunity of making my Portraits perfectly impartial. In every case I have drawn the man exactly as he appeared to me, and if, in some cases, it may be objected that I have taken too favorable a view of the subject, is not that a characteristic of all portrait-painters?

In describing so many different persons of very different professions—officials, clergymen, generals, journalists, politicians, in and out of office, lawyers, capitalists, financiers, and actors—I can scarcely hope to please everybody, and, indeed, have not endeavored to do so. If the public recognize the accuracy of my Portraits, that is all I can desire. As to the expressions of opinion upon various topics,

political and otherwise, which are naturally suggested by the Portraits, these are, of course, open to objection and argument. The only merit I claim for them is that they are sincere, and nobody is to be considered bound by them except myself.

It may not be out of place to add the following extract from the columns of the *Knickerbocker*.

"In consequence of a communication made to KNICKERBOCKER, the Editor thinks it expedient to say that the Editor has neither received nor solicited money or favors for any of the Off-hand Portraits. They are not written to order."

S. F.

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OFF-HAND PORTRAITS.

HENRY E. ABBEY.

HENRY E. ABBEY is a tall, thin man, dark complexioned, with black, closely-cropped hair and a slight, black mustache. He always dresses in the latest style, but in dark, quiet colors. His appearance and address are very amiable and pleasant ; but he talks very little and wins friends by being a good listener. In business he has the tact to surround himself with clever and experienced assistants, and he is always ready to hear and consider any suggestions which they may make, or which may come from an outsider, or even from a newspaper. A theatrical manager, in the sense in which this term was once understood, he certainly is not and has never been. Probably nobody else knows so little as Manager Abbey of the details of the performances that are going on in his different theatres. Having intrusted the Grand Opera House (New York) to Mr. Tillotson, the Park Theatre (Boston) to Mr. Schoeffel, and the Nilsson tour to Mr. Coplestone, he travels off with the Irving troupe and apparently concerns himself no more about these important enterprises. Nevertheless, Manager Abbey's placid exterior and indifferent de-

meanor conceal an acute and shrewd knowledge of his business, and his almost invariable success is the best proof of his extraordinary abilities.

Mr. Abbey is by no means an old man nor an old manager. He was born at Akron, Ohio, about thirty-five years ago ; had the ordinary village education ; learned the jewelry business, and opened a store at Buffalo. He had an ambition beyond the counter and the show-cases, and a taste for theatrical speculations. In 1870 he began his theatrical career as advance agent for Edwin Adams, and in 1871 he made his *début* as a manager by leasing the Akron Opera House, which turned out to be far from a profitable venture. Ascribing his failure to a lack of information about the details of the management, he went into the box-office of the Euclid Avenue Opera House, Cleveland, under the veteran John Ellsler, and, after a brief apprenticeship, was appointed Treasurer of Ellsler's Opera House at Pittsburgh. In this position he became acquainted with all the travelling stars. Everybody liked him, and his dealings were so strict and honorable that he received repeated offers to take charge of the tours of prominent professionals. Of these offers he was lucky or wise enough to select that of Lotta. Now, it happened that Lotta had never played a satisfactory engagement in New York since she first appeared here as a song-and-dance artiste from California, and Mrs. Crabtree, her mother, wished her to invest money in some metropolitan theatre, where she could have an opportunity to play a regular an-

nual engagement. The Park theatre was to be leased; Mr. Abbey was ready to take charge of it, and thus the jeweler became, in four years, a New York manager.

At the beginning of Mr. Abbey's administration the Park Theatre was not popular. He tried comedy stars there, one after another; he organized a good stock company and produced new plays; but the harder he worked the smaller were the returns. Lotta herself, who could fill any theatre outside of New York, was not profitably attractive at the Park. Almost any other manager would have deserted the sinking ship, as Boucicault, Stuart, and Fulton had already done; but Mr. Abbey, like a good captain, called all hands together and made them a little speech—the longest he has ever been known to deliver. He told them of his financial situation, and of the impossibility of paying them in full unless the next piece produced was a success. He gave them the option of withdrawing at once or going on with him and taking the chances. His courage and frankness were contagious, and everybody decided to go ahead. Fortune favors the brave, and the next piece was "Our Boarding House," which made an instantaneous hit, and filled the Park treasury to overflowing. A great many debts were to be paid off and a great deal of borrowed money returned before Manager Abbey could thoroughly enjoy this change of fortune; but "Our Boarding House" continued to be popular, and its profits gave him a start and a prestige, which he has since maintained and extend-

ed with that wonderful luck which is really only another name for skill and pluck.

Encouraged by his success at the Park, which began in 1877, Mr. Abbey leased Booth's Theatre for a year; but even his tact and energy could not redeem that ill-fated house. He then became a partner with Mr. Schoeffel in the Park Theatre, Boston, and the Park Theatre, Philadelphia. The Philadelphia house had to be abandoned; the Boston Park has become one of the most popular in the country, in spite of the Bostonian prejudice against New York management. At the commencement of this season Manager Abbey secured the lease of the Grand Opera House and redecorated this magnificent theatre gorgeously. He has not altered the system of bringing out popular stars there at cheap prices, but he has very much improved the style in which the plays are presented to the public. As much care and expense are bestowed upon pieces that are to run for only a week or a fortnight as some other managers would give to plays intended to last a whole season. The burning of the Park Theatre, on the very night that Mrs. Langtry was to make her New York début there last October, was at once a misfortune and a benefit to Manager Abbey. It was a misfortune, because he paid only a comparatively small rental for this theatre, which, at that price, was sure to be profitable; it was a benefit, because it left him free to devote himself to his real vocation, which is not theatrical management, but speculation in stars.

Look at the list of dramatic and operatic notabilities whom Manager Abbey has directed during the past two years—Bernhardt, Booth, Patti, Langtry, and Nilsson, with Henry Irving and his London company. Each of these tours was a marvel of managerial daring and financial engineering. For every star a heavy deposit of cash in advance had to be made, by way of guarantee, and the risks which had to be encountered subsequently were enormous. Mr. Abbey raised the guarantee funds and diminished the risks by requiring all the provincial managers to pay him a certain proportion of their terms in advance, thus doubly interesting them in the success of his enterprises. Bernhardt could only play in French—would there be cultivated Americans enough to make her engagement profitable? Manager Abbey believed that America was equal to the artistic and pecuniary demand, and he was right. Patti had to sing against the Mapleson troupe—were there audiences for the two attractions? Manager Abbey again trusted to the culture of his countrymen, and again he was right. He has repeated the experiment, even more successfully, with Nilsson, who sang at Cincinnati on the off-nights of the Operatic Festival, and reaped part of the benefits of the Festival advertising. During his tour with Edwin Booth the star made more money than ever before, and yet Manager Abbey secured a splendid profit. So, again, he relied upon the curiosity of the American people to see Mrs. Langtry to recoup him for his outlay upon this bold speculation, and again the

result has proved that Manager Abbey understands his public perfectly.

There are not many more great foreign stars to bring over, and we are glad, therefore, that Manager Abbey resolved to crown his career legitimately by accepting the directorship of the New Metropolitan Opera House and attempting to give New York the highest class of Italian opera under American management. We have accepted "Her Majesty's Opera," with all its faults, and the British Coloneley of Mapleson, with all its shortcomings, for lack of something better; but Manager Abbey now promises to give us that something better, and the improvements which he has already made show that he will keep his word. This season, in addition to the Italian opera at the Metropolitan, Manager Abbey has had Henry Irving and his London Lyceum company at Wallack's old theatre, and has managed the Grand Opera House here, the Park Theatre, Boston, and the Lyceum Theatre, London. This is a programme of speculation which might make even a Jay Gould pause. Manager Abbey himself says that his combination theatres will take care of themselves; that the stockholders of the Metropolitan will take care of the Italian opera; that the *ensemble* of the Irving troupe will insure the success of that engagement, and that he is most concerned about his American season at the London Lyceum. His concern is both practical and patriotic. In the good old days there was once an American manager of Drury Lane, then the "national theatre" of Eng-

land, but he never dreamed of importing into London a complete company of American actors to support American stars. Manager Abbey will undertake this splendid enterprise, and all who know him on both sides of the Atlantic, heartily wish him success.

THOMAS C. ACTON.

THE man who has charge of the money is always an interesting personage; but Assistant United States Treasurer Acton has other claims upon the regard of our people. He is a genuine New-Yorker, having been born in this city in 1823. He carries his sixty-one years as easily as he does the responsibility for the millions of dollars in his custody. Of medium height, slenderly but compactly built, erect and active, his strongly marked features, bluish-gray eyes and bushy white hair make him noticeable even amidst the push and hurry of Wall Street. He walks and talks modestly, but with the terse decision of a man accustomed to command. For many years a prominent politician, he still exerts a potent influence in the councils of the Republican party. Few men know New York City better or have been more useful in acquiring for the Republicans their practical ascendancy in this Democratic stronghold. Mr. Acton holds his friends firmly, and is respected even by his political enemies for his integrity, consistency,

and ability. Although he occupies so important an office here, he prefers to reside across the State line in Connecticut, where he has a handsome rural home; which has become more dear to him than any brownstone mansion could be. His health is preserved and his tastes are gratified by this country residence with city comforts.

After receiving an academical education, Mr. Acton studied law, but did not practise the profession. Law led him naturally into city politics, and he has been a politician from his youth. When he was twenty-seven years of age, in 1850, he accepted his first office, that of Deputy Assistant County Clerk. At the close of his term he was appointed Deputy Registrar, and served six years in this capacity. Then, in 1860, Governor Morgan appointed him Police Commissioner. Two years later he was elected President of the Board, and altogether he was in office as Commissioner for nine years, during which he was practically the ruler of New York City. The citizens and the members of the police force look back to that time with pride and satisfaction. President Acton was a strict disciplinarian, never overlooking the slightest deviation from duty on the part of any of his subordinates; but he knew how to make himself beloved as well as respected, and his men regarded him as a faithful friend, sure to protect and reward conscientious service. The period during which Mr. Acton had charge of the police included that of our Civil War, and he was, in fact, a general in command of a military force as well as

a Commissioner appointed to keep the peace. It is needless to say that he was an earnest and energetic patriot, and his services to the country, as well as to the city, will not be soon forgotten.

Before the War, Commissioner Acton had already shown his ability by the reorganization of the police and the enforcement of the excise laws. During the War he was subjected to a crucial test by the sudden breaking out of the draft riots. On the first day of the riots Superintendent Kennedy was wounded and disabled, and the President of the Board became really the Acting Superintendent. All through the disturbances Mr. Acton had the personal direction of the entire police force, and it is not too much to say that he saved the city from fire and ravage. The readers of this generation can scarcely picture the New York of that day. At first the rioters had the sympathy of the majority of our citizens in their resistance to the conscription; but it soon became evident that thieves and ruffians had assumed command of the rioters, and that the chief purpose of the mob was pillage. Business was suspended; the streets were comparatively deserted. Here and there, from trees and lamp-posts, hung the bodies of murdered negroes. The Orphan Asylum blazed in the upper part of the city, and the houses of prominent Abolitionists were sacked. Nobody knew at what moment the mob might knock at the door to demand the surrender of a negro servant and rob the house. The principal thoroughfares were barricaded, and ar-

tillery was used during the street fights both by the rioters and the military. Portions of the city were literally in a state of siege. The people were divided against themselves.

It is easy to understand how responsible was the position of President Acton during these danger-days and nights; but he proved himself equal to the responsibility. His vigilance and activity were wonderful. He seemed to require no sleep and to be everywhere simultaneously. The police, whom the rioters had hoped to demoralize, stood firm under Mr. Acton's leadership. The force was promptly and largely recruited by men who distinguished themselves by special acts of bravery. For example, in Mulberry Street the militia were seriously impeded by shots and stones from the roofs of the houses. A big ruffian in an upper room directed the attack and wounded soldier after soldier. All at once a brave man dashed out of the crowd, made his way up through the tenement house, seized the ruffian by the back of the neck, dragged him downstairs, and threw him to the police. As the man turned, President Acton drove to his side and said, "Thank you, my brave fellow! Will you become a policeman?" "Yes, sir," replied the hero. "Good! Take this card to headquarters and you will be uniformed and equipped. Then report to me for special duty. I have plenty of work for all such men as you!"

The police force then numbered about two thousand men—not enough to adequately protect the

public offices, the banks, the telegraph lines, and the ferries; but President Acton increased its efficiency by such recruits and inspired its members with his own untiring vigilance and vigor. The station-houses were made places of refuge for the poor negroes, and not one of these stations was captured by the mob. Mr. Acton held the rioters in check everywhere until the military arrived to rout them; but he sacrificed his health in the struggle. In 1869 he was compelled to resign his position as too onerous for his invalided faculties, and the general regret was the highest compliment which could have been paid him. In 1870 he was appointed by President Grant, who fully appreciated his patriotic and political services, to be Superintendent of the United States Assay Office, in which position he remained for twelve years, and was then promoted to the Assistant Treasurership. Compared with the Presidency of the Police Board, these offices, although very responsible, are sinecures to a person of Mr. Acton's habits, and we are glad to say that the rest which he has enjoyed has restored him to his health and spirits.

While Mr. Acton was Commissioner of Police he accomplished two municipal marvels—the reduction of the debt and taxes and the increase of the income of the city. Our people owe mainly to him the creation of the Board of Health and the institution of the paid Fire Department, both of which have been of the greatest assistance to the police. An instance of his quickness and ingenuity is pre-

served in the annals of the Seventh Regiment. For several days after these citizen-soldiers, the flower of the young men of New York, had left for Annapolis, no news was received from them, and the people, remembering the attack upon the Massachusetts Sixth, at Baltimore, were anxious and distressed. President Acton went down to the American Telegraph office and found an old friend, named Roberts, in control of the lines. "Send me all the dispatches from the South before delivering them to their addresses," said President Acton. Mr. Roberts hesitated. "I appoint you a special policeman detailed to take charge of the telegraph," continued Mr. Acton, "and now you see that it is your duty to report to me." Mr. Roberts could not refuse the appointment, and soon the news was made public that the Seventh had arrived safely at Annapolis and taken the route to Washington.

Mr. Acton was one of the original founders of the Union League Club, of which he is still a prominent member. Now an elegant and exclusive social organization, the Union League was a patriotic force during the War. It was a rallying-point for the Union workers; the headquarters of sanitary relief for our soldiers; the treasury which advanced money to recruit and equip armies. Under its auspices the first colored regiment was sent to the front; the great Sanitary Fair was held; it organized the mass meetings which encouraged the people during the darkest days of the Rebellion and appropriately celebrated the victories of the Union.

At the dinner of the original members of the club, in 1880, Dr. Bellows thus referred to Mr. Acton, who was present: "Our noble police, whose honored memories have been invoked to-night, and whose welcome presence is represented here in the waving white hair of my friend Acton, dispersed the miserable mob who would have made the City of New York a battle-ground; they sustained the Union League, and the Union League sustained them, in a manner which will never be forgotten." It is not forgotten, nor Mr. Acton's share in it, and the popularity thus worthily won will be as lasting as the metropolis.

CLARK BELL.

THE best time and place to sketch Mr. Clark Bell is, not during business hours at his law office on lower Broadway, but at one of the monthly dinners of the Saturday Night Club, when he presides at the great round table and proposes the health of each of the guests in a few felicitous words. As he stands, wine-glass in hand, performing the congenial duties of his perpetual chairmanship, he seems the embodiment of benevolence and conviviality. His figure is rotund; his head large and well developed; his eyes, of true Irish gray, beam with pleasure; his wide face is fringed with Piccadilly whiskers; his voice is full, melodious, winning, and used with the skill and taste of an orator by profession. He has the tact to surround himself with choice spirits and make them all feel in sympathy with himself and each other, no matter how diverse may be their characters and peculiarities.

Thus Mr. Bell was standing, only a few months ago, in the handsome private dining-hall of the Hoffman House, when we jotted down his portrait. On his right sat Justice Stanley Matthews, of the Supreme Court; on his left, Governor Ben Butler,

of Massachusetts. Following the order of guests around the table one recognized Judge Tourgee, the novelist; Herr Linde, the German reciter of Shakespeare; Commissioner Hubert O. Thompson, David Dudley Field, Julian Hawthorne, Courtlandt Palmer, Commander Cunningham, U. S. N.; Commissioner Stephen B. French, Professor Morton, and Alberto Lawrence, the baritone. The members of the Club who assisted Mr. Bell to entertain these distinguished guests were scarcely less distinguished. Nor was the gathering conspicuously exceptional in quality. We recall another dinner given at the Union League Club House, when Governor Cornell, Commander Gorringer, the Collector of the Port and other notabilities were the guests, while Gen. Horace Porter and Ex-Surgeon General Hammond delivered brilliant speeches. One of the rules of the Saturday Night Club is that everybody present shall be remarkable either for brains, position, or money, or all three combined. Another rule is that a judge and a journalist shall always be among the guests. Bound only by these rules, Mr. Bell is the autocrat of the dinner table.

He was born in March, 1832—just fifty-two years ago—at the little village of Brownsville, Jefferson County, New York. His family is of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and he shows it in his physique and his character. Charles Lever delighted to describe such a man, with his mixture of Scotch shrewdness and Irish hospitality, and Anthony Trollope has drawn fac-similes of him again and again. He is

descended on his father's side from the New Hampshire Bells, who have given several Governors and Senators to the State. The present Governor of New Hampshire is a distant relative. On his mother's side his family were farmers in the Providence Plantations. While he was very young his parents removed from Brownsville to Hammondsport, Steuben County, and there he was brought up. He was a delicate, sickly boy, and in accordance with the old American custom was destined for a profession because he was not considered strong enough for a trade. His broad shoulders, sturdy gait, and almost perfect health now appear to contradict this assertion; but we shall presently explain how the weak, ailing boy was transformed into the sturdy, vigorous man.

At the Franklin Accademy in Prattsburg, he was educated and fitted to enter Yale College. But just as the period of his matriculation approached his health gave way, and the doctor ordered him to desist from further study. His father then surprised everybody by announcing his intention to apprentice Clark to a blacksmith. The boy was too small to reach an anvil and too weak to lift an ordinary sledge-hammer; but his father's will was law, and to the blacksmith's shop he went. A platform was built to raise him to the height of the anvil; a smaller sledge-hammer was purchased for him, and the little fellow went to work and worked himself into health and strength. In a year and a half, being then seventeen years old, he could serve

as helper to an ironer of carriages and keep up with this expert, who usually employed two assistants. As soon as he was well enough the young blacksmith resumed his classical studies. Rising every morning at five o'clock, he did his collegiate tasks first, and then worked at the forge and in the carriage shop. He progressed so fast that he determined to enter a law office at once; but again his prudent and sagacious father interfered and a singular bargain was arranged between them.

Without opposing the boy's desire to study law, the father demanded half his time in return for his board, lodging and clothing. Half a day in a law office, half a day at blacksmithing: this was the programme laid down by his father, and Clark agreed to it. But after a few weeks he found that he could make money enough by practicing law in the justices' courts to pay his employer, the blacksmith, for his half time. The father did not approve of this strategy, and Clark left home and went to board at the village hotel, a man in all but age. Before he was admitted to the bar he had tried over five hundred petty suits and was a lawyer of reputation throughout the county. As soon as he received his certificate he bought out the practice, office and house of Maurice Brown, the leading attorney of Hammondsport, gave his notes for the purchase money and soon paid it all out of the profits of his profession. The outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 found him flourishing; but he immediately tendered his services to Colonel Van

Valkenburg to organize the volunteers for the Union army, and took an active and patriotic interest in the local, national, and political incidents of the great struggle for freedom, declaring himself as a Republican and heartily sustaining Lincoln's administration.

During the first year of the War, Mr. Bell removed to Bath, New York, and formed the law firm of McMasters and Bell, taking the place of Hon. Robert Campbell, who had been elected Lieutenant Governor. The new firm was very prosperous; its fame spread throughout the State, and Mr. Bell was chosen chairman of the Republican Central Committee for the county. In 1864 he was invited to come to New York City and accept the position of attorney for the Union Pacific Railroad, and the terms offered were too tempting to be refused. He was at once sent on to Washington to take charge of the legislation affecting the railroad interests, and he drew the bill which created the Union Pacific road and has been the basis of all subsequent railroad legislation in the Far West. When he returned to New York he was engaged as counsel by the Rock Island, the Pacific Mail and other leading corporations, and his wealth accumulated almost as rapidly as if he had the touch of Midas. It is not necessary to trace his career in the courts—a career which is by no means ended, since many of the heaviest and most lucrative cases are still brought to him in his handsome office, and engross at least ten studious hours of every working day.

But ten hours a day do not cover the time which Mr. Clark Bell devotes to hard work. In 1873 he was elected president of the Medico-Legal Society, formed to codify and develop a system of medical jurisprudence. Under his presidency the membership of the Society has risen from fifty to four hundred, and he has founded a library second to only one other in the world in its specialties. Last year he was re-elected to this presidency after a long contest between his adherents and the friends of Dr. Hammond. For many years he has been president of the New York Infant Asylum, which does a good work unostentatiously but thoroughly. He was elected president of the Palette Club, and brought it into the foremost rank as a social institution. When he declined a re-election the Club died—a remarkable tribute to his administrative abilities. The Saturday Night Club has succeeded it and perhaps eclipsed it, except in the one characteristic that ladies were made welcome at the Palette, whereas they have hitherto been excluded from the Saturday Night. However, there is no rule against their reception, and we should not be surprised to meet representatives of the fair sex among the guests at an annual dinner of the Club.

Mr. Clark Bell has a town house in Forty-fourth Street and a country residence at Dundee, Yates County, where he passes his summers, except when he goes to Europe for relaxation. On his large estate at Dundee he has a stock farm which would engross all the energies of a man of less capacity

for administration ; but he regards the raising of fine horses and fancy stock as an amusement rather than a labor. We asked him one day whether he did not think the time had arrived for him to take life more easily and enjoy himself more. "I could not enjoy myself without regular work, and a great deal of it," he replied ; "but I make my work a pleasure by regulating it systematically and varying it constantly. Routine becomes wearisome when it is monotonous ; but a change of labor is a rest, and to that I owe not only my success in life but my extraordinarily good health and my unlimited capacity for enjoyment."

AUGUST BELMONT.

THIS is to be a summer of President-making. On the piazzas at Saratoga, on the beach at Long Branch, and in the Casino at Newport the various candidates are to be talked over and the nominees selected. For many years one of the most important factors of this sort of work, on the Democratic side, has been August Belmont. As the representative of the Rothschilds in this country, he has been invaluable to the Democratic party. When the people doubted if the financial and business interests of the Republic would be as safe in Democratic as in Republican hands—and such doubts have often arisen and have controlled the elections—Mr. Belmont was proudly paraded as the endorser of the Democratic promises of good behavior. A party which had the support of the Rothschilds might certainly be safely trusted by other capitalists. That was the argument of the Democracy, and it has never been without its effect upon the people, although other arguments have sometimes counterbalanced or outweighed it.

In selecting the Democratic candidate for next year, August Belmont will have, perhaps, much less influence than ever before, because of two

diverse reasons. In the first place, nobody now doubts either the ability or the good faith of the Democracy in dealing with the national finances, and so, for once, the Democratic note is gilt-edged and needs no endorser. In the second place, Mr. Belmont has willingly ceded his place in politics to his son, the popular young Member of Congress, who is clearly marked out as one of the statesmen of the future. Nevertheless, Mr. Belmont's long and intimate experience in politics, his great wealth and public spirit, his relations with the most famous of European capitalists, his position in society and his life-long devotion to Democratic tenets, in spite of his personal aristocratic tastes, give to him, even in his voluntary retirement, a special importance which can hardly be over-estimated. He is, in effect, a financial ambassador, and to overlook or neglect his advice about the Presidency would be to ignore one of the great Powers not only of this country, but of the world.

Sitting in the witness-chair, last December, during a suit for libel which he had brought against one of the Irish papers, August Belmont tersely narrated the chief facts of his career. Of course his story had not the slightest connection with the matter which the court and the jury were to determine, viz: Whether the firm of August Belmont & Co. had withheld or misappropriated Irish nationalist funds at the instigation of the British government—but we are too accustomed to the modern license of cross-examination to find fault with an

incident which affords us a complete biography from Mr. Belmont's own lips. Mr. Belmont, then, was born in the Rhenish Palatinate and is now in his sixty-sixth year. He was the son of a well-to-do farmer, and, when only thirteen years old, was apprenticed to the Rothschilds and entered their Frankfort house as a clerk. This apprenticeship was in the German fashion; the boy received no salary and was repaid for his labors by acquiring a knowledge of the business, his father defraying all his expenses. He was, in short, a young gentleman admitted to the office to learn to be a financier, and a very good use he has made of the information thus obtained.

The progress of young Belmont in the old Frankfort house was rapid, and, before he came of age, he was chosen to accompany one of the Rothschild brothers to France and Italy as companion and secretary. In May, 1837, he was further advanced. The Rothschilds appreciating the growth of this country and the opportunities it offered for lucrative investments, determined to establish an agency here, and young Belmont was sent out. From 1837 to 1858 he was the American agent of the Rothschilds, and since 1858 he has been their American correspondent. When one reflects how the business of the country has developed during these forty-six years, and what changes have occurred in the methods as well as the extent of that business, the talents which have enabled Mr. Belmont to hold his position will be fully recognized. It is whis-

pered that only once, in all this time, did he give the Rothschilds wrong advice, and that was when, misled for a few weeks by the disunion elements of the North, he predicted the success of the Southern Confederacy. We do not believe in the accuracy of this legend; but, if it be true, and if any losses were incurred by this mistaken advice, the Rothschilds have since more than recouped themselves by their dealings in United States securities, under Mr. Belmont's direction.

In 1849, Mr. Belmont married the daughter of "Japan Perry," a niece of Commodore Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, and this beautiful, elegant and accomplished lady at once became one of the leaders of New York society. They resided on Fifth Avenue, next door to Fourteenth Street, and there, two years later, Perry Belmont was born, the future Congressman, who unites in his name the family names of his mother and father. At the rear of his residence, Mr. Belmont built a picture-gallery, in which he gathered one of the finest private collections of paintings in the world. This gallery has frequently been thrown open to the public, for the benefit of local charities, and Mr. Belmont's hospitality has also helped to make it almost a public institution. For thirty years he has also had a country-seat at Babylon, Long Island, so perfect in all its appointments that a prince might envy its fortunate possessor. From 1868 to 1874 his partner in the banking business was the late Ernest B. Lucke, who died at sea after retiring from the firm.

With a trifling alteration in the spelling of the words, we may say that Mr. Belmont's partners, all his life long, have been "earnest" and "luck." Happy in his home, in his business, in society and in the son who is to succeed him, all the good fairies seem to have been present at the birth of the German farmer's boy who has become one of the most respected and experienced of American citizens.

Still youthful in disposition, spite of his sixty-six years, Mr. Belmont preserves a youthful appearance for his age. He is small in stature, with a typical German face, and more than the typical German geniality of temperament and manner. He walks with a slight limp, the result of a duel which he fought in his younger days, when a bullet was lodged in his hip. His importance to the Democratic party has been officially recognized by his appointment as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee for several years.

Mr. Belmont has never filled any public office in this country, always refusing one, though he was our Minister at the Hague under President Pierce, a position he well occupied during the entire period of that administration. However, though filling no public office himself, except the one above named, his son has been pushed forward with unusual zeal. It has been said that he was one of the principal shareholders of the *World* while that erratic journal aspired to be the organ of the Democratic party, but this report is now known to be incorrect, as he

asserts he never had any interest in that paper. Mr. Belmont was, however, one of the promoters of the Manhattan Club, an equally erratic institution, which was intended to be to the Democratic party what the Carlton Club of London is to the English Conservatives. Equally irreproachable in his public and private life, August Belmont has escaped all the scandals and slanders of which American politics are so prolific. He is a man of whom everybody always speaks well, and who has not, and does not deserve to have, a single personal enemy.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

"YOUNG BENNETT," as he is still called by those who knew his father, was born in 1841, and is now forty-three years of age. Of a mingled Scotch and Irish descent and fond of athletic sports, he still keeps his trim, upright figure; but his age shows itself in his iron-gray hair. In face and form he is a replica of his father, from whom he has inherited all the canny, cautious Scotch traits. His mother was once one of the loveliest women in New York; but her influence upon her son was never great, and from her he derives only his aptitude for the acquirement of languages. We have heard Mrs. Bennett entertain at table a company consisting of eight different nationalities, and she not only conversed with each guest in his own tongue, but translated from one language into another with extraordinary fluency. Mr. Bennett speaks and reads French and German as readily as English, but he is never fluent except in moments of strong excitement.

The child of a middle-aged father and a fashionable mother, young Bennett was sent abroad for his education, and passed his early years at a French school. When he returned to New York, a young

man of wealth and fashion, he displayed no inclination to assist and succeed his father in the management of the *Herald*. He visited the office but seldom; affected an ignorance of what was said in the paper, and, in short, behaved neither more nor less foolishly about his father's business than most of the sons of rich men who have been educated abroad. A rude shock reminded him that he was a public character in spite of himself. He had gone into yachting as a pastime, and his sailing-master had tried to win a race by cutting through Plum Gut, instead of sailing over the prescribed course. This mistake was food for the opposition papers, and for years the charges were incessantly rung upon the Plum Gut escapade. His father bitterly resented an accident which had given his enemies such a handle to use against him, and young Bennett was sent abroad again.

Singularly enough, if it was by yachting that Bennett had made his first blunder, it was by yachting that he redeemed himself and won his first popularity. A number of young fellows belonging to the yacht club made up a match, after dinner, to be sailed in December, from New York to Cowes. Each owner was to sail his own boat, and the match was to be a test of endurance as well as of speed, as December promised plenty of rough weather. The match excited an international interest. Of course, the opposition papers declared that everybody who sailed in it would be drowned. As the date approached, Messrs. Osgood and Lorillard, who owned

the Fleetwing and Vesta, announced their intention of sending their boats in charge of captains and remaining at home themselves. The crew of Mr. Bennett's boat, the *Henrietta*, deserted the vessel. Mr. Bennett hesitated; but the arguments of a boyish comrade decided him to sail in his yacht upon condition that his comrade should accompany him. This was agreed to, and, as usual, fortune favored the bold. The *Henrietta*, although notoriously the slowest boat, won the race. Mr. Bennett was invited to visit the Queen of England at Osborne, and offered to present his yacht to the Duke of Edinburgh. At Paris a public banquet was tendered him. The eulogistic articles in the English and French papers were cabled to the *Herald*. At home and abroad he was the hero of the hour.

This ocean race was the turning-point in James Gordon Bennett's career. It made a man of him and showed him what good he could do the *Herald* and what the *Herald* could do for him. When he returned to New York he began to devote himself to business, taking the place of the veteran Frederick Hudson as managing editor. As his father grew older and more feeble, he represented him in the editorial councils and pushed the influence of the *Herald* in novel directions. One day he surprised his readers by putting at the top of his columns that James Gordon Bennett was the proprietor of the *Herald* and James Gordon Bennett, Jr., the editor; but that notice only remained long enough for the elder Bennett to travel down from Fort

Washington and reassert himself. Though the announcement disappeared, the fact remained. The young Bennett doubled his father's expenditure for news and took a stronger interest in European affairs. The foreign staff of the *Herald* was reorganized and ordered to use the cable instead of the mails. Editorials were telegraphed from London. Stanley was engaged to report the Abyssinian war and repeatedly beat the British Government despatches with his news. The *Herald* supplied the London journals with its telegrams and became a power in the English metropolis. The acquaintances which Mr. Bennett had made as a yachtsman became of the greatest service to him as an editor.

As he was not yet the sole editor of the *Herald*, and could not be while his father lived, young Bennett started an afternoon paper of his own, the *Telegram*, issued from the *Herald* office and supplied with the *Herald* news, but differing from the *Herald* in its personalities and its politics. He realized a large profit from it by publishing the municipal advertising, under the Tweed regime, and here first displayed his Scotch instincts for financiering. When, by the death of his father and mother, which followed in close succession, he found himself independently rich and the proprietor of the greatest journal of the country, he was still a young man, and his youthful eccentricities must be pardoned. He frightened the timid mothers of New York by a sensational article describing what might happen if the wild beasts should escape from

the Central Park menagerie; but the most timid laughed again when they were told that this sensation was in consequence of a wager that he could largely increase the circulation of the *Herald* in a single day. To protect himself from personal attacks, he dropped all the personal allusions for which the elder Bennett had been famous, and set his contemporaries the fashion of editorial courtesy. As he grew more accustomed to his position, he developed journalism by a new method, creating news instead of waiting to record it. Thus he sent Stanley into Africa to discover Dr. Livingstone, and De Long to the Arctic regions to find the North Pole, trusting to recoup himself for the expenses of such expeditions by the increased popularity of his journal.

Out of the *Herald*, as well as in its columns, Mr. Bennett has led a sensational life. The public are only too well informed of his matrimonial entanglements; the personal assaults upon him; his exploits at Newport; his duel at Marydell; the ball he gave at Pau; and a hundred other incidents of his career. The *Herald* always has plenty of rivals ready to make the most of these episodes, and Mr. Bennett is as nervously fearful of exposure as he is reckless in his escapades. By nature and by training he is too suspicious to trust his friends, and he makes enemies unconsciously of those who would be, and have been, most truly devoted to him, by regarding all mankind as a band of conspirators organized to influence the *Herald* for their own purposes. He

offends the social laws of this country and takes refuge in Europe. There he unwittingly violates some point of etiquette, and hurries back here to find himself forgiven and welcomed. A wealthy bachelor and a powerful editor is always forgiven and always welcome—this is an axiom which Mr. Bennett has learned too well and upon which he often trespasses too far. But, just as everybody is blaming him for some social error, he gives \$100,000 to the starving poor of Ireland or cables \$10,000 to the Actors' Fund or \$2500 to the American Rifle Team. He forgets to pension the old employés of *The Herald*; but he institutes a Bennett medal for our brave firemen. A character of contradictions, he adds to the impulses of an Irishman the suspicion and distrust of a Scotchman, and combines the best and the worst qualities of both nationalities.

It is a fair rule, however, to judge a man by the results of his work, and, thus judged, James Gordon Bennett stands very high, in spite of his personal faults. He has made the *Herald* a greater paper than ever it was before, not only in circulation and in profits, but in news and in respectability. It has lost the influence in politics which the wit and independence of the elder Bennett gave it; but the influence which comes from publicity it has retained and increased. No other journal in the world can compare with it in news. It surpasses the London papers in its records of London affairs and the Paris papers in its chronicles of Parisian events. Mr. Bennett is cosmopolitan, and he has made the *Her-*

ald a cosmopolitan journal. He engaged the leading writers of Germany to describe in its columns the Vienna exhibition and telegraphed Wagner's music from Bayreuth. He personally interviewed the Sultan and the King of Italy, and hired Lord Charles Beresford, a captain in the English navy, to act as one of the *Herald* correspondents in Egypt. The only wonder is that, since he does so well for the *Herald*, he does not do better by insisting that its news shall be as properly classified as its advertisements, and that its editorials shall be readable. But if Mr. Bennett were to attend to such details he would have to give up the more dashing enterprises which suggest themselves to him as he travels. Perhaps repose will come with age, and the journalistic sensationalist may yet settle down into a great editor.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

FOR many years Grover Cleveland, of Buffalo—now the Governor of the State of New York—has occupied an exceptional position. A prominent lawyer, he has been distinguished for his straightforward, uncompromising honesty; his refusal to accept any cases about whose justice he felt a conscientious doubt, and his hearty, enthusiastic devotion to the clients whose causes he championed. A Democratic politician, he has been equally remarkable for the independence of his judgment and conduct. The wire-pullers of his party knew that he could be neither coaxed nor constrained into supporting either men or measures of which he could not approve. After trying in vain to mold and bend him to their purposes, they first shunned him as an unsafe man for partisan uses, and then came 'round to his way of thinking and begged him to accept the nominations for the offices which he never sought, and in which his sole object has been to do his duty as the servant of the public.

Mayor Cleveland is a tall, stoutly-built gentleman, weighing over two hundred pounds, aged forty-five years, and a bachelor. He has dark brown hair, clear, keen eyes, and a firm and dignified ex-

pression. His manner is so curt and brusque, his "yea 'yea,' and his nay 'nay,'" that he often offends those who speak with him for the first time; but the longer he is known the more warmly he is esteemed, respected and admired, for under his stern demeanor he conceals a kindly, generous and charitable nature. One of his oldest and most intimate friends characteristically defined him to us as "an up and up man." Everybody who has ever had any dealings with him is aware that he means precisely what he says and says exactly what he means. In appearance no less than in character, he is one of the old Continental school of politicians, and seems to have come down to us from a former generation to teach us what strong, brave, honest, resolute men our forefathers were who founded this Republic and endowed us with the liberties which we too often misuse.

Grover Cleveland was born on the 18th of March, 1837, at the little village of Caldwell, Essex County, New Jersey. His ancestors had moved into New Jersey from Connecticut, and many of them were preachers. His father, born at Norwich, was settled at Caldwell as a Congregational pastor when Grover was born. He is the second cousin by marriage of the Episcopal Bishop of western New York. He was educated, first at the excellent public schools of New Jersey, and then at an academy in Clinton, Oneida County, New York. When only sixteen years old he came to the metropolis to accept a clerkship in the Asylum for the Blind, where he is

still lovingly remembered. When other young men of his age would have devoted their leisure hours to the pleasures of the city, he was happiest when reading to the inmates of the institution, and he thus improved his own mind while relieving the *ennui* of the afflicted. When eighteen years old he paid a visit to his uncle, at Buffalo. His uncle took a fancy to the big, frank, intelligent lad, and offered to have him educated as a lawyer. Grover thankfully accepted this chance in life, and studied with the Buffalo firm of Rogers, Bowden & Rogers. He was duly admitted to the Bar in 1859, and remained with his old firm four years. His mark in the profession was made at once, and in his twenty-sixth year he was appointed Assistant District Attorney for Erie County. This position, which he held for three years, gave him a thorough knowledge of public affairs. In 1865, when the Democracy was still under the cloud of the Civil War, he accepted the nomination for District Attorney, but was defeated, for the first and only time in his career.

In 1866 Mr. Cleveland became the law-partner of J. V. Vanderpoel, and in 1869 he admitted Messrs. Laning and Folsom to the firm. In 1870 he was elected Sheriff of Erie County. His term over, he again practiced law, associating with himself Wilson S. Bissell and Lyman K. Bass, who had defeated him for the District Attorneyship. Mr. Bass has since withdrawn from the partnership in favor of George J. Sicard, and the firm of Cleve-

land, Sicard & Bissell is still in existence. In 1881 he was nominated by the Democrats for Mayor of Buffalo, and his name was hailed with enthusiasm by all classes of the community. His platform was that of reform, and he was triumphantly elected, running several thousand votes ahead of his ticket. The Republicans preferred him to the candidate of their own party, and his year of office more than justified their choice. He promised to become the Mayor, not of any party, but of all Buffalo, and he kept his word. In his inaugural message he laid down the rule that the money of the people should be expended by officials as if they were the guardians or trustees of the public funds, and to this rule he inflexibly adhered.

Mayor Cleveland passed the first few weeks of his term of office in attentively studying the details of every department of the city administration. His previous experiences as Assistant District Attorney and as Sheriff taught him what to look for and where to look for it. He found the ordinary municipal abuses, sanctioned by long habit and immunity, flourishing as usual. One morning he surprised the city by issuing an order that all the officials should keep strict business hours, like the employees of private firms. Before the office-holders had recovered from this shock he began a series of vetoes which equally astonished the Common Council. This Board had a Republican majority and attempted to override the vetoes, but Mayor Cleveland's terse, logical, business-like mes-

sages were published, and public opinion was too strong for the opposition Councilmen. They attempted to entrap him by passing a resolution apportioning for the celebration of Decoration Day a sum of money reserved by the Charter for other purposes, believing that Mayor Cleveland would not dare to interfere with Decoration Day, or that he would become unpopular if he did. Down came the veto as promptly as ever, and in his message the Mayor so thoroughly exposed the trick that his popularity, instead of diminishing, rapidly increased.

The earliest reports from the Democratic State Convention spoke of Mayor Cleveland's nomination for Governor in 1882, as a surprise. It was no surprise to the men who proposed the nomination. He had been fighting the petty thieves of the Buffalo municipality for a year, and the people of that section wanted him to fight the big thieves of the State Government. The tier of four counties, of which Erie is the chief, sent their delegates to the Convention pledged to vote for Grover Cleveland, and for nobody else. They knew their man, and soon taught the Convention to know him. It is reported that his nomination was secured by the treachery of Tammany Hall, whose delegates suddenly changed from Slocum to Cleveland, after promising to vote for Slocum as the price of their admission to the Convention. The truth is that Tammany simply came over to the winning side. Mayor Cleveland's friends made no bargains for

him. If they had done so he would not have carried them out. Nobody expected Tammany Hall to vote for Cleveland, knowing that one of his first proceedings as Governor would be to attack all racialities, Democratic or Republican. His conduct as Mayor was a voucher for his independence as Governor.

On the morning after the nomination of Grover Cleveland, the Buffalo *Express*, the leading Republican newspaper in the interior of the State, announced that it would support him instead of the Republican candidate. Within a week, many other leading Republican organs and politicians took the same bold ground. Republicans—as divided upon almost every other subject, as District Attorney Woodford and George William Curtis—agreed in repudiating the Folger and Forgery ticket. Thousands of Republicans, led by the Young Men's Club of Brooklyn, voted for Grover Cleveland, and thousands more refrained from voting against him. The result was that Governor Cleveland was elected by an unprecedented majority. If he shall make the same sort of a Governor as he has a Mayor the road to the White House is open to him, and this sketch may yet be entitled the portrait of President Cleveland.

HENRY CLEWS.

WHEN, in a banker's office in Broad Street, you are introduced to a gentleman, about fifty years of age, with a bald, dome-like forehead; large, speaking eyes; formal, mutton-chop whiskers, and a pleasant but quick and resolute address, your first impression is that you must have made a mistake and that this gentleman is a model English clergyman, of the University type, not Henry Clews, the popular banker and broker. Your first impression is both right and wrong. This is Henry Clews, sure enough; but Mr. Clews is an Englishman by birth, and he was educated to enter Cambridge University with the intention of taking holy orders and accepting a curacy under his brother, the Vicar of Woolstanton. A complete change of his plans for life was the result of a pleasure trip which he made to America before beginning his University career. Young as he was, he saw and appreciated the tremendous vigor of the growth of this country, and he resolved to come here and grow up with us.

Against the earnest opposition of his parents, the young student relinquished the idea of the ministry, emigrated to New York, accepted a position in Wall Street that enabled him to learn the financial busi-

ness thoroughly, and then used his English capital to establish the firm of Henry Clews & Co., bankers and brokers. The curious combination in his character of the rapidity and energy of the American and the bull-dog tenacity of the Englishman secured the success of the firm. The outbreak of the Civil War, in 1861, found him an institution on the street; but it made him an American, a patriot, and a great financier. Unlike the majority of his class of Englishmen, he took the side of the Union, believed in it heartily, and showed his faith by his works. The Government needed money, and Mr. Clews undertook to negotiate its loans and to urge all his friends and clients to invest in United States securities. Next to Jay Cooke & Co., the firm of Henry Clews & Co. was most prominent in maintaining the perpetuity of the Union and the advantages of its bonds as investments. He organized all the Union meetings; he subscribed for every Government loan, and in 1864 he disposed of Government securities at the average rate of ten millions of dollars a day. Such services could not be ignored, and Mr. Clews was especially thanked in the enthusiastic remarks of Secretary Chase.

Meanwhile Mr. Clews had taken an active interest in the politics of the period. At that time every patriot was obliged to be more or less a politician, and to back his Unionism by his vote and influence. Mr. Clews was elected a delegate to the Republican State Convention and organized the movement that placed General Dix in the gubernatorial

torial chair. In 1870 he was offered the Republican nomination for Mayor of New York, but declined on the ground that his business, which was really public business, engrossed all his time and attention. The same reply was made to propositions that he should become a candidate for the Collectorship of the Port and for Congress. But when the necessity arose for ending the criminalities of the Tweed Ring by the appointment of the famous Committee of Seventy, Mr. Clews threw himself into the reform movement with all his energies. He originated the Committee, and selected sixty of its original members, and advised and supported them throughout the crusade that concluded with the conviction of some of the leaders of the Ring and the penal exile of others. He also served as treasurer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and of the Geographical Society, and was one of the most influential members of the Committee of the Union League Club.

The Civil War being over, Mr. Clews conceived the generous idea of aiding the South to recover its lost wealth and prestige by diverting foreign capital into Southern investments. The South had credit abroad, in spite of its poverty at home, and upon this basis Mr. Clews built up his plans for regenerating and revivifying the Southern agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing interests. In this enterprise he displayed the same ability and energy which he had shown in disposing of our National securities; but the outcome was very different. Mr.

Clews would not ask his friends and customers to place their money where he was afraid to risk his own, and in 1872 his firm held over two millions of dollars of the bonds of the State of Georgia. The panic of 1873 came, and Mr. Clews found his Georgia securities absolutely worthless, the State having repudiated them. Those losses caused the failure of his firm; but he regretted even more deeply the sufferings caused to his clients by the consequent fiasco of the whole Southern relief scheme. Mr. Clews lost his seat in the Stock Exchange; but his friends rallied around him, and the shrewdest financiers predicted that his re-establishment was only a question of time and opportunity.

While waiting for this opportunity to arrive, Mr. Clews had leisure to attend to other affairs, and in 1874 he was married to the charming and accomplished Miss Lucy Madison Worthington, the grand-niece of President Madison and the daughter of Col. W. H. Worthington, a brave young officer of the Union Army, who was killed while leading a brigade in Pope's division. Mr. Clews took his wife over to Staffordshire to introduce her to his English relatives, who were delighted at his matrimonial choice. For three years he enjoyed the new social life which marriage had opened to him; but in 1878 his seat in the Stock Exchange was restored to him, and he resumed business in the street. His first enterprise was characteristically bold. He saw that all classes of securities were remarkably cheap, and that many persons were deterred from specu-

lating in them by the ten-per-cent margin then demanded by brokers. In a widely-distributed circular, Mr. Clews offered to buy and sell all stocks upon a five-per-cent margin, and the result was that all his old clients returned to him and hundreds of new ones intrusted him with their funds for investment.

The great boom in stocks began just as Mr. Clews recommenced business, and, as his advice was to buy securities, all his customers made money. This gave the new firm a splendid reputation, and soon its transactions far surpassed those of the old firm so distinguished during the War. The "good luck of Clews" became a popular phrase; but good judgment seems to have guided the good luck, for, during the financial depression of the past year, Mr. Clews has turned to the "bear" side of the market and urged his customers to sell stocks. The result is that they have again made money, and that, while most brokers have been complaining about dull times and no commissions, the firm has been doing a large, steady, and profitable business. At present Henry Clews & Co. employ over forty clerks, and have the names of over five hundred regular customers upon their books. We understand that, within a few weeks past, Mr. Clews has predicted another boom in Wall Street, giving his reasons in a bulletin issued to his clients; and if this be the fact, the prophecy of Mr. Clews will do much to bring about its own realization, so numerous are the speculators

and investors who are ready to follow his successful leadership.

Mr. Clews has learned and practises the secret of success in the banking and brokerage business, which is to make money for one's customers as well as for one's self. So long as the customers find that dealing with him is profitable, the broker is safe and happy. Mr. Clews gives to his clients the full benefit of his own shrewdness and experience, and warns them to avoid the errors which have wrecked so many homes. In the hands of such men as he, the operations of Wall Street are not mere gambling, but have a national and international value. Its transactions are guarded by a high sense of personal honor, and the recent case of Hutchinson shows that even the most speculative outsiders are carefully protected and must be treated fairly and squarely. That bankers and brokers are not nearly so black as they are sometimes painted; that their dealings settle values and distribute capital and develop enterprises, and that the listing of stocks by the Board is essential to the security of investors—these are topics upon which Mr. Clews discourses most eloquently in the elegant new mansion which he has erected in West Fortieth Street, and over the rich decorations of which the exquisite taste of Mrs. Clews has presided. Nor is he less eloquent upon the future of this country and the magnificent possibilities for all which that future involves.

ROSCOE CONKLING.

STROLLING down Broadway one evening, a few years ago, we found the street in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel blockaded by an immense crowd that stopped cars, stages and other vehicles and extended across to Madison Square. The balcony of the hotel and the windows behind it were jammed with people. At the front of the balcony, conspicuous in the glare of a lime-light, a tall, square-shouldered, distinguished-looking gentleman was delivering a speech. His figure, in its combination of strength, grace, and elegance, reminded us of that of John C. Heenan; but, instead of Heenan's plain face and broken nose, it was surmounted by a classically-shaped head and countenance, crowned with curly, iron-gray hair. We recognized the orator at once as Roscoe Conkling, then Senator from New York, and stopped among the crowd to listen to his eloquent remarks.

But, to our surprise and disappointment, the Senator was not at all eloquent upon this occasion. He had been taking a brief vacation abroad, and the great gathering was a serenade party to welcome his return and hear his account of his travels. This account was very vague and brief. The only thing

which seemed to have impressed him in England was the necessity of elevated railroads here. Of the vast differences between the European systems of government and our own, and of the remarkable results of these differences as evidenced in the manners and customs of the people, he had nothing to say. The usual patriotic assertion that he loved his own country better the more he saw of other lands was his only generalization, and was received with the usual cheers. He spoke with great dignity, with deliberateness, and with an air of special, personal authority, and, although he uttered nothing but commonplaces, the crowd received them with enthusiasm and applauded whenever the orator paused.

After the speech, we passed into the hotel to be introduced to the Senator, who was holding an extemporized reception, and we ventured to remark to the prominent politician who was our introducer, how barren of anything like eloquence or originality the discourse to which we had just listened appeared to us. "Ah!" cried the politician, "that is the art of Roscoe Conkling. The importance of his speech to-night is not in what he said, but in what he did not say. He was called to return home at once to settle a dispute between the factions of the Republican party in this State, and this serenade is a popular endorsement in advance of what he will do and say at the approaching Republican State Convention. All the New York leaders and workers of the party are here in these parlors to prove by their

presence that they are ready to follow wherever the Senator advises. The crowd outside, the band of music and the speech are only the showy posters of the political circus for effect upon the newspapers to-morrow. The real work is being done here, and you will see its results at the Convention."

This incident and the exposition of our political philosopher reveal in a very few words the secret of the success of Roscoe Conkling, who, without being a great orator, commands the attention accorded only to great orators, and, without being popular, enjoys all the advantages of popularity. He is a leader of leaders, the General-in-Chief whose orders other generals obey. To him the people are only an outside crowd, a picture-poster, an advertisement to call attention to the real power that is exercised by the inner circle, of which he is the centre. Except to punctuate his public speeches with applause, and to cast the necessary votes as directed by the political machine, they are of no possible use to him, and he does not come into contact with them. Thus naturally, logically, and without affectation, Mr. Conkling finds himself as secluded as a king, surrounded by a select aristocracy, and with much more real power than other kings are now permitted to possess. The consciousness of this authority gives him a *hauteur* of manner, an impatience of opposition, a sensitiveness to criticism, which are often mistaken for arrogance and conceit. But those who know him best believe that the old

maxim, "the king can do no wrong," is justified by this Republican monarch.

Roscoe Conkling was born at Albany in 1828, and is, consequently, fifty-six years of age. Except for his gray hairs, he does not look over forty-five. His youthfulness of figure and movement is due to his abstemious life and his fondness for athletic exercises. The midnight gas never shines upon him over the banquet or the wine-cup; as a boxer, he is capable of holding his own against the best of modern professionals. His father was Judge Alfred Conkling, and, after a collegiate education, Roscoe studied law, and, like most lawyers, adopted politics as a profession. In 1846 his family removed to Utica, where they still reside. In 1858 Roscoe Conkling was elected to Congress, and was re-elected at the expiration of his term in 1860. In 1867 he was selected by the Legislature as one of the representatives of New York in the United States Senate, and he held this high office until his resignation in 1881. These offices, however, afford little idea of the power of the politician who has long ruled the Republican party of this State, and whose personal friend and political lieutenant is now the chief magistrate of the country.

The long and complicated intrigues by which Senator Conkling was driven to resign his position at Washington, and defeated at Albany when he presented himself for the vindication of a re-election, it is not our province to unravel. The document, which is the key-note to these intrigues—a

written agreement between General Garfield and the Stalwart Republicans—has not yet been made public, and, until it appears, all explanations of the imbroglio must be mere conjectures. But a few facts, patent to all observers, prove beyond question the extraordinary power of Roscoe Conkling. His friend and adjutant, Alonzo B. Cornell, was dismissed from the Naval Office by President Hayes, and Senator Conkling made him Governor of New York. His friend and lieutenant, Chester Arthur, was dismissed from the Collectorship, and Senator Conkling nominated him at Chicago for Vice-President of the United States. The campaign in favor of Garfield languished and was apparently lost until Senator Conkling took the stump and aroused the business interests of the country to the support of the Republican candidate. Finally, the hand of James G. Blaine, which, rightly or wrongly, was suspected of fomenting the intrigues against Conkling, has been politically paralyzed, and in a few short months the supremacy of Blaine of Maine, consolidated by life-long labors, has been suddenly and completely destroyed, as an earthquake swallows up a South American city.

Explain as we may the occurrence of this sequence of events by reference to other causes, the fact remains that Roscoe Conkling willed them and they were done. The lightning may kill, but the hand of Jove wields and directs the thunderbolts. Sometimes, as in his attempt to nominate General Grant for a third term, Roscoe Conkling acts, not only

without reference to the American people, but in direct hostility to their most cherished traditions and opinions; but, although he fails in such cases, the failure only shows how great is his power. The 306 who voted for Grant's nomination, in opposition to the will of the people and in obedience to the will of Conkling, are so proud of their Spartan tenacity that a medal has been struck to commemorate their victorious defeat. Intending to resent an insult to himself, Roscoe Conkling inadvertently put himself in the position of insulting the whole State by his resignation of the Senatorship; but, in spite of the unanimity of the people against his reelection, he deadlocked the Legislature for months by his presence at Albany. Since his defeat he has insisted that he has withdrawn from politics; but this is impossible, because politics—and politicians—will not withdraw from him. It is a proud thing to be so strong as to be able to oppose the people under a popular government; it is a proud motto, "I had rather be right than be popular." But is it not a greater strength which leads the people in the way they should go, and would not "I am popular because I am right" be a prouder motto?

ALONZO B. CORNELL.

WE were dining at the Union League Club. Next to us sat the Collector (at that time) of the port of New York, and next to him, on the right of the host, was Governor Cornell. The tall, broad-shouldered figure, the massive head, the large, sal-low, clean-shaven face and the cold, dull eyes of the Governor justified the title of "the Sphinx" which has been bestowed upon him. But we soon found that "the Sphinx" was not ignorant of the arts of the accomplished politician. The Collector, transferred here suddenly from country life, never could get familiar with the luxuries of New York, and begged us to tell him what to eat and drink. To our surprise, Governor Cornell leaned forward and said, "Will you be good enough to order my dinner also? Let us three dine together." Those apparently dull eyes had been sharp enough to see our weak point, and "the Sphinx" condescended to flatter it. Everybody thinks that he can order a dinner, poke a fire, edit a paper, or argue about religion—and the Governor had hit upon our particular weakness.

Alonzo B. Cornell, before his election to the Chief Magistracy of the State, had been so closely identified with the Conkling wing of the Republican

party, and was so loyal to his chief, that the public generally regarded him as only an office-holder who owed his position to the grace and favor of his party leaders. But, as a matter of fact, he was distinguished as a man of business, an organizer, a telegrapher, and a banker before he held any office whatever. He was born at Ithaca, January 22, 1832, and was therefore in his fifty-first year—a comparatively young man to be Governor. He is the son of Ezra Cornell, who founded and endowed the Cornell University. Until he was fifteen years old, he studied at the Ithaca Academy; then he began life for himself, and found work in a telegraph office on the Erie Railroad. In a year he had become so efficient an operator that he was promoted to take charge of the Cleveland office. His talents as a director and organizer were soon discovered and appreciated. In 1855 he was appointed the manager of the Western Union Telegraph lines, and held this responsible office for over three years. Recently, Jay Gould has accused Governor Cornell of manipulating a "blind pool" in telegraph stocks. If the charge be true, it is evident that the ex-manager of the Western Union was not by any means so "blind" as he may have seemed. That the knowledge acquired while managing the telegraph has been of legitimate profit to Governor Cornell in Wall Street, is very probable.

In 1862, Mr. Cornell organized a steamer company for Cayuga Lake. Two years later, he organized the First National Bank at Ithaca, and accepted

the position of cashier in order to give the institution a fair start. In 1868 he was a Republican candidate for the Lieutenant-Governorship, but was defeated. In 1869 President Grant appointed him Surveyor of New York, and he removed his home to this city. In 1872 he was elected to the Assembly from the Eleventh district, and in 1873 he was elected Speaker of the Assembly. In 1876 he was chosen as Vice-President of the Western Union Company. A year later, President Grant appointed him as Naval Officer. He was removed from this office by President Hayes because of his relations with Senator Conkling. In order to attack Conkling, Hayes was also persuaded to remove General Arthur from the Collectorship. Mr. Cornell was elected Governor in 1879, and General Arthur became Vice-President in 1880. It may be imagined that the supporters of President Hayes were by no means delighted at the nomination of Cornell; but they were forced to consent to his candidacy and compelled to vote for him. Conkling was then in the prime of his powers, and he scattered his opponents in the party in this State like chaff before a gale. The sorry figure they made in the Convention will not soon be forgotten, nor the manner in which they presented themselves at the polls to vote for a man over whose removal from the Naval Office they had once shouted themselves hoarse with joy.

The prevalent impression among politicians was that Governor Cornell would follow up the Conkling victory by inspiring animosity against the Hayes

school of Republicans. They had been beaten hip and thigh by his nomination ; they had been cut to pieces by his election, and now he had the power to completely annihilate them in detail. But, to everybody's surprise, the Governorship developed in Mr. Cornell a curious conservatism. He treated both wings of the party alike ; he appeared to aim at becoming the Governor of the whole Republican organization. Like the man who stood up so straight that he fell over backwards, Governor Cornell was so impartial that he seemed to lean towards his former enemies and remove himself from his friends. When the test came, in the resignation of Senator Conkling and his imperious demand for the vindication of a re-election, Governor Cornell was declared lukewarm, and accused of withholding his aid from Conkling. We do not blame him for this ; we do not deny that his course was statesmanlike and for the public good ; we express no opinion, one way or the other, upon the question of personal and political gratitude *vs.* official dignity and responsibility. Governor Cornell's course was, doubtless, carefully considered, and it resulted in Conkling's defeat. But the fight was not yet over. It was renewed in the Republican State Convention in 1882, and the defeat of Cornell's schemes for the re-nomination resulted in the overwhelming success of the Democratic candidate, Grover Cleveland. Aside from this political intrigue, it is conceded on all hands that Governor Cornell was an honest, able, courageous, and independent Chief Magistrate.

SAMUEL S. COX.

"It is a very serious thing," says John G. Saxe. "to be a funny man." The Hon S. S. Cox has often had reason to endorse this statement. For several years past he has been trying hard to work out of his reputation for comicality. With half his talents, his labors, his pertinacity, other men have succeeded in winning for themselves the proud title of statesman; but although Mr. Cox is a statesman from the Democratic point of view, nobody will believe him to be in earnest. When he talks Tariff his fellow-Congressmen sit back and roar as at a good joke. When he recites columns of official figures to confound the Republicans, his opponents wink and nudge each other, and declare that "Cox is funnier than ever to-day." When he becomes pathetic—and few men better understand the arts of oratory—the tears shed by his audiences are those of laughter. It is indeed a most serious thing to Mr. Cox to be considered a funny man. His wit will probably prevent him from ever being President.

Years ago, just when the outbreak of our civil war began, Mr. Cox removed from Ohio to New York City. He was the original carpet-bagger. He was a Democrat; he keenly foresaw a long period

of Republican supremacy in Ohio, and so, instead of changing his politics, like many others, he changed his locality, taking up his quarters in this Democratic metropolis. His fame as a campaign speaker and a practical politician had preceded him, and he was warmly welcomed by the local magnates, always in want of educated politicians who can write and talk. He was a lawyer, of course, and put up his modest shingle on a down-town office in the usual manner; but, before he had time to worry over the scarcity of clients, he was engaged to make political speeches, at a liberal salary, and was soon sent to Congress, where he has remained ever since.

Just as General Grant's initials suggested his nickname of "United States Grant," so Mr. Cox became at once "Sunset Cox." Perhaps the style of his early rhetoric had something to do with the nickname. Speaking from the people, to the people, for the people, he laid on his colors bright and thick. His oratory was all gold, and crimson, and purple—the oratory of the setting sun, beautifully burlesqued by Charles Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Time, study, and experience have toned down the oratorical style of our Congressman now; but Sunset Cox he is and will always be to the public. His amiable, genial, and social qualities commend him to his political associates and win friends for him among his bitterest political opponents. He is never malicious and seldom angry. "There is no harm in Sunset," is the eulogy of his adversaries. Sometimes, perhaps, he indignantly reflects

that he would be more imposing if there were more harm in him, but as a rule he enjoys thoroughly the sunshine of his personal popularity, and basks and revels in it like an Italian.

The New York constituents of Mr. Cox see very little of him. He keeps up a legal residence here, but it is little more than a legal form. His winters are passed at Washington, of course, but during his Congressional vacations he travels very extensively. When he first came to New York he was a perfect stranger to his constituents. Their political leaders said, "Cast your votes for Cox," and they obeyed accordingly, with that docility which makes the reality of universal suffrage so different from the romance of the Utopian philosophers. Since then he is hardly less a stranger to them personally, but they have gone on re-electing him because they approve of his politics, and feel that he does them honor by his cleverness and literary achievements. He manages to keep his name always before them. If he travels he writes letters, which are promptly published in the local papers, then revised and issued in substantial book form. His constituents see his name constantly in print, and they are proud of him, and of themselves for possessing such a brilliant representative. Mr. Cox is the best advertised politician in Congress.

There is no reputation so deceptive as that of the professional humorist. It seems easy to secure, whereas it is extremely difficult, and it sticks to its possessor like a burr long after he has struggled to

escape from it. The rewards of it, like those of acting, are so prompt and pleasant that they are apt to be exaggerated. The wit who sets the table in a roar; the comic writer who shakes your sides over his books or articles; the funny speaker who strings anecdotes together until the roof rocks with the earthquakes of delightful applause—all these are paid at once in the current coin of laughter and popularity. But are the Hoods, the Hooks, the Artemus Wards, the Mark Twains, the Bob Ingersolls happy, and are they respected and venerated as guides and leaders? In and out of politics, plodding and sedate mediocrity is found to win the highest and most durable honors. Mr. Cox made the mistake early in life of trying to take the short cut to fame by making people laugh. As he has grown older and wiser he has devoted ten times the energy to laboriously undoing his youthful work.

It was, we believe, Tom Corwin who misled Mr. Cox. Tom Corwin was an Ohio Whig, the greatest genius of his generation at a story. He was very popular; he might be pronounced a great man. Yet he died disappointed in his political ambition. He had made men laugh until they laughed at him as well as with him. He was like the clown in the circus who was greeted with roars of laughter and applause when he fell and broke his leg. But Tom Corwin was at the height of his fame when Mr. Cox was young, and it occurred to the future Sunset that a Democratic jester would offset this Whig wit. Mr. Cox attempted to fill the rôle, and he

succeeded. The country mass-meetings yelled at his jokes; the city politicians condescended to smile when he pointed a moral or adorned a tale with a story; Congressmen gathered round him—proud moment!—as they used to do around poor Tom Corwin. He was an acknowledged funny man in politics. One-speech humorists, like Proctor Knott, could not prevail against him. Harper Brothers set the seal upon his national reputation by engaging him to edit "*Why we Laugh.*"

But nations are like men. When a man is in want of advice or guidance he does not go to the jolly, rattling, roaring Yorick of his coterie, but to the prim and prosy family physician. So, when nations need high officials, they turn away from jokers, and think they see sense beneath a serious mien. Lincoln was an exception to this rule; but he joked after he was elected, having passed as a plain, practical, common-sense rail-splitter before the voters. In the great speech which introduced Lincoln to New York City there was not a glint of humor. Hon. Mr. Cox now wishes that he had been equally prudent and reserved. He is a small man physically, with dark eyes and hair, a quick, nervous manner, and a geniality as frank and expanded as that of a boy. Liliputian proportions are no detriment in politics. Napoleon was small; so was Stephen A. Douglas. But nobody has ever called Mr. Cox "*the Little Giant,*" and he begins to be very much afraid that nobody ever will. Yet he has the head, the brains, the energy of a giant,

and more than a giant's tact and talent. If he could shake himself loose from his old reputation as a humorist and appear the Democratic statesman he really is; if he could only induce the reading public to forget that unlucky "Why we Laugh" and interest them in his more serious works, "The Buckeye Abroad," "Eight Years in Congress," "Winter Sunbeams," and "Arctic Sunbeams," just published! But "Sunset Cox" he is—the very nickname has a humorous advertisement in it—and long may he remain "Sunset Cox" to represent us in Congress, and amuse us equally with his politics and travels.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

MANY years ago—*ehou fugaces!*—we were coming down the Hudson, one bright, moonlight night, on board the *Mary Powell*. Next to us, as we sat smoking on the upper deck, was a slender, auburn-haired gentleman, with Dundreary whiskers, a handsome, refined, clear-cut face, and an unmistakably English appearance and manner. He was very neatly and fashionably attired, and seemed rather reserved and contemplative. We supposed him to be an Englishman taking a tour of the country. Presently, through the ordinary courtesies of smokers, we drifted into conversation with this gentleman, and the tones of his quiet, well-bred but thoroughly American voice at once convinced us that we were wrong about his nationality. Our talk was of moonlights on the river, at sea, on the deserts, in old, famous cities, and, as our companion grew interested and interesting, he poured forth a flood of anecdotes, descriptions and reminiscences as sparkling and beautiful as the moonbeams which were dancing on the water. The mellow hours passed, and still we listened entranced to a monologue which was as perfectly thought out and daintily expressed as though the speaker had carefully committed it to memory in anticipation of our meeting.

As the gentleman talked we began to conjecture who he was. Surely, we were familiar with the style in which he spoke. Those evenly balanced sentences, those charmingly suggestive phrases, those polished turns of thought, that quaintly subdued wit and humor and the occasional flashes of rhetoric, like fire-flies in an odorous shrubbery—where had we heard or read them before? Ah, yes! In the “Easy Chair” of *Harper’s*; in an American novel printed in *Putnam’s*; in a book of Egyptian travel just published. The longer we listened the more certain we felt of the identity of our interlocutor, and, at last, to make assurance doubly sure, we addressed him as Mr. Curtis, in answer to one of his remarks. He took no notice of this; but did not seem surprised at our recognition. “When, in the early morning, we at last parted to go to our staterooms, our companion held out his hand and said: “You know my name; will you not tell me yours, so that I may remember it in connection with this most pleasant evening?” We were right, then. This gentleman was George William Curtis, returning to New York from one of his lecturing tours. Just as he looked and talked that moonlight night, so he looks and talks now, except that Time has whitened his auburn hair and beard, and increased, if possible, the delicacy and refinement of his features. For Mr. Curtis, then comparatively a young man, is now fifty-nine years of age.

George William Curtis was born at Providence,

Rhode Island. He was a studious boy, loved books and dreamed romances. When he was fifteen years old an attempt was made to teach him the practical side of life by appointing him to a clerkship of a business firm; but he soon drifted away and turned up among the philosophers and dreamers of the Brook Farm Association, where he formed friendships which have endured to this day. Brook Farm was a romance too good to be true very long, and, when the Association was dissolved, young Curtis was sent to a German university to finish his education. More dreams in the old university town were followed by two years of travel in Egypt, a land which seems like a vision of the past. The "Nile Notes, by a Howadji," were the result of these travels. The book was an immediate success, and Mr. Curtis won a splendid literary reputation. In 1852 he wrote for the *Tribune*; but he was not yet enlisted as a regular journalist. He had inherited a comfortable fortune from his father's estate, and was a young man of leisure and fashion, disposed to be dilettanteish, but not idle. *Putnam's Monthly* was started, and Mr. Curtis became not only a contributor but a partner in the enterprise. He intended and understood that this partnership was limited; but, when the magazine failed, his whole fortune was swept away and a debt of over \$60,000 was fixed upon him.

Almost any other man, under the circumstances, would have taken legal means to repudiate this debt, which had been incurred unconsciously and

for which the most rapacious creditor could not have held Mr. Curtis to be morally responsible. But the dreamer of Brook Farm, the German university and the Nile took a different view of his duty. The law had fastened the debt upon him, justly or unjustly, and he resolved to pay the money. For sixteen years he wrote and lectured, and at length discharged the debt to the uttermost farthing. He had been working to pay off some of it when we encountered him on board the *Mary Powell*. To a man of his tastes and habits these sixteen years of servitude were very bitter; but he had the one consolation that his work was pleasant to him, besides that serene consciousness of a noble purpose which was at once his best incentive and reward. But think of the pluck, the honesty and the conscientiousness which could thus devote sixteen years to the payment of creditors whom Mr. Curtis had never seen, and of whose claims he knew nothing save that the law had declared him responsible for them! It seems to us that such devotion to duty is a heroism higher than that of great soldiers. To die is easy; in fighting there is a fury which carries the hero along in spite of himself; but to drudge patiently for sixteen years to pay a debt of \$60,000 is more truly heroic than fighting or dying. Sir Walter Scott did a somewhat similar work; but Sir Walter was in the prime of life, his fame was established and he had Abbotsford for which to strive. Mr. Curtis was a young man; he had to sacrifice his career as a

novelist, and, at the end of his sixteen years, he had nothing to show for his self-imposed task save the receipts in full of all demands.

To make money for the creditors of *Putnam's Monthly*, Mr. Curtis engaged himself to Harper and Brothers at a yearly salary. This famous firm paid him liberally and required from him the value of their payments. They published his novels—"Trumps" and "Prue and I"—better novels than those of Henry James and more distinctively American, but of the same school of which James and his clique now claim to be the founders. They appointed him to the "Easy Chair" of their unrivaled magazine, which he had ruined himself by attempting to rival. They made him editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and thus introduced him into politics. With all this regular work, Mr. Curtis was allowed leisure enough to lecture in all parts of the country and to deliver political speeches. He was an Abolitionist when abolitionism was unpopular. He was an original Republican, and worked and voted for Fremont. His lectures and speeches are models of elegance and grace, both in writing and in delivery. He was offered several diplomatic positions by the Republican party, but he declined them. He also refused to become a candidate for any office. That frightful \$60,000 had to be paid off, and no office, no diplomatic appointment, could be as remunerative as his position in the employ of Harper and Brothers.

Now Mr. Curtis is a free man, with a handsome income, living delightfully in a lovely villa on

Staten Island; but he is fifty-nine years old—and that fact tells the whole story. He is a prominent politician, one of the leaders of that branch of the Republican party which may be called conservative and is called Halfbreed. Opposed for years to Conkling, he has seen the ex-Senator driven from office and retired to the law business. But, although *Harper's Weekly* is a power in the party, Mr. Curtis has been and is rather a theoretical than a practical politician. The managers of the party read what he writes, listen to what he says, and then run the machine to suit themselves, certain that they can rely upon the votes of his faction when election day comes. He is a consistent advocate of Civil Service reform; but the party managers approve of his views and then make such appointments and removals as they please. To call Mr. Curtis and his followers the dudes of politics might appear satirical; but it precisely describes their characteristics. They are the men who exposed and denounced Garfield when he was a member of Congress, but voted for him when he was nominated for the Presidency. At one time the Republican managers in Staten Island wanted to carry certain measures to which Mr. Curtis was known to be opposed. So they made him the chairman of their Convention; applauded his admirable speech, and then proceeded to put through the obnoxious measures while he sat dignified but helpless. These are the tactics with which practical wirepullers easily outwit such political theorists as

Mr. Curtis, who are always right, always dignified—and always defeated. Nevertheless, Mr. Curtis is so widely respected, so earnest and persistent in his advocacy of reforms, and so eloquent in his writings and speeches that his influence constantly increases and cannot be safely ignored.

ROBERT L. CUTTING.

WHEN Society is divided into hostile factions, with the aristocracy of wealth on the one side and the aristocracy of descent on the other, it is pleasant to recur to one leader of Society about whose wealth and whose lineage there can be not the slightest question. When the Academy of Music, for so many years the citadel of Fashion, is threatened to be superseded by the new Opera House, it revives the courage of those who stand by the old landmarks to see the genial face of one who was among the original founders of the Academy and is still prominent among its most constant supporters and attendants. Robert L. Cutting is a New Yorker of New Yorkers, a Knickerbocker of both the new and old schools. His leadership in metropolitan society is acknowledged by all circles. He is known as the Father of the Academy of Music, and his presence there seems as indispensable as that of the prima donna or the tenor.

Mr. Cutting was born in New York city, in 1812; was educated at Columbia College, and went into business here as a broker and banker. There were the traditional three brothers of the Cutting family. One of them, Fulton Cutting, settled abroad, after

serving the country as a diplomatist, and he and his children have become famous as philanthropists. Another brother, Francis, was an eminent lawyer and was sent to Congress, where he was challenged by John C. Breckenridge for words spoken in debate upon the slavery question. Robert founded the Wall street firm, which still flourishes as Lee & Ryan, with R. L. Cutting as special partner, having held through all financial reverses a position of authority and respect. Although now in his seventy-second year, Mr. Cutting may often be seen going to and from his down-town office. He is generally accompanied by his son, who bears the same name and is so much like him that, as they walk together, it is difficult to distinguish them. The Cuttings have long been famous as a handsome family, and the present father and son are worthy of this reputation. Tall, finely formed, with gray hair and distinguished manners, they at once attract attention and inquiry. Every New Yorker knows them by sight, and hundreds of people bow to them daily of whose very names they are ignorant. Indeed, if our citizens were called upon to select a typical New York gentleman, the majority of their votes would be given to Robert L. Cutting, Sr., and the rest to Robert L. Cutting, Jr., so remarkably have the family characteristics been reproduced in this popular pair.

In 1863, Robert L. Cutting was elected President of the Stock Exchange and occupied that important station for two years, while our national finances,

revolutionized by the Civil War, were rearranging themselves. When the people of New York determined to assert their rights and free the metropolis from the domination of the Tweed Ring, they chose Robert L. Cutting as one of the Committee of Seventy, and he largely assisted in reforming our municipal affairs. These services to the country and to the city were modestly performed, with no thought of personal aggrandizement and no seeking for popularity. It was part of Mr. Cutting's nature to believe in the stability of the Union and the prosperity of the metropolis, and thus he was naturally a patriot and a reformer, and never dreamed of asking or receiving credit for impulses and actions which were as spontaneous as breathing or seeing. During the dark days of the Republic and of the contest with the Ring, when others doubted or faltered, he was always firm, resolute, full of confidence in the present and faith in the future. How much good was accomplished by the calm, unwavering patriotism and public spirit of such a man can never be overestimated. As an example he was invaluable, and his cheery good-nature was as inspiring as his strong common-sense was felt to be sound and reliable. Some philosophers assure us that the world knows nothing of its greatest men; but, in our national and municipal crises, Robert L. Cutting, without making any claim to greatness, did a great work, and knew that it was thoroughly appreciated by all those whose approbation is worth possessing.

In private life Mr. Cutting uses his vast wealth

generously, hospitably and benevolently. No public institution bears his name; but yet he is often compared to Peter Cooper on account of his liberal philanthropy. Unostentatious in his charities, as in everything else, he literally obeys the Divine command to let not his left hand know what his right hand doeth. Nevertheless, his praises are in the mouths of all men, and thousands thank him for benefactions which no newspapers ever record. In business he has always been rather conservative than speculative. His investments have been judiciously made in the city of his birth, and his belief in the growth and enterprise of New York has been rewarded a hundred fold. He has seen immense fortunes won suddenly in Wall Street without ever envying or imitating the gamblers who print their own lithographs of stocks, or give their cheques for entire railroads, or build palaces to advertise their successes. His fortune, achieved by just and equitable means, is solidly secured, subject to none of the fluctuations of a gambler's gains, a blessing to himself and to all who come within the sphere of his influence and association. The merchant princes of New York are proud of such a banker and broker, and Mr. Cutting is contented to deserve and retain their confidence, esteem and friendship.

But if there be one place in which Mr. Cutting does assert himself and is conspicuous, that place is the Academy of Music. There the Cutting box, on the left-hand side of the stage, is an institution. In it he may be seen on any Italian opera night,

and the entire audience expect to see him there and would be surprised and grieved by his absence. He takes a personal pride in the Academy, in the excellence of the performances and in the brilliancy of the audiences. He helped to organize the Academy when it was intended to be, as its name implies, a genuine School of Art, with classes of American singers taught by the best professionals, and he has lived to see it handed over, rent free, to an English impresario. He has heard, on that site, some of the grandest companies of singers that ever visited this country, and he has lived to see little Adelina Patti engaged as the only bright particular star at \$5000 a night. He was a liberal patron of Italian opera when it was a far from healthy exotic, and he has lived to see it become a fashionable necessity. His reminiscences of the opera would fill volumes of most interesting reading, and some day, we hope, the ubiquitous interviewer will persuade him to give a portion of them to the public. But even more interesting would be Mr. Cutting's reminiscences of New York city from the days when our second war with England was concluded and the British evacuated the metropolis as enemies only to reoccupy it as friends. It is a duty which Robert L. Cutting owes to his beloved birthplace to dictate to some friendly hand his autobiography, and we trust that he will be as thorough in the fulfilment of this as he has been of every other social, business, personal and public obligation.

CHARLES P. DALY.

WHILE we were considering whether we should sketch Chief Justice Daly on the bench, or addressing the Geographical Society, or at home in his library, we saw him walking slowly up Broadway toward us—an upright, slender figure of medium height and size; his hat pulled down over his bushy eyebrows, and shading his large, dark, eloquent eyes; his long, white beard waving in the June breeze; his small, nervous hands clasped behind his back, and holding the umbrella which he carries so constantly that it seems to be a part of his costume. Even on crowded Broadway, the Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas attracts attention from the dignity of his bearing and the thoughtful intelligence of his face; but he dresses simply, in the black frock-coat, vest and trousers that used to be called “the American uniform,” and one misses that almost leonine massiveness and power which distinguish him when he presides in his Court.

Always and everywhere courteous, pleasant and dignified, Chief Justice Daly is as popular as he is worthy of popularity. Seeing him upon the bench, nobody would suppose that a romantic boy had ripened into this grave, affable jurist. If you are

fortunate-enough to chat with him you will discover that one of the subjects which most interest him is theatricals. His father was the George Browne of the days of the old Park Theatre, and kept a saloon at which the leading actors of that period used to congregate. The future Chief Justice knew them well, in private as well as in public. His reminiscences of the worthies of the old Park and the old Bowery would make a paper as valuable and as interesting as any he has ever read before the Geographical Society. Should he be induced to write it, let him not forget to include the comical story he once told us about a memorable Fourth of July, when, having gone to bed the night before with his head full of plans of celebration, he overslept himself in spite of the noise of guns, and woke after sundown to find the glorious Fourth over, and the only entertainment left him was the theatre, where he assisted at the New York triumph of Charles Kean.

As a boy, Charles P. Daly was apprenticed to learn the trade of a quill-cutter, which was then a profitable occupation, although the invention of steel pens has long since made it obsolete. But young Daly was destined to be rather a quill-driver than a quill-cutter, and so he ran away to sea and voyaged around the world. At sea he laid the foundation of his present knowledge of languages, and, by the time he returned, could speak half a dozen foreign tongues fluently. Having partly educated himself, a thorough education was now given him, and, after

a few years, he was allowed to study law, to which he applied himself with the steady perseverance which has been his chief characteristic through life. Being a lawyer, he was naturally something of a politician, and was then a Locofoco, of course, as became his Irish descent. Among his political friends was George Purser, who formed a warm friendship for him, and became the means of his permanent advancement.

The Locofocos had carried the State, and the Governor was anxious to show his gratitude to George Purser, who had contributed largely to his election. Purser bethought himself of young Daly, and asked for him an appointment to the Marine Court, then a small affair, occupied exclusively with nautical cases. In fact, it did not rank as high then as a Civil Justice-ship does now; but it would have fully satisfied young Daly's modest ambition. Unfortunately, as it appeared at first, but fortunately as it afterward turned out, the Governor had already promised this very office to some other supporter. But a judgeship in the Common Pleas happened to be vacant. Would not that do for him? Would Purser accept that position for his friend? Of course, Purser took it gladly; but with young Daly the question was, not whether the Common Pleas would do for him, but whether he was qualified for such a judgeship. At length he determined to accept the office and make himself worthy of it. To this accident we owe our present Chief Justice.

Seated upon the bench, in a post of which the

ablest lawyer might have felt proud, Judge Daly began to fit himself for greatness by laying out for himself an arduous course of study, which he pursued with extraordinary application and energy. He studied in advance all the cases which were to be tried before him, and was never satisfied until he knew more about them than the lawyers engaged on both sides. The effects of this constant study began to be noticed by the Bar, and another happy accident set the seal upon the reputation of Judge Daly. In an important case, the two leaders of the New York Bar, Nathaniel Blunt and Ogden Hoffman, were retained for the plaintiff and defendant. Both were brilliant men, eloquent, famous, but a little careless. For this case they had not prepared themselves thoroughly, while Judge Daly, knowing their great abilities, had carefully studied up all the points and read all the authorities. To the astonishment of the Bar, the young Judge showed himself able to give Blunt and Hoffman lessons in the law. He corrected their errors, quoted authorities which they had overlooked or forgotten, and proved himself more familiar with the case than either of these leaders. From that day his reputation as a judge was established, and it has never since been lost. When the master has flogged the head boys of his school, the other boys give him no further trouble, and so it was with the young Judge Daly and the able counsel who appeared before him.

Meanwhile a splendid marriage had opened the most exclusive circles of New York society to Judge

Daly, whose handsome presence and rising reputation made him equally sought and admired. His receptions began to be noted, as they are still, as among the intellectual social centers of the metropolis. Still working as hard as if he had his way to make in the world, he compiled and published the first volume of the Reports of the Common Pleas, and prefaced it with a history of the Court, which is even yet considered remarkable for its learning. His essays were widely read ; his speeches praised ; his judicial opinions quoted as authorities. He became a prominent member of the Geographical Society, and, devoting to this study the same persevering energy which he had bestowed upon the law, he was soon recognized as the incarnation of the institution, and, of course, his name became known all over the world among *savants* of similiar tastes. Now, there is no event which more interests the best intellectual and social circles of New York than Chief Justice Daly's annual address to the Geographical Society, in which he reviews and philosophizes upon the discoveries of the year, bringing to this labor of love the same wealth of knowledge and intense application which have won for him his reputation as Chief Justice.

If Judge Daly were asked for the secret of success in life, he would define it, from his own experience, as hard work, availing itself of fair opportunities. This definition could not be improved in his case. He was lucky to have such a friend as George Purser ; lucky not to be appointed to the

old Marine Court; lucky to be chosen for the Common Pleas; but how many other young and inexperienced lawyers, suddenly elevated to such a position, would have fitted themselves to do honor to the office by a career of persistent industry? The only relaxation which the Chief Justice has allowed himself, aside from that change of work which is said to be a form of rest, is the theatre. He is as fond of the theatrical profession as he was when a boy. During the season, every important theatrical first-night finds him among the audience. He loves to talk of old theatrical celebrities, and to compare the favorites of the present day with those of his youth—not always to the advantage of the former. He is as familiar with Shakespeare as with his law books, and the usages of the profession, so mysterious to most lawyers, are perfectly clear to him. When a theatrical case comes before him, he is in his element, combining his judicial lore with his theatrical experiences. We remember that, in a theatrical *cause celebre*, he was called as a witness to character, and a pert, young lawyer, as ignorant of the antecedents of the Chief Justice as of the law, began his cross-examination with the following most *malapropos* question:

“I presume that your honor knows nothing about theatres?”

The Chief Justice looked down upon him for a few minutes, as a lion might look at a puppy, and then solemnly responded, amid the suppressed laughter of the crowded court-room—“*Sir, you are very presuming!*”

CHARLES A. DANA.

UNDER the tall tower of the *Tribune* building, there used to be a lager-bier cellar, as all readers of the *Sun* well know. Standing at the counter of this lager-bier cellar, and quietly imbibing a glass of German seltzer, there might have been seen a tall, fine-looking man, with snow-white hair and beard, with keen, bright eyes and the pose and manner of command. The publisher of the *Sun* is upon his right hand; the managing editor of the *Sun* upon his left. His surroundings, not less than his striking face and figure, attract attention to the fact that this is Charles A. Dana, who, having ridiculed and attacked the *Tribune* bier cellar in his paper, now characteristically takes advantage of the refreshments which the place provides.

In this little incident you have the key-note of Mr. Dana, and especially of his management of the *Sun*. He is now the *doyen* of the New York editors, the sole survivor in harness of that wonderful galaxy in which Bennett, Raymond, Greeley, Webb, Bryant, and Brooks shone. He claims, and no doubt justly, that his *Sun* has the largest circulation in America, averaging over 140,000 copies a day. The paper consists of only four pages, one of which

is filled with advertisements, and yet all the news is crowded into it, and so ably edited that it seems to be given in full. Like the Nasmith hammer, the *Sun* prides itself upon its capacity to deal with anything, from the heavy weight of a Presidential campaign to the chestnut of a private scandal. But if you read its columns attentively, you will always find Mr. Dana's glass of mineral water among its editorials or its news paragraphs.

Limited as is the space in the *Sun*, room is found or made daily for references to the true goodness of Deacon Richard Smith, of Cincinnati, to the obituary poetry of George Washington Childs, A.M., of Philadelphia, to the so-called Fraudulent Presidency of Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, or to some other of the stock victims upon whom Mr. Dana exercises his peculiar humor. He has invented a new system of fun. Brevity used to be considered the soul of wit, but Mr. Dana thinks that perpetual repetition is more witty than brevity. In truth, brevity is not the distinguishing feature of the *Sun*, although at the first glance it seems to be so. Editorials, a column or two long, upon the Caliphate of Bagdad or the composition of the German Reichstag, are always in order. We have known the *Herald*, under the elder Bennett, to cut down its editorials to a single article of five lines in order to make room for the news. Mr. Dana, on the contrary, frequently condenses the news into five-line paragraphs in order to make room for elaborate editorials upon subjects so abstruse that their discus-

sions in a daily paper must be regarded as a scholastic impertinence.

Mr. Dana is a New Englander by birth, and in his youth, although you would never dream of it now, he was considered poetical in temperament and drifted off into the shadows of New England æstheticism and the romances of the Brook Farm phalanstery. Naturally, he became associated with Greeley's *Tribune*, and, by a not uncommon process his relationship to Greeley cured him of his tendency towards impracticable issues. He became known, in time, as the practical man of the *Tribune*. He was its cool, clear-headed managing editor, who redeemed and modified Greeley's extravagances of theory and doctrine. He saw in Greeley the sort of *doctrinaire* which he might have himself become had he persisted in his New England fanaticism. To him Greeley was the drunken Helot of the ancients, the terrible example of the modern temperance lecturer. He corrected his own faults by observing Greeley's, and he made himself master of the *Tribune* by avoiding the mistakes of the ostensible master.

During the war Mr. Dana had acquired such a reputation as a practical man of affairs, that he was invited to take office, under Secretary Stanton, in the War Department, and was entrusted with very important labors. Among other missions, he was sent out West to investigate the secret charges brought against General Grant, and, if necessary, to supersede him in command of our Western forces. Gen-

eral Grant's staff were his personal and devoted friends, and they received and treated Mr. Dana as a spy from the War Department. He had no idea of serving in that capacity. Stanton's plan, and his aim, was to revive that policy of the old French Republic by which generals in the field were supervised by civilian delegates from the Convention. But this policy did not work well in France, and it did not work at all here. This country was not destined to travel upon the old French lines and end in a Napoleonic dynasty. The people took care of their own war in their own way, and Stanton, prodigious worker as he was, found himself deserted and ignored when he attempted to carry on the war in any other way. General Grant was not suspended by Mr. Dana, and paid no attention to his orders. Here was laid the foundation of that personal hostility to Grant which is one of the spots upon the *Sun*, no matter how shrewdly it may be clouded under political disguises.

After the war Mr. Dana undertook to edit a paper at Chicago, and failed, probably because he was hampered and hindered by his financial backers, who wished to have an editor whom they could manage, instead of an editor who could manage their paper. Thus Chicago lost the opportunity of establishing the greatest American daily newspaper, and Chicago's loss was the gain of New York City. The *Sun* had been for years a prosperous paper for workingmen, under the direction of the Beach family, and had displayed much enterprise, not in

the collection of news, but in the mechanical departments of printing and publishing. A stock company was formed to purchase the *Sun* for Mr. Dana, the stockholders belonging to various political parties and factions, and, the policy of the paper thus becoming independent, it was an immediate success under the new editorship.

Mr. Dana has the reputation of being an accomplished modern linguist. He reads and writes German as readily as English, and the influence of his German studies is evident in his turn of thought as well as his turns of expression. In classical and scientific knowledge he is less prominent, and these departments of the *Sun* need the supervision of a more learned editor. He prides himself upon his appreciation of poetry, and has edited a book of selections from popular poets. He has also edited, in collaboration with the late George Ripley, the *Cyclopædia* published by the Appletons. In personal intercourse he is courteous and informal; but when opposed he holds to his opinions with bulldog tenacity. On the *Tribune* he was shackled by the necessity of managing Greeley, who needed to be kept in leading-strings; but in control of the *Sun*, with Amos Cummings to give it causticity and John Swinton to affect it with genteel communism, he was in his element, and the day upon which he assumed its editorial chair was the crown of his varied and eccentric life.

From that day to this, there has been no check to the success of the *Sun*, and it has been the most

profitable, as it is the most readable, of American newspapers. Mr. Dana has become a very wealthy man. He owns Doris Island, upon which he lives, and has the establishment of a prince, with a French cook, at a salary of \$1500 a year, and a cellar of fine wines said to be unrivaled on this continent. He owns a city house, of course, and during the winter he resides in town and takes a prominent part in social and fashionable circles. His eldest son, Paul Dana, is being educated as a sporting editor, as Mr. Dana believes that, during the next decade, sporting journalism is to be very popular and profitable. In the spring of 1883, Mr. Dana took a railway tour as far as California, with a distinguished party, and, being duly interviewed, discussed political questions with a freedom which he has not allowed himself in the *Sun*. Neither have these interviews been copied into his own paper. But Mr. Dana's career is full of these curious contradictions. None of the luxury of his private life is to be seen in the *Sun*. He works as hard now as ever he did while managing editor of the *Tribune*. Wines rich and rare may sparkle and glow upon Doris Island; but the *Sun* is edited upon plain mineral water, and if there be less spice in it than ever before, perhaps that is all the better for the digestion of the reading public.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

It was at the dinner given by the Lotos Club to Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert, the author and composer of the pertinacious "Pinafore." Whitelaw Reid, the President of the Club, was in the chair, and there was a great glory of gush. Anybody who listened to the speeches, and knew nothing else of the circumstances, would have supposed that no comic opera had ever been written before. Sir Arthur Sullivan, a man of the world as well as a clever musician, blushed through his brown skin and looked around inquiringly, as who should say, "Is it possible that these gentlemen can mean all they say?" W. S. Gilbert, a hard-headed Scotchman, seemed solemnly calculating how many more bawbees this dinner advertisement would bring to the firm. Then Chauncey M. Depew was called upon, and there was a moment's silence as the orator rose to speak.

Those who were in a position to see the lower end of the Lotos tables beheld a tall, solemn gentleman get upon his feet and bow to the company. His face was pale and clean-shaven, except for a pair of neatly-trimmed side-whiskers. His thin hair was combed carefully so as to cover without

concealing a rather bald head. His eyes were bluish gray. The face and form, one would have said, of a prosperous English barrister, without his wig and gown, or a prominent English clergyman, without his surplice and bands. As he began his address his voice was clear and pleasant, as clean-cut and exact as his features and his costume. He spoke with the utmost precision and solemnity, and yet in a few moments the tables began to rock and the company to roar with laughter. In the most polite manner, and in words apparently the most enthusiastic, Gilbert and Sullivan were being roasted alive. The speaker was the one man in the world who had stood out against "Pinafore," who had never heard it and wanted to know what it was. He received reports from various people who had heard it and discussed them with extreme gravity, as if trying to come to some judicial decision upon the merits of the opera, while his audience cheered and screamed and pounded the tables in paroxysms of mirth and glee.

At first Dr. Sullivan winced a little; then turned in his chair and gazed curiously at the speaker through his eyeglasses; then yielded to his Irish sense of humor and joined heartily in the laughter and applause. For a long while Mr. Gilbert did not see anything at which to laugh. The proverbial necessity of hammering a joke into the head of a Scotchman occurred to all who watched his expression. He seemed very much astonished that the company should laugh so loudly at what appeared

to be, upon the face of it, so handsome and well-turned a compliment to those Englishmen who came to this country to take our dollars for teaching us to be merry. He looked with an air of surprise and disapproval at Dr. Sullivan, who was by this time doubled up with laughter. Then his face grew gradually red, his expression morose, his attitude hostile, and fingering his champagne glass nervously, he asked the chairman, "Who is this Chauncey M. Depew?" "One of our leading lawyers," replied Mr. Reid. "And do all of your lawyers make speeches like that?" continued Mr. Gilbert, as there was another roar and cheer. "Not all of them," said Mr. Reid, joining in the laughter at another shrewd and scathing hit at the "Pinafore" folly. Before the speech was over Gilbert was forced to laugh as unrestrainedly as his hosts, and when he went home that night he wrote for "The Pirates of Penzance" the well-known line "that infernal nonsense, 'Pinafore.'"

One of the best, if not the best, of after-dinner orators, the characteristic of Mr. Depew's speaking is that it does not depend upon verbal jokes nor funny stories for its success. It is the true humor which grows naturally out of the subject and is based upon a solid substratum of sound common sense. To adapt it, therefore, for the Bar, or the political rostrum, or the legislative committees, Mr. Depew has only to restrain the humor a little and push the common sense to the front. But whether at the social board, or before the courts, or upon the

stump, or at the Legislature, his grave, earnest, serious manner never varies. He is as seemingly unconscious of the fun of what he says as poor Artemus Ward used to be; he has the solemnity, without the tedious slowness, of Mark Twain. For the felicity of his phrases, the force of his expressions, the calm, even, steady flow of his language, he has seldom been equalled and never surpassed. While he is speaking, without the slightest apparent effort, you wonder at the copiousness of his vocabulary; but he is as terse as he is fluent. His oratory is like a broad, deep, mighty river, upon which the tiny pleasure-boats of wit and humor can dance in the sunshine, but which is also capable of sustaining and transporting the heavily-weighted argosies of law and politics.

Mr. Depew was born at Peekskill, New York, and his father, Captain Depew, sailed between his native town and the metropolis. The family still reside at Peekskill and rank among the local aristocracy. His biography is not a record of boyish struggles. He received a good education, made friends everywhere, studied for the Bar, and went into politics. At Albany, in the lobby, he made his best mark. His generosity, his cleverness, his abounding humor, in such striking and effective contrast to his sedate, dignified and reserved deportment, made him very popular among the legislators, and he could do more for or against a measure, by his personal influence, than other lobbyists could achieve by their money. The sterling common sense which

is the basis of his speeches now, was the foundation of his arguments then. He never attempted to humbug the legislators, but talked to them frankly, as man to man, and induced them to laugh at his opponents, when he could not out-argue them. Very soon he attracted the attention of Commodore Vanderbilt, always quick to recognize and appreciate talent, especially if it were of an order which the Vanderbilt family does not possess. An offer to become the counsel for the New York Central Railroad was accepted by Mr. Depew. His salary was \$25,000 a year—the same as that of the President of the United States at that period. Both the New York Central and Mr. Depew were so well satisfied with this connection, that it has been, and still is, maintained. With such an income, and with his other legal and political business, Mr. Depew is now a very wealthy man.

Many of the friends of Mr. Depew—and he is a personage who has no enemies—hold that his prosperous connection with the Vanderbilt railroads has prevented him from being the great statesman for which Nature designed him, and that it has restricted his opportunities while filling his treasury. The “might have beens” of distinguished men are facile but unprofitable topics of conjecture. It is very certain, however, that Mr. Depew would now have been one of the Senators from this State had not the so-called railway influence operated against him, as well as in his favor. During the contest for the Senatorship which succeeded the resignations of

Conkling and Platt, it is a remarkable fact that none of the partisans nor the partisan papers had a word to say against Mr. Depew personally. His election would have been very popular; it was conceded that he would have made an honest and a brilliant Senator. The fear of that railway influence which had just placed a judge upon the Supreme Bench was the only obstacle to his success, and, when he perceived this, he took his choice of positions and gracefully withdrew from the Senatorial contest. Everybody admits, however, that in the future he will be one of the most available men for any office within the gift of the people or the Legislature, if he shall prefer public position to private emolument. But the New Yorkers are satisfied to have him as he is. They are proud of his eloquence, his wit, and his sturdy common sense. No doubt that he would dignify and adorn our representation in Congress; but then he would be sadly missed, and could never be replaced, at the hospitable tables of New York and the important Third House at Albany.

WILLIAM S. DOWD.

CHEATING, like murder, will out. Fraud, like Banquo's ghost, will not down at the bidding of the guilty parties. Whenever a municipal election occurs both political parties cannot help remembering the municipal election of 1880, when it is generally believed that William S. Dowd, the Republican candidate, undoubtedly received the majority of the popular votes for Mayor, but was counted out by his opponents. Perhaps no legal proof of this chicanery could be obtained; perhaps Mr. Dowd's friends considered it injudicious to attempt to unearth the perpetrators of the fraud, who might possibly have been found on both sides of the political fence; but in the unwritten history of New York elections no fact is more unanimously accepted than that William S. Dowd was the people's choice for Mayor.

We will not stir up old animosities by reviving the particulars of that exciting contest. When Mr. Dowd was informed that the Republican Convention had nominated him, he observed: "I have not sought this nomination. I did not want it. But now I expect to be elected." Up to a week before the election the campaign languished, as if the lead-

ers of both parties had agreed upon a truce during which they were trying to come to some arrangement about the division of the offices and the spoils. Then, all at once, the people declared themselves for Dowd ; the leading independent newspapers rapidly ranged themselves upon his side, and even those partisans who deny that he was elected are willing to admit that he would have been elected if the canvass had continued for another week. Mr. Dowd ran upon the Republican ticket ; but he had never before taken any active part in politics, and he was warmly supported by men of all the cliques and parties. His large vote was a compliment of which any candidate might be proud. The reaction in his favor was the beginning of that tidal wave of reform which has since swept over the whole country.

Although Mr. Dowd formally retired from business nine years ago, he is still a very busy man. His tall, square, portly, dignified figure, gray hair and beard, and fair, healthy complexion, are familiar to all frequenters of Wall Street and the down-town railway offices. Indeed, he is a personage whose appearance at once attracts attention and commands respect. His manner, which is amiable to his friends but reserved to strangers, adds to the impressiveness of his physique. He is not so elderly a gentleman as his gray hair would indicate ; but the vigor and alertness of his movements are younger than his years. Mr. Dowd was born at the farming village of Batavia, Genesee County, New York, in 1824, and he is consequently sixty years of age. His

parents were of sound New England stock, his father being a native of Connecticut, and his mother of Vermont. Mr. Dowd traces his ancestry back to the Puritan Fathers, and one of the most prized treasures in his unostentatious residence in West Twenty-second Street is a spoon which one of his family brought over in the Mayflower.

As a boy, Mr. Dowd received only the common school education of a country lad. His father was a thrifty, substantial farmer. Mr. Dowd worked on his father's farm during the summer, and attended the village free school during the winter. He had a ready head for figures; picked up general learning easily, and locked it up in a very retentive memory. When he was twenty years of age, he felt that he knew enough to seek his fortune in New York City, and he found it with a rapidity that bears out the old legend that our streets are paved with gold for those who know how to pick it up. Mr. Dowd became a clerk in the store of Lyman Cook & Co., fancy goods jobbers, and in two years was admitted as a member of the firm. He was only one year over his majority when he read on the sign of the firm the names of Cook, Dowd & Baker. In two years the farmer's boy from Genesee County had been transformed into a prosperous New York merchant. No more convincing proof of his natural ability and business aptitudes need be cited.

In 1871, having acquired an ample fortune in twenty-five years, Mr. Dowd retired from business, although we believe that he remained as a special

partner in his old firm. In 1873 he was elected a member of the Board of Education, and has ever since retained that position. In the Board he served for four years as Chairman of the Committee on Colored Schools, and as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the College of New York. His own experiences at the village school as a boy interested him deeply in the common-school education of the people, and this is the subject which he has most at heart. Next to the common schools, his favorite occupation is financial management, and here again he reverts to his boyish days when he was renowned throughout Batavia for his skill in ciphering. The boy is literally the father of the man in Mr. Dowd's case, and it is pleasant to hear him trace his success in life to the lessons he learned in Genesee County.

In 1874, Mr. Dowd was chosen as President of the Bank of North America. Then he became concerned in the affairs of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, and accepted the presidency of that corporation as one might take up a difficult problem in chess and exert every effort to avert a checkmate. The common stock of this road was then selling at ten per cent of its face value; the preferred stock at only eighteen per cent, and President Dowd succeeded in so reorganizing, improving, and managing the company that its securities have never since fallen to anything like these figures. In 1878 and 1879, he served as Chairman of the Clearing House Association of New York banks. For twenty years he has been Chairman of the Financial Committee

of the Importers and Traders' Insurance Company. The list of banks, railroads, and insurance companies with which he has been less prominently connected would read like an extract from a directory of corporations. With this extensive financial business he has mingled the pleasure of acting as one of the Executive Committee of the Historical Society. When Mr. Dowd calls this ceaseless round of important duties "retiring from business," it is impossible not to wonder how much work he actually accomplished when he considered himself in business! But he loves his financial and educational labors; he enjoys life thoroughly, and in him the people have in reserve an honest, efficient, and energetic Mayor or Governor whenever it shall please them to tender him the nomination and insist upon a free election and a fair count.

THEODORE S. DUMONT.

THE two important positions of General Agent of the Great Western Despatch and General Agent of the South Shore Express are now combined in the somewhat Napoleonic person of Mr. Dumont, who has been well known for many years to our leading shippers, merchants and railroad men, and who is universally a favorite. Above the medium height, broad-shouldered and portly, with a large, square, clear-cut head, hair closely cropped and already turning gray; face clean shaven, except for a mustache, and keen but kindly eyes of blue, Mr. Dumont shows unmistakable evidences of his French origin, not only in his personal appearance, his quick, vivacious manners and movements, but in his talent for details and the simple but accurate system upon which he manages the complicated business of the two companies which he represents in New York. In fact, Mr. Dumont is directly descended from one of the old French Huguenot families, and those who desire to know of what virtues such a family is capable will find an interesting account of them in a novel called "The Story of Marie Dumont," by Lady Pollock, which has already run through a number of editions in this country and in England.

Theodore S. Dumont was born in Leonard Street, New York city, in 1842. His father, Robert Dumont, an excellent specimen of the type of M. Thiers, whom he much resembled in appearance, was an official in the Custom House for twenty-one years, and afterwards a prominent Custom House broker, and was the Senior Warden of the Church of the Holy Trinity. Through his father's mother Mr. Dumont is a lineal descendant of the famous Swartwout family. Mr. Dumont's mother, who is still alive and in active health, was one of the old Knickerbocker family of Swords. Her father was Thomas Swords, the celebrated publisher of Episcopalian books. A couple of years ago, at Summit, New Jersey, where they resided in a pretty villa, which has been transformed into a comfortable all-the-year-round home, the golden wedding of Mr. Dumont's father and mother was celebrated; and on that occasion, and at the marriage of their only daughter Nellie, last year, the assemblage of the representatives of the principal old Knickerbocker families was so extraordinary that special reports of the affairs were published in the daily papers. The display, not only of costly presents, but of old family plate, was especially noticeable, and among the most treasured of the gold and silver services were goblets from which Washington himself had pledged the health of the Swartwouts.

Theodore Dumont finished his education at the Columbia College Grammar School, which some of

our readers will remember in College Place, and then entered the wholesale grocery store of Haggerty, King & Co. In a year after he started upon a voyage to China and saw the Celestial Kingdom when it was a comparatively unknown country to outside barbarians. Returning in a couple of years, bronzed and hardy from his adventures, he went into the wholesale liquor business with Nat Bloodgood, the popular yachtman, then the Secretary of the New York Yacht Club. All this seems like ancient history now; for the Civil War, which began in 1861, made a wide and deep chasm between the present New York and the metropolis before the war. With such a descent as his, it was not likely that Theodore Dumont would remain behind a counter when the country was in danger. He was one of the earliest volunteers, and started for the front as a lieutenant in Duryea's Zouaves, a regiment which he had assisted in recruiting. His executive abilities were at once appreciated by his superiors in command, and he was assigned to staff duty, taking part in every engagement and distinguishing himself particularly during the bloody battle of Big Bethel, when he fell from his horse seriously wounded and was carried to the rear by his comrades, among whom he had become beloved.

After several exhausting weeks in the army hospitals, the health of Lieutenant Dumont appeared permanently impaired, and he was sent home to New York, invalided. Before he could recover his strength the cruel war was over. He went West,

in accordance with the proverbial advice of Horace Greeley, and looked about him for a business opening. He found it at Cincinnati, where he resumed the wholesale grocery business, with which he had begun his business life in New York. There one of those apparently trifling incidents which decide a career occurred to him. The superintendent of the Parkersburg and Cincinnati Transportation Company called upon him one day to ask whether he could recommend a good man to represent the company in New York city and work up the Eastern business. Mr. Dumont could think of nobody exactly suitable for the position, and said so, carelessly adding, "If you'll make it an object, I'll go and represent you myself." "You?" replied the astonished superintendent; "why, you are the very man we want. Name your terms and consider the matter settled." With no more idea of leaving Cincinnati than he had of flying, and with no special knowledge of the transportation business beyond that acquired in the management of groceries by wholesale, Mr. Dumont suddenly found himself stationed in a new and important post of usefulness and responsibility.

But this career, thus entered upon by accident, turned out to be the one for which Nature had designed him. All his previous acquirements came into play. The knowledge of goods which he had learned in the grocery business; the administrative system which he had been taught on the staff in the army; the goodfellowship which enabled him to

make friends easily and hold them firmly, were invaluable to him in his new position. He had made his mark so decidedly in one year that he was promoted to the agency of the Diamond Line, over the Erie Railroad, and he has been connected with this railroad ever since. From the Diamond Line he was transferred to the South Shore Line, first as Agent, then as General Eastern Agent, and, a year ago, he was promoted to be General Agent. At that time the Great Western Despatch desired his services, and attempted to outbid the South Shore for them; but the South Shore was equally anxious to retain an official who had really created the line as it at present exists, and so a compromise was arranged, and Mr. Dumont agreed to represent both companies. Seldom, if ever, before has so great a compliment been paid to an official as this selection of the same man for a double agency, and only the most implicit confidence in the enterprise, energy and integrity of Mr. Dumont could justify such a compliment. But this confidence has been indorsed by the result; for, under his skillful management, the business of both companies has exceeded that of any previous years at least threefold.

In and out of business Theodore S. Dumont is just what one would expect from the foregoing record of his career. He works quickly and without obvious effort, and always has time to greet a friend, to do a service, to talk or to listen. As a friend there are absolutely no bounds to his devotion; as an enemy he is too amiable and magnani-

mous to be bitter or to prolong hostilities for an unnecessary moment. His constant courtesies win customers for his lines whom the most elaborate arguments would fail to influence, and his independence is too honest to allow him to make representations which cannot be more than substantiated by business facts. Standing between his customers and his companies, he manages to satisfy both and make things profitable for both, and yet he accomplishes this difficult task with an ease which is of itself remarkable. He finds rest and recreation, after his double day's work, at his mother's villa, on the pleasant hills of Summit, and loves, by way of a change, this touch of rural life, with his dogs, his horse and the village gossip on the broad piazzas. No further promotion in his own line of business is possible to Mr. Dumont, unless he consents to leave New York, which he has hitherto refused to do ; but still young, and with all the buoyancy of youth, a host of friends and a deserved prosperity, he is certainly a man to be contented—and to be envied.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

THERE is no better illustration of the fitfulness of the fever of fame than the contrast between the place which the young inventor of Menlo Park now occupies in people's minds and that which he held a year ago. Then he was regarded as a wonder, a miracle, a prodigy; now he is generally considered a failure. Then the papers were full of his plans and achievements; now his name is very seldom printed. But the fickle public have changed, and not Mr. Edison. He is still the same wonder, miracle, or prodigy of inventors, working away in his New Jersey laboratory and quietly accumulating an enormous fortune from his patents. At any moment he may again astonish the world by some startling discovery, such as simultaneous telegraphy or the phonograph. His orbit may be as eccentric as that of the comet; but his reappearance to dazzle and delight us is as certain.

Mr. Edison is only thirty-seven years old. At an age when, in the good old times of our grandfathers, men were just being married and settling down to steady business, he has acquired fame and fortune and made his name almost as immortal as that of Franklin. His youth is the first peculiarity

which strikes you in his personal appearance. He is of medium height; but is so thin that he appears taller. His well-shaped, closely-cropped head reminds you somewhat of William M. Evarts. Mr. Edison is not a Yankee, although he looks a little like one and is as shrewd and clever, and he has the shambling air and gait of a man always preoccupied. Apparently he is a sufferer from the prevalent Yankee disease, dyspepsia, which is not to be wondered at when we learn that he takes his meals with regular irregularity, often forgetting to eat his breakfast, and usually enjoying his dinner—or rather the meal which does duty for dinner—in the dead waste and middle of the night. But genius is nothing if not eccentric, and that Mr. Edison is a genius nobody can dispute.

Thomas Alva Edison shows in his name his mingled English and Dutch ancestry, His grandfather came from Holland and settled near Newark, New Jersey, so that, in establishing himself at Menlo Park, Mr. Edison has simply returned to his family headquarters. This grandfather Edison—whose reminiscences of Holland crop out in the name of Alva—had a son who emigrated to Erie county, Ohio, and there, at the little village of Milan, on the 11th of February, 1847, our Edison was born. His father is still alive, in his seventy-sixth year, a hale, hearty, active old gentleman, and he recently paid a visit to Menlo Park to see for himself some of the astounding inventions which he had heard credited to his son. Indeed, Mr. Edison comes

from a very long-lived stock. His grandfather was one hundred and three years old; his great-grandfather was one hundred and seven. Remembering what he has already accomplished at the comparatively childish age of thirty-seven, what prediction as to the future of Mr. Edison would be too bold? Even now a special department of the Patent Office at Washington is exclusively reserved for his inventions. At this rate, he will fill the whole building with the products of his genius before he has attained his grandfather's years.

Mr. Edison had a very little village schooling. When a boy of eight he began selling newspapers at Port Huron, Michigan; but he read the papers before he sold them, and so picked up a practical education. He was a railroad newsboy; and it may comfort some unfortunate traveler, pestered out of all patience by one of these railroad nuisances, to reflect that the lad who is tormenting him with daily papers, magazines, novels, gumdrops, apples and oranges may, in time, develop into another Edison. At thirteen years of age Mr. Edison felt himself to be a man. He had saved money, made friends and established his news agency, so, like a man, he bid for and secured the contract for the exclusive sale of papers on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. The era of Ohio good luck, which culminated in the election of Garfield, had begun, and young Edison found this contract very lucrative. With his savings he purchased a font of type and a hand-press, and started a newspaper of his own. It

was called the *Grand Trunk Herald*, and contained all the news of the trains and the gossip which a sharp boy could pick up at the various stations. Young Edison wrote the copy, put it into type and printed the paper, which he then sold to the passengers. He was his own reporter, editor, compositor, proof-reader, pressman, folder, publisher, advertising agent and American News Company. The *Grand Trunk Herald* became a valuable property, and young Edison became a capitalist, and looked about for a profitable investment for his money.

Some deficiencies in the ink with which he used to print his newspaper, and which he undertook to remedy, interested Edison in chemistry. He bought and studied a book about the science, and was soon engrossed by it. The corner of the baggage car set apart for his papers was his laboratory, and there he attempted all sorts of chemical experiments. His business was neglected; he had found his true profession. At last, while experimenting with phosphorus one day, he set fire to the car, and nearly destroyed the train. This ended his connection with the railroad and with railway journalism; but he had picked up a knowledge of telegraphy at the railroad stations, and he began life over again as a telegraph operator. So expert did he soon become that he was rapidly promoted, and his services transferred to the head office at Boston. The manager of the line noticed that the youthful operator was always absorbed in thought, and that

he would hurry through with his own work in order to gain time to try experiments with the wires, batteries and acids. Without consulting him, he was quietly relieved from most of his duties and his experiments encouraged. In 1867, being then only twenty years of age, he announced his discovery that simultaneous messages could be sent over the same wire, in different directions. This miracle of science was patented and purchased by the telegraph company, and is now everywhere employed. The economies of time, labor and capital are obvious when one wire is made sufficient for messages to and from the different stations.

Mr. Edison was now taken from the operators' room, a laboratory fitted up for him and a salary assigned him as inventor to the company. A very brief experience convinced all concerned, including Edison himself, that his discoveries were much too valuable for any salary, and so a scale of royalties was devised and the inventor had a pecuniary interest in his discoveries. A couple of years later he resigned his official position and set up in the business of inventing, building a factory at Menlo Park and engaging a staff of chemists to assist him and of mechanics to manufacture his machinery. Sometimes Mr. Edison is obliged to invent a machine to produce something which is necessary for another invention which he has in view, and such machines are made on his own premises under his personal supervision. He now worked for all the telegraph companies, for mining engineers and for

manufacturers generally, and kept up a correspondence with scientists in all parts of the world; but the outside public first heard of his inventor's institute in 1878, through his discovery of the phonograph. This instrument created a scientific and popular *furor*. Great things were predicted of it. Orators and singers were to speak and sing into it and their exact voices were to be reproduced to the remotest ages. Instruments were put upon exhibition, and marvels were related of the secrets which this discovery recorded and revealed when introduced unobserved into private parlors. But the phonograph was practically a failure; the excitement about it soon died out, and the instrument now ranks only as a curious and costly toy.

The failure of the phonograph did much to destroy the popularity of Mr. Edison. So did his subsequent failure to utilize the electric light in private dwellings to take the place of gas. So did his connection with the telephone, the honors of which discovery were carried off by his competitors. The truth is that the public expected too much, and judged the inventor, not by what he had done, but by the miracles which the newspapers had predicted for him. He has gone on inventing; but the public have ceased to expect from him a daily marvel. Over two hundred and fifty patents are registered as his inventions at the Patent Office, and this would be regarded as wonderful fertility in any other genius. His dynamo-electric machines, his instruments for recording the subtlest changes in the atmo-

sphere and for detecting the essential qualities in oils and vapors; his contributions to the sciences of mining and assaying, and his numerous and invaluable improvements in telegraphy—these alone would be enough to satisfy the public in any other man; but from Edison much more is anticipated. We have no doubt that, sooner or later, much more will come. He is still devoted to his work; he eats and sleeps in his laboratory; he is so wealthy that he need not deny himself the best of colleagues and the most costly of appliances. From an establishment so complete as that of Menlo Park and presided over by so indefatigable a student and worker, the most important results may be reasonably predicted, and we speak confidently when we declare that Mr. Edison will soon justify his reputation by another great discovery, although he can no longer surprise anybody by his achievements.

FRANKLIN EDSON.

IN personal appearance Franklin Edson, the Mayor of New York, is of medium height, portly, dignified and courteous. He has a sedate but pleasant face, with a long, flowing beard tinged with gray. He dresses well, and his double-breasted frock coat, always buttoned, has almost the air of an official costume. His manner is suave but reserved. He is evidently accustomed to command; but his officialism is relieved by a winning grace which makes everybody his friend. He talks well and has the instincts of an orator. His campaign letters show that he can write clearly and to the point. He has never been a politician, and has much to learn of the wiles and witchery of the large class of clever fellows who have quartered themselves upon the public treasury; but he cannot have avoided the knowledge that the mere suspicion of his association with this class injured his popularity as a candidate, and he will not be slow to learn the lesson this knowledge teaches. Indeed, it is not difficult to understand Governor Cleveland's plain precepts that public servants should work and be paid just the same as the employees of business firms, and that an official should

conduct the business of the city as if it were his own. Let Mayor Edson carry these precepts into practice, and no politician will be able to interfere with the success of his administration.

Like most of the other prominent men of New York, Mr. Edson was not born in this city. His birthplace is the little village of Norwich, nestled among the hills of Chester County, Vermont. He is fifty-two years of age, having been born in 1832. When he was ten years old his father removed to Albany, New York, where Franklin Edson was educated. His father died, and young Edson took charge of the distillery business and displayed precocious tact and sagacity. In 1859 he founded the firm of Edson, Orr and Chamberlain, commission merchants. As a distiller and as a commission merchant he obtained a thorough acquaintance with the grain trade, and, in 1861, he came to this city and established himself as a grain and commission dealer, under the firm name of Franklin Edson & Co. He made a fortune during the Civil War, and subscribed liberally to the charities which patriotism prompted during those glorious days. When the Produce Exchange was organized Mr. Edson was selected, almost by unanimous consent, as its President. He has been elected to that position three times—a proof, in itself, of his integrity and popularity. That he has not been as well known up town in society as he is down town in business circles may be explained by his residence at Fordham. There he has taken an intelligent, but not active interest

in local politics, and he was chosen as chairman of the Free Canal Union. But, like many others of our best citizens, he was compelled by the tactics of Tammany to stand aloof from local Democratic organizations.

The split in the party which resulted in the establishment of the County Democracy gave Mr. Edson his political opportunity, and he availed himself of it at once. He was elected a member of the Assembly Committee for the Twenty-fourth District and soon made his influence felt in the councils of the new organization. When Edward Cooper was nominated for Mayor by the anti-Tammany Convention, Mr. Edson was the presiding officer. During the Tammany rebellion against the renomination of Robinson for Governor, Mr. Edson took the chair at several anti-Tammany meetings and spoke frankly and boldly in denunciation of John Kelly's course. When the choice of the Democratic candidate for Mayor was claimed by the County Democracy, to cement the recent reconciliation with Tammany, few persons supposed that Kelly would accept a nominee with such a record of anti-Tammany politics; but the bitter leek was eaten, and Mr. Edson received the Tammany indorsement in 1882. Under these circumstances it was quite natural that those who knew Kelly's hostility to the County Democracy leaders and how the very name of Governor Robinson acts upon him, should suspect that this indorsement was the outcome of some private bargain; but, on the other hand, it is as

likely to have been forced upon Kelly as one of the necessities of the situation.. At any rate it secured Edson's election as Mayor, and one of his most intimate friends, who has long been officially connected with the municipal government and has been personally acquainted with all the Mayors of New York for the past quarter of a century, assures us that the best of them will be surpassed in public spirit and executive ability by the Vermont boy, Franklin Edson.

Indeed, the present Mayor of New York is a gentleman of whom, like the well-known Mr. Reilly of the song, everybody speaks highly. During the political campaign before his election, in the fierce light which beats upon a candidate, Mr. Edson's character, reputation and record were found without a flaw. The only argument which could be used against him, and the only reason why he was not elected by as large a majority as Governor Cleveland, was that he had been nominated by Kelly, or with Kelly's consent, and, therefore, could be reasonably accused of being his man. Mr. Edson himself denied, and allowed his supporters to deny for him, that there was any truth whatever in this allegation. His high position and personal popularity undoubtedly contributed to the triumph of the Tammany ticket. It remains to be seen, however, whether Tammany will control Mayor Edson, or whether Mayor Edson will control Tammany; and, in determining this question, we have an important precedent in Mayor Edson's predecessor.

It will not be forgotten that, before his election, Mayor Grace was also stigmatized as Kelly's man. He seemed so, indeed, in a more special sense than Mayor Edson. Kelly selected Grace from a list of candidates submitted to him, and, during the campaign, became Grace's foremost champion, because the candidate was attacked on account of being a Roman Catholic. But, as soon as Mayor Grace was elected, he demanded the resignation of Kelly as Comptroller, and would listen to no compromise with Tammany Hall which did not include the retirement of Kelly from the supervision of the finances. Thus, in a few short weeks, the Mayor-elect who had been called John Kelly's man asserted himself as John Kelly's master, and unrelenting war has been waged between them ever since. Mayor Edson is not in a position to give so practical a proof of his independence of Kelly and Tammany; but, if there were any bargain about his nomination, we may be sure that the reappointment of Kelly as Comptroller would be a part of it. Until such an appointment disturbs all calculations, we may be satisfied to take Mr. Edson at his word, and to believe that he went into office as perfectly free, impartial and unfettered as he had hitherto been and as he now claims to remain.

Besides, it is a curious fact that, although there were two candidates for the Mayoralty at the 1882 election, both were Democrats and both stood upon the same platform. Nobody could deny that Allan Campbell was as good a Democrat as Franklin

Edson. The only difference, so far as the partisan voters were concerned, was that Edson was the regular, machine candidate, and Campbell was nominated by the Citizens' Committee and indorsed by the Republicans. Upon all essential points, political and municipal, the opposing candidates were agreed. Both declared in favor of reform and retrenchment in the city government. Both argued that the Mayor should be made responsible to the people and intrusted with the executive and administrative powers now usurped by the Legislature. Both promised to be more than a mere clerk, useful only to sign pay warrants. In one year Mayor Cleveland reformed the government of the city of Buffalo in spite of the hindrance of an opposition Board of Aldermen, and both of our candidates were pledged to do as much for the city of New York. We need not remind Mayor Edson that the people and the press will hold him to his pledges. He is a business man and fully understands the nature of a contract. If ever there was a binding contract it is that which the voters made with Franklin Edson when they gave him a majority over Campbell, with whose continuance as Comptroller they were amply satisfied.

JOHN ERICSSON.

ON the last day of July, 1883, the inventor whose railway engine competed with George Stephenson's, and whose Monitor saved the Union navy, celebrated his eightieth birthday. Old in years, he is still young, fresh and vigorous in mind and body. His face, fringed with iron-gray whiskers, is as ruddy as a sea-captain's. His form is short, square and muscular. His voice is frank, deep and hearty. His whole personality impresses you as that of some bluff, honest mariner. There is nothing of the pale face, the anxious eyes, the wrinkled brow of the ideal inventor in his appearance. He lives in a comfortable, old-fashioned house in Beach Street, and his manner of life is as comfortable and old-fashioned as his home. Every morning he rises at 7 o'clock; takes a cold bath; exercises for two hours; breakfasts at 9; works until half-past 4; then dines, principally upon vegetables; works until 10; goes for a two-hours' walk, and is snugly in bed at midnight, healthily tired and ready for the refreshing sleep which does not have to be wooed.

Mr. Ericsson attributes his good health and the remarkable preservation of all his faculties at his advanced age to his regular habits, his vegetable

diet and his total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco. But his figure shows that he inherits his healthy constitution, as well as his maritime appearance, from his Swedish ancestry. You can identify in a moment, no matter how often their blood has been diluted by other nationalities, the descendants of the sturdy Swedes and Danes. Although he has been absent from his native land for fifty-seven years, Ericsson is still a Swede at heart as well as in appearance and manner. He was born in 1803, at a village in central Sweden. A granite column, near the Langbanshyttan iron works, proudly recalls the spot of his birth. His father, Olaf, was a mining proprietor. His eldest brother, Nils, is a prominent railway engineer. As a boy, John Ericsson developed a predisposition for the profession in which he has become so famous, and, at the age of thirteen, he was appointed a cadet in the Swedish Corps of Engineers. His first public work was in connection with the surveys for the Gotha Canal, and he did it so well that he received a commission as captain in the regular army.

In 1826, Capt. Ericsson went to England, on leave of absence. He found friends there; a field for his talents far wider than his native country; a world of science compared to which the routine of army life seemed to him intolerable. When his leave of absence expired, instead of returning to report himself for duty, he sent in his resignation and settled down to his chosen work. In three years he had invented and made a working model of a loco-

tive, which was entered in the public competition with Stephenson's model and turned out to be the faster, although Stephenson won the prize. Five years later he patented his caloric engine, which is now so popular that the Delamater factory has made and sold over fifteen hundred engines during the last three years. In 1837 he brought out the first practical propeller for steamers, and for two years he labored to induce the British Admiralty to adopt this invention, which has since been introduced everywhere. But the red-tape of the Circumlocution Office was too strong for the young Swede to break. Disappointed, but not discouraged, he packed up his models and left England for America, which has ever since been his adopted country, and which has amply rewarded his genius and his services.

Capt. Ericsson's career in America began modestly and progressed gloriously. He accepted employment as an engineer and devoted his spare hours to inventions, the mere record of which would fill a book. Many of these were patented; some found a ready market; others are still only models, which decorate the parlor of the veteran's residence. His first public achievement here was the building of the steamer Princeton, for the United States Navy, with its machinery ingeniously placed below the water-line, so as to be secure from shot or shell. But his invention of the Monitor eclipsed all his other works and completely revolutionized the navies of the world. For years the duel between the Monitor and the Merrimac will be told in song and

story. Those who were fortunate enough to live during that wonderful time will never forget the sensation excited by the news of the defeat of the rebel iron-clad by the little "cheese-box on a raft" which Ericsson had contrived. The nation breathed again when it felt that Yankee ingenuity had asserted its superiority over Rebel cunning. To be sure, the ingenuity was Swedish, not Yankee; but Capt. Ericsson had become a thorough American long before that period, and the country claimed him and his inventions.

The great little Monitor, which should have been preserved in one of our national museums, was swamped off Cape Hatteras; the Monitor system has been supplemented and improved upon in a thousand ways; but Capt. Ericsson has not rested upon his laurels. In his old age he has thought out another new idea, which is now being practically tested, and which, if successful, will inaugurate another naval revolution. This is a torpedo-boat that sails under water and discharges its missile beneath the waves with unerring accuracy and irresistible force. Capt. Ericsson calls the model of this torpedo-boat "the Destroyer," and it deserves its title. The largest fleets of the strongest vessels will be almost useless in time of war if attacked, below the water-line, by this submerged assailant, whose projectile goes through iron armor as if it were merely a coat of paint, the torpedo exploding when the vessel is struck. The officials of our navy are now making experiments with this invention,

and their reports as to the force and accuracy of the projectile are satisfactory. "It is, I think, an accomplished success," says Capt. Ericsson, modestly. If some of the wild stories of Jules Verne could be realized as actual facts, would the results be any more amazing than Capt. Ericsson's inventions of the iron fort on a raft that sunk the *Merrimac*, and the submarine Destroyer which is to bring destruction to the iron-clads?

But, if this may be said of the Monitor and the Destroyer, how much more true is it of the solar-engine, a discovery which Capt. Ericsson has employed several years in perfecting, and of which he is now building a working model in the back yard of his residence. The solar-engine is simply an engine to be run by the sun. It requires no fire, and, consequently, no fuel. The sun shines upon it and the engine moves. The more sunshine there is, the greater the force of the motion, and, by storing up and utilizing this force, Capt. Ericsson hopes to be able to drag along a train of cars as easily as one can take a photograph. The saving of labor and expensive material which will result from this invention is self-evident; but the comfort which it will bring to a city dominated by the elevated railroads is also worthy of consideration. Capt. Ericsson looks further than this. He believes, that, with the solar-engine in operation, railroads may be profitably built across the Desert of Sahara and all the other waste places of the earth. The tracks have simply to be laid down, and the sun and John

Ericsson will do the rest. It is an almost miraculous project; but, after seeing what Capt. Ericsson has already accomplished, nobody can hesitate to believe that it is practicable. Long may the sunshine, which he thus proposes to utilize, bless and brighten the happy days of the veteran inventor.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

ONE of the most curious and striking peculiarities of this country is its wastefulness of trained and experienced public men. Our greatest general is not in the Army; our greatest statesmen are not in the Cabinet; our greatest politicians are not in Congress. If a public man be out of office here he is a nobody, so far as the administration of the Government is concerned, until (if ever) he be re-elected by a revolution in public sentiment. An old proverb could be amended so as to read that one might as well be out of the American world as out of office. In England the opposite system prevails. There the country always has the benefit of the wisdom of its greatest men. If a statesman be not a member of Her Majesty's Government, he is a member of Her Majesty's Opposition. If he be not called upon to originate and administer measures of utility, he is called upon to criticise them, to check extravagance, to counsel prudent moderation. If he be not attached to the Opposition Cabinet, he is in the House of Lords, where he combines the functions of a United States Senator and a Judge of the Supreme Court. If he be not in the House of Lords, he is a Colonial Governor, or an Ambassador

to some foreign Power. France and Italy have adopted the same system of utilizing public men. Only in such a despotism as Russia and in such a Republic as the United States is the Government deliberately deprived of the services of all statesmen who are not in office.

Among the wasted material to which we refer, William M. Evarts unquestionably holds a most prominent position. Three years ago he was Secretary of State; now his influence upon public affairs is absolutely valueless, except for the fact that such a man cannot live in a country without benefiting it by his mere existence. Mr. Evarts is now a Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers, and yet he is only a citizen of New York by adoption. He was born at Boston on the 6th of February, 1818, and is consequently in his sixty-sixth year. His father was a lawyer, like his son, and the editor of a religious paper, unlike his son, who is one of the editorial advisers of the New York *Herald*. The paternal Evarts is better known, perhaps, as the treasurer for many years of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Young Evarts was christened William Maxwell, and sent to Yale College, where he graduated when he was only nineteen years of age. He studied law at Harvard, and was admitted to the bar in 1841, just after he had attained his majority. But, although born a Yankee, and educated in Yankee-dom, Mr. Evarts had the Knickerbocker instincts, and at once removed to New York and commenced to practice law here. A lawyer by birth as well

as by education, he soon built up a profitable business, and as naturally drifted into politics on the Whig side. In 1849, after only eight years' residence, we find him serving for four years as Deputy United States District Attorney.

It has been remarked of Mr. Evarts that he looks like the incarnation of the law. His thin, spare figure seems hardly able to support his large, massive head, with its strongly-marked, aquiline features. It appears as if severe study has burned away all his superfluous flesh, and left of him nothing but pure intellect. His knowledge is immense, but he carries it easily, and is not without a subtle, delicate humor that shows with how little friction his brain accomplishes its will. As an orator he is more copious than eloquent. He pours forth wit and wisdom in sentences that rival Rufus Choate's in length, and that read even better than they sound. Long as his sentences are, there is in them no unnecessary word. He builds them up to a stately, impressive and extensive pile that commands admiration for the lightness of the style of architecture and the solidity of the structure. His orations in eulogy of Chief-Justice Chase, and in dedication of the statues of William H. Seward and Daniel Webster, are models of memorial speeches. In many respects he resembles William H. Seward, whom he followed in politics and in statecraft. Especially, he has the same tendency towards compromises, holding the mental balance so truly that both sides of a question seem almost equally meritorious,

and a decision difficult. Perhaps this is a defect in a modern politician, but it is the characteristic of a true statesman.

After his term in the office of United States District Attorney, Mr. Evarts returned to his private practice and remained out of politics until 1861, when he was a rival candidate against Greeley for the United States Senatorship, but withdrew his pretensions. In 1869 President Johnson made him Attorney-General, and he was the leading counsel for Johnson in the impeachment trial. When the Alabama claims were submitted to the decision of an International tribunal at Geneva, Mr. Evarts represented the United States, and, although confronted with such a Titanic lawyer as the venerable Chief-Justice of England, he won his case and obtained for us more damages than we have been able to divide among the legal claimants. In 1877, President Hayes selected him as Secretary of State, and he discharged the onerous duties of this high position without reproach, finding time, in the midst of his official duties, to continue his practice at the bar. He was made a Doctor of Laws by Union College in 1857, by Yale in 1865, and by Harvard in 1870. In 1876, he was chosen to deliver the Centennial Address at the opening of the Philadelphia Exposition. He was also elected President of the Bar Association of New York, and of the Union Club. In what other country would a statesman of such learning and experience, still in the prime of life, honored by the proudest positions of

social and professional celebrity, be shut out from the service of his government while the party to which he belonged was in possession of the administration?

But, if Mr. Evarts be exiled, he takes his exile gracefully and even jovially. As the head of the great law firm of Evarts, Southmayd and Choate, in Wall Street, he has plenty of employment for his leisure hours. His chief business in life, he recently observed, is how to enjoy himself, and he does it thoroughly. Happily married to a Miss Wardner, of Windsor, Vermont, he has a large family and a pleasant summer home near his wife's birthplace. He has built two houses upon his estate, as one was not large enough to contain his family and his numerous guests. His stock-farm gives him occupation and profit. He knows how to live well, and, thin as he is, not even Sam Ward better understands and appreciates the delights of a good dinner in good company. His usual city residence is among the old Knickerbockers on Second Avenue, and he relinquished it with regret when officially required to live at Washington. During his absence, his furniture was stored at Sypher's, who still speaks with gusto of the antique mahogany suites which Mr. Evarts possesses. When the mahogany is cleared and Mr. Evarts is called upon to speak at private dinners or at public banquets, he shines with equal brilliancy. At the bar, his conduct of such *causes célèbres* as the Henry Ward Beecher case and the Parish will case, are often referred to as a proof that

his practical generalship is not surpassed by his learning nor his oratory. It is a notable fact that, during the Beecher trial, when everybody else was worn out with fatigue and anxiety, Mr. Evarts was so fresh and vigorous that he gleefully took part in a mock trial of the case, on a ferryboat detained by the ice on the East River, and then landed to begin before the real court that wonderfully elaborate argument which saved his client.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

WE had intended to make a family group of the Fields, as we have done of the Astors; but, except their origin and their success, the members of the Field family, unlike the Astors, have nothing in common. They are very distinct and individual men, and they deserve separate portraits in any gallery. David Dudley Field, whom we shall now sketch, is the oldest of the Field brothers. Next comes Stephen J. Field, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. Then Cyrus W. Field, who laid the Atlantic Cable, helped build the elevated railroads and owns the *Mail and Express*. Fourth, Henry M. Field, the editor of one of the leading religious papers. Our canvas is too small for a quartette of such men. They are the sons of the Rev. David Dudley Field, a New England clergyman. A friendly member of the Herald's College professes to be able to trace the family back to Hubertus de la Field, who came over from Normandy, with William the Conqueror, and settled in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, in 1066; but Feld, or Field, seems to us an old Saxon name, and we believe that the Fields were in Yorkshire long before King William crossed the Channel.

Be this as it may, one of the English ancestors of the Field family is not apocryphal. This is John Field, an astronomer, who discovered the constellation of Copernicus and is thus immortalized. Another undoubted ancestor is Zachariah Field, who emigrated to America in 1630, and settled at Northampton, Massachusetts, from whence the American Fields have scattered throughout the country. This ancient worthy was killed by the Indians in the Deerfield massacre. His descendants moved away from Northampton, probably in consequence of this murder, and we find the elder David Dudley Field a minister at Haddam, Conn., with a salary of \$500 a year upon which to live and rear seven sons and two daughters. The venerable pastor not only did this nobly, but he gave three of his sons a collegiate education. At Haddam, on Feb. 13, 1805, the present David Dudley Field was born, and, being the eldest son, he was christened after his father, in the good old fashion. He studied at home, and when only sixteen years old, was ready for Williams College, which he entered in 1821. Four years later he graduated and commenced the study of the law. In 1828 he was admitted to the bar, and at once removed to New York and began that practice which has continued without intermission and with remarkable success down to the present day, when he ranks as our oldest, and in some respects our greatest, lawyer. Charles O'Connor is his senior in years and one year his senior in practice; but Mr. O'Connor has retired from active life, while Mr.

Field remains as busy and apparently as vigorous as ever.

A few days ago we met David Dudley Field at dinner. Tall, but stooping slightly ; with a bald, high forehead ; hair and mustache gray ; eyes steel blue, bright and penetrating, he looked more like a Prussian general or a less portly reproduction of the Duke of Cambridge than like an American lawyer. His figure is still upright, graceful and well-proportioned, and he dresses elegantly and even fashionably. It was with difficulty that we could realize that we were sitting opposite a gentleman over seventy-nine years of age. We should have fixed his years as not over sixty had we been unacquainted with his record. Yet Mr. Field has been fifty-six years a lawyer, and he has worked for more than forty years upon the codification of our laws, a task which he has just completed and which has brought him much undeserved obloquy on account of some of the provisions of what is called the Penal Code. His first essay in codification was made in 1839. In 1847 he was appointed by the State a Special Commissioner to draft two codes of laws, one civil and one criminal. Two years ago he finished his magnificent work, which he has seen adopted, not only in New York, but in twenty-three other States and Territories, beside forming the basis for the new Judicature Act which has just come into operation in England.

As a lawyer, David Dudley Field compels success by his immense learning and irrefutable logic ;

he does not win it by the graces of oratory nor by appeals to the passions. He is a cool, easy, deliberate speaker, with cold, hard voice which seems exactly suited to the cold, hard facts and precedents upon which he relies to establish his cases. He stoops over the table as he talks; but he literally stoops to conquer. All who hear him are aware that he knows more of the law than the most learned of the judges whom he addresses, and this gives to even his lightest utterances a singular weight and authority. Yet in his practice he has repeatedly shown that his intellect is as adroit as his logic is inflexible. He was the counsel of Fisk and Gould in all their Erie railroad complications, and that he found or devised means to carry them through their difficulties is one of his most famous triumphs. In this, as in many of his other cases, Mr. Field was engaged upon the unpopular side, and some of the unpopularity of his clients has temporarily attached itself to his name; but for this he cares nothing, living a life apart from the populace, and no longer dependent upon it for anything—not even for his verdicts. His fortune was made long years ago; his reputation rests securely upon his work; no office within the gift of the people would tempt him to leave the bar, and if twelve jurymen are ever stupid enough to decide against his clients he calmly carries the case to the Court of Appeals and has their decision reversed.

Next to his codification of the laws and his Fisk and Gould campaigns, the greatest legal work of

David Dudley Field's career was done for Tweed. It will be remembered that Tweed was convicted upon twelve counts of the indictment and sentenced to one year's imprisonment upon each count, making twelve years in all. Mr. Field held that the judge had no right to pronounce such a cumulative sentence, and, as soon as Tweed had served one year in prison, Mr. Field sued out a writ of *habeas corpus* and demanded his release. This was the first time that a *habeas corpus* was substituted for the customary writ of error in a case like this, and it shows the directness of Mr. Field's legal system. Under the writ the prisoner had to be brought from his confinement, and the grounds for his retention in custody were promptly discussed. The Supreme Court decided against Mr. Field's view of the sentence, but the Court of Appeals reversed this judgment and ordered Tweed to be liberated. Over a year ago an attempt was made to free Roger Orton, *alias* Tichborne, upon the same plea, but the English courts overruled the points raised by Judah Benjamin, who, perhaps, did not have the advantage of arguing from Mr. Field's brief.

Cold as he is in manner, the Tweed trials proved that the old Puritan fires burn beneath the snow of David Dudley Field's nature. He was in England when Chief Justice Noah Davis fined Tweed's other counsel, Graham, Fullerton, and Bartlett, for contempt of court in signing a petition requesting him not to preside at Tweed's trial, since, as they alleged, the Chief-Justice had already expressed an

opinion upon the case. Being absent Mr. Field escaped the fine, but as soon as he heard of the circumstances he wrote an indignant letter to the *Albany Law Journal*, reasserting the statements of the petition and defying the Chief-Justice to punish him for a contempt thus publicly avowed. No judicial notice was taken of this challenge, but in the subsequent suits in which Mr. Field represented Tweed, it so happened, either by chance or design, that Chief-Justice Davis did not preside. But Mr. Field was not yet satisfied. When Judge Sutherland retired from the bench a meeting of the bar was held to adopt resolutions in his honor. David Dudley Field was the first to speak, and he praised Judge Sutherland for his sweetness of temper, absence of partisanship, courtesy to counsel and other amiable qualities, emphasizing every word by looking pointedly at the Chief-Justice, as though to suggest that these were the very qualifications which Judge Davis lacked. Never was there a more striking exhibition of the satirical force and skill with which a man can be "talked at" without actually addressing him or openly referring to him.

Although still a student by choice, and very much engrossed by his profession, David Dudley Field is not a recluse. He may be found in the best society, here and in England, and is ready to take part in conversation, though he very wisely shirks the after-dinner speeches which now make public and semi-public dinners such terrible trials to prominent men who have outgrown the pleasure of hearing them-

selves talk. His daughter is happily married to Sir Anthony Musgrave, the Governor of Jamaica. Every morning he takes a constitutional ride in Central Park. The law firm of which he is the head has for its other members his son and the Hon. William Dorsheimer. In politics Mr. Field is an anti-Tilden Democrat. As such he was elected to Congress just in time to devise the scheme of the Electoral Commission which forever frustrated Tilden's chances of the presidency, and, naturally, this has not added to Mr. Field's popularity in the Democratic party. But a single incident will demonstrate how warm is the heart which Mr. Field covers with frost, like the volcano of Hecla. He accidentally heard that, at a public meeting, Mr. Shearman had defended him when he was attacked, although personally unacquainted with him. Immediately Mr. Field sent for his unknown champion and offered to take him into partnership, which was equivalent to giving him a fortune. Shearman, who has since become notorious as Henry Ward Beecher's counsel, joyfully consented, and for years Field & Shearman was the title of his firm. It is stated that David Dudley Field is now at work upon a code of international laws, and if this be true he will yet, in the winter of life, win the proudest and most enduring of his many legal laurels.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

THE procession in celebration of the laying of the first Atlantic cable has long since been eclipsed by grander pageants, and Atlantic cables have become as much matters of course as ordinary telegraph wires; but at that time New York had never before seen so splendid a show in the streets. The city was so overcrowded with sight-seers that people slept in arm-chairs at the hotels or camped out in the parks. The military paraded; the civil societies swelled the long line; the trades-unions sent tableaux on wheels representing various artisans at their work. Then, standing in an open barouche, and bowing to the right and left in response to the cheers of the crowd, came the hero of the occasion, Cyrus W. Field, a tall, thin, nervous-looking gentleman, with light brown hair and beard, a Roman nose, bluish gray eyes and the sanguine face of a born Yankee. As he was then, so Mr. Field is now—a trifle stouter, perhaps, and with a tinge of silver among his auburn hair. The years have touched him lightly. He says, and we can readily believe, that he feels as young and active as ever.

A born Yankee, Mr. Field certainly is. He first saw the light at Stonebridge, Massachusetts, on the

30th of October, 1819, and is consequently sixty-five years old, in spite of his youthful look and walk. In a previous portrait of his brother Dudley we have given a sketch of his family, who had removed to Stonebridge from Haddam, Connecticut. Cyrus was the youngest son, and his father, a New England clergyman, was unable to give him the collegiate education which he had managed to bestow upon the other three boys; one of whom has become our leading lawyer, another a Supreme Court Judge, and the third a clergyman and religious editor. Instead of a classical education, Cyrus received twenty-five dollars in cash and his father's blessing. With these treasures and a fair knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic, he was sent to New York and obtained a situation as cash-boy in A. T. Stewart's store at the liberal salary of two dollars a week. For three years the Massachusetts boy worked and starved in the employ of the dry-goods millionaire, and then a better and brighter life was opened to him as a travelling salesman for Matthew Dick, a papermaker, at Lee, Connecticut. Even in Stewart's establishment Cyrus must have made his mark by his energy and ability, for when he went away, the clerks clubbed together and presented him with a diamond pin and a farewell supper. A. T. Stewart gave him nothing, and would probably have cut down the wages of all his employees had he known that they could afford to indulge in such an extravagance as the purchase of a small diamond. Strangely enough, Mr. Field has

lived to see the name of A. T. Stewart as thoroughly painted out as if that millionaire had never lived.

Comforted by one good supper and adorned with his presentation pin, Cyrus threw himself into the work of selling paper with such zeal that, in two years, he had mastered the business and was able to enter the firm of E. Root & Co., Maiden Lane, as a partner. His future thus apparently assured, and his majority just reached, he married. With a wife and a home to labor for, Mr. Field redoubled his exertions; but, while everything seemed prosperous, his partner was secretly undermining the business by outside speculations, and Mr. Field was suddenly recalled from one of his tours as salesman to learn that he was a bankrupt. The blow was a heavy one; but Mr. Field bore it with his accustomed courage. The friends who had watched his career with interest rallied around him, and in 1841 he resumed business upon his own account, with no partner to interfere with his plans and divide his profits. On the first day that he took possession of his new office he looked about him and said, "I shall make a fortune here in twenty years." Better than his word, he made his fortune in twelve years and retired, still in the prime of life, to enjoy that rest which he had never before known since his boyhood.

But, quite unexpectedly, a new career opened for Mr. Field—a career for which, it seemed, all his previous work had been only a preliminary training. An acquaintance named Gisborne had con-

ceived the project of an Atlantic cable and had procured a charter for the laying of the cable from the Legislature of Newfoundland. There Gisborne's work had ended and the project was practically dead; but he talked it over with Mr. Field, whose leisure hung heavily upon him, although he had traveled through Bogota, Guayaquil and Ecuador with Church, who painted the "Heart of the Andes," to try and while away the time. But traveling, without anything to sell, was tedious work rather than recreation. As Church painted his pictures Mr. Field purchased them; but even art did not satisfy his restless and vigorous disposition. Gisborne's speculations about the Atlantic cable were more in his line, and so gradually Mr. Field grew interested. One night he was studying the geographical globe which still stands in his library, and, all at once, his interest flamed up into enthusiasm, and he shouted, "It can be done, and it shall be done!" The next night he called together his friends—Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Chandler White and Wilson G. Hunt—and preached Atlantic cable to them until they were converted to his plans. A stock company was formed; the necessary capital for preliminary expenses subscribed; his brother, Dudley, acted as the lawyer of the enterprise, and Cyrus sailed for England to wrest the money for the cable from British investors. No monk of old ever preached the Crusade with greater vehemence, and, in a wonderfully short time and in defiance of in-

numerable difficulties, the cable was commenced and the ships chartered to lay it.

Before the Atlantic cable was an accomplished fact, Mr. Field had labored upon it for twelve years and crossed the ocean fifty-one times. The first cable would not operate, but lay dead in its ocean grave. The second cable spoke for three weeks, then parted, and was as dead as the first. In 1866 the Great Eastern, which, like Mr. Field, seemed to be constructed expressly for the cable, succeeded in permanently uniting the two worlds. Then all the terrible labors of twelve years were forgotten in the triumphs of success. Congress voted Mr. Field a medal; the Paris Exposition sent him another medal; the Queen of England knighted his associates, and he would have been Sir Cyrus had not his American birth and prejudices prevented. In 1879 he celebrated, at his Gramercy Park mansion, the silver wedding of the cable project, and here, as in England, the best society did homage to his achievement. William M. Evarts, in his commemorative address, declared: "Columbus said, 'Here is one world—let there be two!' but Cyrus W. Field said, 'Here are two worlds—let there be one!' and both commands were obeyed." During his incessant work for the cable in England, Mr. Field did not neglect the Union cause while our Civil War was raging. He turned every subscriber to the cable into a supporter of the Union, and by his prompt action forced all the American waverers abroad to assume the virtue of patriotism, if they had it not.

When the secret history of the diplomacy of the war is published, it will prove that Cyrus W. Field deserves the thanks of the Republic.

We are all the more glad to put this fact upon record, because Mr. Field has been much misrepresented and has incurred much unpopularity by his erection of a monument to Major André. This monument was really a tribute more to his friend Dean Stanley than to André, and Mr. Field was utterly innocent of any unpatriotic motive in commemorating the death of the brave Englishman. It would be as unfair to accuse him of a lack of patriotism because he has bought and torn down the old Washington Hotel, at the Battery, and is erecting on its site a building for the *Mail and Express* newspaper, of which he is now the sole proprietor, and which, under the editorship of Major Bundy, combines the *Express* news with the literary features of the *Mail*. Mr. Field was one of the earliest believers in and advocates of the elevated roads that now gridiron the metropolis and will ultimately double its size and population, and he is still a large stockholder in these roads, which have more than doubled his fortune. In 1880 he took a tour around the world to refresh himself after his elevated railroad campaign, and on his return he bought the *Mail* and the *Express* and is now enjoying himself as a journalist while some other vast project is incubating in his busy brain. Mr. Field has two sons and three daughters. He is a member of the Century, the Union League and other prominent clubs.

He owns a country house at Irvington and a mansion, opposite that of his former business associate and recent rival, Samuel J. Tilden, in Gramercy Square. In his shirt-front flashes one of the largest and purest emeralds in the world, and we often wonder, as we admire that jewel, whether Mr. Field really values it higher than the diamond pin presented to him by A. T. Stewart's clerks.

ROSWELL P. FLOWER.

ROSWELL P. FLOWER was born at Theresa, Jefferson County, New York, on the 7th of August, 1838, and is, consequently, in his forty-sixth year. His father died when Roswell was only eight years old, leaving little else except eight children to face the world and take care of their mother. Roswell attended the public school until he was fourteen, and then became a clerk in his elder brother's store for five dollars a month "and found." Here he showed the sterling stuff that was in him. He served in the store during the mornings and evenings; attended the high school in the afternoons and studied when and where he could. At sixteen he graduated from the high school, and soon after left the store to seek his fortune. The next two years were passed in miscellaneous work and bitter struggles. Roswell labored in a brick-yard; harvested for a dollar a day; taught school; sawed and split wood; did anything and everything to earn an honest living. At last, good luck smiled upon him. A clerkship in the post-office at Watertown was vacant, and Roswell, who was then as now a general favorite, applied for it and obtained it. He entered the post-office at eighteen and remained there for six years,

beginning to save money out of his first quarter's salary. At the end of his clerkship he had capital enough to start a little business for himself. Then fickle Fortune, conquered by his pluck and industry, suddenly threw her favors into his hands ungrudgingly.

One of Roswell's sisters had married Henry Keep, who died worth four millions of dollars, and left the whole estate to his widow. She wanted a man to manage all this money for her, and she selected young Roswell, who had already demonstrated his business capacity and integrity. The investments for the estate brought him to New York City, and he soon became recognized as one of the shrewdest financiers and administrators in this shrewd and busy city. With four millions of money to handle, such a man could not fail to make his mark. He took care of his sister's estate so well that other people were eager to intrust him with the management of their funds. Thus grew up the banking firm of R. P. Flower & Co., which has never been compelled to seek business, but was created by the demand for such an institution.

In 1881, Mr. Flower was elected to Congress to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Levi P. Morton. In Congress, it was evident that he aimed to occupy the position vacated by the death of Fernando Wood. He devoted himself to questions of commerce, revenue and finance. A speech of his upon the Tariff and Internal Revenue has been widely distributed as a Democratic campaign document.

He gave splendid dinner-parties, at which, as upon neutral ground, the different portions of the Democrats in Congress met and consulted. So, in the course of a single session, Roswell P. Flower has become a political personage. He had a sensational election; he made a sensation by bestowing upon city charities the back pay which had accumulated while his seat was vacant; he achieved a social sensation by his Lucullus-like banquets. Before his election he had been popularly known only as a successful banker, of the firm of R. P. Flower & Co., of lower Broadway. In a more limited circle he was famous for the liberality of his charities, and it was reported that he gave away annually ten per cent of the profits of his business. The leading politicians were well acquainted with him, however: for in 1876 he had been Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, and previously he had been intrusted with the party finances, "the sinews of war." But the masses of the people had forgotten this, if they ever knew it, and Mr. Flower's success had all the romance of a *début*.

In the business circles of the metropolis, the squarely-built figure, pleasant face and amiable manners of Mr. Flower were very familiar. In religious circles, a monument of his open-handed charity stands in the form of St. Thomas' House, attached to St. Thomas' Church, on the corner of Second Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, erected by him in memory of his deceased son. For five years he was a volunteer fireman, and made many friends

in that department, as he has in every other in which he has been engaged. Indeed, Mr. Flower might be said to cultivate geniality as a fine art if good nature were not so natural to him as not to require cultivation. There is always a Daniel Drew in every community; but a genuine gentleman, who is equally and deservedly a favorite in Wall Street, in the Church and in politics, is a very rare and curious product of New York business life. We are not surprised, therefore, to find Mr. Flower, after serving only a single session in Congress, strongly pressed as one of the Democratic candidates for the next Governor of this State. He has nothing to fear from the fierce light which beats upon a candidate, and, if nominated, there is little doubt that he would poll a very large independent vote, not only in this city but throughout the State.

He still retains control of the banking business, and laughs as he says that it goes on like a well-regulated machine, to which he can attend in his leisure moments. With ample wealth, wide popularity, refined tastes, unbounded charity, a sincere Christian and a conscientious believer in the Jeffersonian doctrines of the Democratic party, Mr. Flower has, in all human probability, the best and most important years of his life yet to come. He is in every respect an admirable specimen of the self-made men of whom this country is so proud. He often modestly declares that he owes his success to the goodness of his friends; but he certainly owes his friends to his own goodness, energy and integrity.

JAY GOULD.

IN a drawing-room car on the train for Long Branch sits a small, dark man, with black eyes, beard and hair, surrounded by children who climb upon his knees and ask him all sorts of questions about the sights to be seen through the car windows. To these questions the gentleman responds merrily, and is evidently enjoying himself as heartily as the children. He talks away as unrestrainedly as they; he laughs with them and at them; he is, without doubt, the happy father of a family out for a holiday with his dear ones. Yet that is the best abused personage in these United States. He is generally spoken of in print as the modern Mephistopheles. He is equally hated and feared in Wall Street. To him are denied all human sentiments and weaknesses. Look at him among his children, and see whether you can reconcile his public reputation with his private pleasures.

Those who would know him as he is, must not only see him in his family circle, but study his early history. Born a poor boy, and left an orphan, in a little village in the western part of the State of New York, he became a clerk in a country store; learned book-keeping in the intervals of his employ-

ment; kept books and made out bills and accounts at night so as to make money enough to pay for his schooling, and by persistent industry and a sustained energy almost miraculous in so young a boy, he became a capitalist before he was of age and was able to write the history of the county that gave him birth. An enterprising firm had undertaken to survey and make official maps of the county. Jay Gould assisted the surveyors; then came to be surveyor himself; then bought out the map firm; then wrote a county history to go with the maps, and then sold a copy of his book and his map to every resident. When you hear of his making millions of dollars by the turn of the stocks in Wall Street, think of the prodigious and varied work done by him as a boy in order to make the first thousand dollars which was the foundation of his fortune.

Such a boy—a boy who could be a clerk in a country store, keep books, survey farms, write history, and peddle his own productions—and a boy, too, with money in the bank ready to invest in any speculation that appeared profitable—is not wasted in America. A man with a tannery in Pennsylvania was on the lookout for such a partner, and Gould, who knew as little about tanning as he did then about stocks, eagerly accepted the position. The tannery had not been paying, but Gould made it pay. Its products had been bought up by middlemen, but Gould came to New York, went into “the Swamp,” hunted up wholesale customers, and dealt with them directly. In three years he had

bought out his partner, and owned the whole tannery. But his visits to New York had opened his eyes to the fallacy of the proverb that "there is nothing like leather." He saw opportunities for making money compared to which his tannery was a mere waste of time, and he determined to sell out and settle in the metropolis.

At first, he was afraid of New York, little dreaming that New York would ever be afraid of him. He would do business here, but he would live over in New Jersey, where the cost of living was not so great. He had put up his shingle in Wall Street, but he was not yet decided what he should buy or sell. While he was thinking over his business prospects, he married. One of the merchants in "the Swamp" had taken the young man home to his house, and he soon married that merchant's daughter. A profitable reality quickly followed upon this romance. The merchant owned shares in a railroad in Western New York which was very much involved, and he asked his new son-in-law to go and see how he could be extricated from his losing speculation. This was Gould's opportunity. He knew every inch of ground which the railroad traversed. As a boy he had surveyed and mapped it. Instead of selling out his father-in-law's shares he bought more. Soon he controlled the whole railroad, and disposed of it most advantageously to a rival company. Henceforth to buy and sell railroads was his vocation.

Since his *début* in Wall Street as a railway specu-

lator Jay Gould has lived in the frightful publicity of an American public man. The papers have been, and are, full of him and his projects. He is held responsible for the disasters of Black Friday. He is described as the Great Bear. It is said of him that he has wrecked and ruined every enterprise and corporation with which he has been connected. He has been accused of bribing a President of the United States, and of ruining thousands of small operators. He is credited with suborning judges and buying up newspapers. At this writing a judge is under investigation for having held court in his private office, and Mayor Grace is conducting a newspaper controversy with him in regard to the unpaid taxes of the elevated roads. With this side of his character everybody is familiar, but when he assumes the entire expense of relieving the fever sufferers of Memphis, or subscribes thousands of dollars to the Grant or Garfield funds, not half the publicity is given to such benevolences. But the modern Mephistopheles is not nearly so black as he is painted.

Jay Gould's house is an epitome of himself. It is large, comfortable, elegant and in a fashionable situation; but it is his place of business. A hundred telegraph wires run into its windows; a number of clerks are constantly employed there. As you enter, the laughter of children drowns the clicking of the telegraph. You find the residence rooms simply but tastefully furnished, with everything for use and nothing for show. Mr. Gould is

very accessible and will receive you cordially; but he at once impresses you with the fact that every minute is worth thousands of dollars, and that, if you have nothing of importance to say, you had better leave him to his work. To whatever you have to say he listens attentively, with a sallow face fixed like a mask. He decides quickly; he speaks little, and that little with terse emphasis, and then he waits for you to continue or depart. No other man in the world—not even the Governor of the Bank of England, the Secretary of the Treasury, or the head of the Rothschilds—deals with such immense masses of money in the ordinary course of his business. To purchase a railroad outright and give his cheque for the full amount is not an extraordinary transaction for Jay Gould. Under oath, recently, he could not remember, without consulting his books, whether one of his cheques was for ten or fifteen millions of dollars. The taunt of Henry Labouchere to Levy-Lawson, “Can’t you tell us within a few millions of the amount?” falls flat before the simple fact of Mr. Gould’s forgetfulness.

Jay Gould says that he sold the *World*, because the public distrusted it, and that he did own the *Tribune*, but has been bought out by D. S. Mills. His object in buying up journals is said to be to control the stock-market. Is it not possible that some of the old literary leaven which impelled him to write a history of his county has influenced his journalistic speculations? For him to own a paper is to neutralize the influence of that paper in Wall

Street, since everybody considers that it only expresses his own ideas. So able a financier would not be likely to commit the blunder of openly purchasing a journal whose readers he wished to convert to his theories. Every man has his weakness, and journalism may be the special taste of Jay Gould, as it has been of many other great men—from Napoleon to Palmerston, from Bismarck to Blaine. However this may be, his devotion to his family, and his delight in their exclusive society is certainly the most marked trait of his many-sided character. Only a few months ago, leaving millions of dollars' worth of stocks to take care of themselves, he hurried off to Florida, because the doctor ordered his wife to have change of air; and no disaster in "the street," no profit or loss upon any speculation, has had such power to move him as the report that his eldest son was injured by an accident in the Park.

REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

IN these skeptical days, which Rénan calls “amusing,” when the Bible is attacked, criticised, and derided, both by its professed friends and its infidel foes, it is a comfort to listen to a clergyman who heartily believes the Book of Books to be true and preaches that belief sturdily and uncompromisingly. The downright abuse of the Bible by Col. Ingersoll and his followers does little or no harm to religion. Their ridicule and their denunciations are exaggerated, and are felt to be so, even by those people who do not stop to think for themselves. After all, Col. Ingersoll is but an American revival of Tom Paine, weakened and watered, as Tom Paine was an English adaptation of Voltaire, and neither Voltaire nor Paine, wise and witty as they were in their day and generation, ever seriously affected the faith of any pious person. Against such open foes Christianity has never lacked defenders; but its more dangerous enemies are the traitors in its own camp—the religious scientist who tries to reconcile researches with revelations; the clergyman afflicted with conscientious doubts who propagates from the pulpit the theory that the Bible may be partly true and partly false.

Just at present, the community are disturbed by such scientists and such clergymen. We are told that the world was created, not in six days, as the Bible says, but in six thousand years, because the necessary chemical processes must have required that period of time, at least, and because, also, another part of the Bible states that, to the Lord, a thousand years are as one day. According to this ingenious explanation, then, our Sunday ought to last one thousand years, because the Lord rested on the seventh day. The doubter goes further and fares as badly. As he has learned that the earth moves around the sun, he can no longer believe that Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still and they obeyed him, and so he argues that the miracles described in the Bible are all parables or poetical similes, and that those portions of the Scriptures which cannot be reconciled to modern knowledge are not essential to salvation and need not be believed by Christians. Its familiar and popular phraseology altered by a revised version, its inspiration denied and its statements discredited, the Bible is reduced by these doubters to an older version of the "Arabian Nights," containing excellent moral lessons, but not, as a whole, worthy of implicit credence. To such a preacher as Rev. Dr. Hall, these half-and-half friends are more obnoxious than the most insolent enemies. He meets them with equal learning and eloquence, and with a sterling, integral and immovable faith.

The old belief—the belief for which martyrs died

and which is said to have regenerated the world—is that the entire Bible is true, from beginning to end—every word, sentence, paragraph, and chapter. Many Christians do not know that the Council of Trent threw out whole passages and books which do not appear in our present Bible ; but, if they did know this, it would not shake their belief. The recent revisers of the Bible have informed us that many words and phrases, both in Greek and Hebrew, have been wrongly translated in the accepted King James version ; but the corrected translations have been received with incredulity, and show no signs of ever becoming popular, although no doubt accurate. The Bible itself, as if anticipating the modern mode of attack, invokes the direst anathemas upon those who attempt to alter a jot or tittle of this book, and the clergyman who tells us that certain parts of the Scriptures may be safely rejected, preaches with this text flatly contradicting his faint-hearted criticisms. Dr. John Hall adheres to the old belief. He holds that the Bible must be either accepted or rejected as a whole ; that those who accept it will be saved, and those who reject it will be damned. If there be anything in it which we do not understand or which seems to conflict with our other information, the old faith, which could move mountains, supersedes understanding, and takes the place of knowledge. This creed is simple, plain, and comprehensible. The minister who believes it thoroughly and preaches it fervently will never be without a congregation.

Dr. Hall comes from a sturdy stock. His ancestors emigrated from Scotland into the north of Ireland. He was born in the county Armagh, July 31, 1829, and is, consequently, in his fifty-fifth year—the prime of life for a clergyman. When only thirteen years old he commenced his studies at the Belfast College, and he graduated with the first prize for Hebrew. In 1849 he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Belfast, and began his labors practically as a home missionary among the heathen of the west of Ireland, instead of voyaging thousands of miles to find savages who needed salvation even less. His devotion to his work was appreciated by the Belfast Presbyterians, and in 1852 he was installed as pastor of the church at Armagh. Six years later he was called to the church in Rutland Square, Dublin, where he preached nine years. This was great and rapid promotion. It was as if a young missionary out in Idaho had been summoned to take charge of a church in New York City. His Dublin congregation was large, wealthy, and influential. The Government appointed the young clergyman one of the Commissioners of Education for Ireland. He made his mark in this office as in the ministry, and when, in 1867, the General Assembly of Ireland resolved to send a delegation to the Presbyterian Church in the United States, Mr. Hall was selected. This incident changed his career and gave to America one of the greatest and most powerful of Irish Presbyterians. His eloquence, his learning, his piety, his magnificent

personality attracted the attention here which they had already won in Dublin, in Belfast, and in Armagh. The leading Presbyterian church of this metropolis was then without a pastor, and Mr. Hall was installed in 1867.

When he took charge of this church, the congregation, as a body, had never heard Mr. Hall preach. He was chosen upon his reputation, and he more than justified it. He had a congregation of millionnaires, and he talked to them as he had talked to the savages of the west of Ireland. Christ and Him crucified was his theme; his language was clear, direct, and concise; his manner earnest and emphatic. He dealt with the souls, not the dollars, of his hearers, and the millionnaires liked the novelty of his plain speaking. His church membership increased to sixteen hundred, almost all rich, intelligent, enterprising. They built for him the largest and most splendid church edifice on Fifth Avenue, at a cost of over a million of dollars. They increased and then doubled his salary. Over six feet high, with a broad, massive form, and a shrewd, bold, intellectual face that indicates his Scotch ancestry, he towers in his millionaire church over his millionaire congregation and breaks to them the veritable Bread of Life. His salary and fees are as large as those of the President of the United States; but money makes no difference to the stout-hearted honesty of his preaching. His Calvinism is as strong as if he were ministering in a Scotch kirk, instead of a Fifth Avenue palace. Rich as his hear-

ers may be, to him they are only poor sinners who must be brought to Christ and kept safely in the fold.

Under the simplicity of the manner of Dr. Hall is a reserve of knowledge and of learning which gives force to his sermons. Last year he was elected Acting Chancellor of the University of New York, upon the resignation of Dr. Howard Crosby, and it is hoped that he can be induced to accept this position permanently. He writes much for the religious press, and his sermons are regularly published. Everybody can understand them ; but the most profound scholars are delighted with their felicity of phrase, their irresistible logic, and the vast and varied learning which they indicate without parading. Every summer he spends his vacation in Scotland and Ireland, and returns refreshed for his pastoral work. His congregation love him, and his intimate friends find that, beneath his solid acquirements, his fund of merriment is inexhaustible. A capital after-dinner speaker, he is almost as fond of a good story as of a good sermon. He laughs heartily as he repeats the admonition of a Scotch elder to his minister, "Let the Lord keep you humble, and we'll keep you poor." He tells of a solemn clergyman who commenced the wedding service with so serious a face that the bridegroom said to him, pertly, "I haven't come here to be buried, parson." "You'll wish you had in a year," retorted the parson, and then quietly proceeded with the ceremony.

Such a clergyman, whose learning is equal to his piety, and whose belief in the Bible and the whole Bible cannot be sneered at because of his ignorance of the original text, is like a rock of refuge, safety, and defence in these shilly-shallying days when some amiably strive to make religion and infidelity partners. The old Bible, whose texts we learned at our mother's knee, and recited in the Sunday-school, and heard expounded from a pulpit that was never profaned by a doubt of the genuineness of Genesis, the miracles of Matthew, or the reality of Revelations! The old Bible, over which the wisest men have bowed in penitent prayer, and which has comforted and sustained so many souls as they passed through the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death and feared no evil! The old Bible, for which so many of the Covenanters of Scotland and the Protestants of Ireland cheerfully laid down their lives to win eternal life! The old Bible, from which Luther, Knox, and Calvin thundered, never hesitating to assail sin because science might dispute the historical, astronomical, or literal accuracy of the Word of God! The old Bible, which, itself inspired, has in its turn inspired so many millions with new hope in this world and in the world beyond the grave! This is the Bible from which Dr. John Hall preaches.

A. OAKEY HALL.

EVERYBODY at the Wyndham breakfast, given in 1882, by Manager Palmer, noticed a gentleman with a pale face, iron-gray hair and mustache and large eye-glasses, who sat next to Oscar Wilde, and, without relaxing his grave features into a smile, kept that end of the table in roars of laughter. When Manager Palmer announced that no after-breakfast speeches were to be permitted, everybody turned to this pale gentleman with disappointment and regret. He did not appear to share in this sentiment, for he was the first to lean forward and congratulate Manager Palmer upon his very sensible edict. "You have removed," he said, "one of the terrors of breakfasting in public," and in his epigrammatic phrase, "eloquence is not a bird of early flight," he gave to Mr. Wyndham the cue for his capital reply to Manager Palmer's eulogies.

The pale face and the eye-glasses have become historical. The gentleman who returned thanks for not being compelled to speak is one of the best-known characters of the metropolis. The disappointment of Manager Palmer's other guests is easily understood when we say that he had thoughtlessly coerced into silence the most delightful post-

prandial orator since John T. Brady. More than half of the company had come to hear Mr. Hall; all of them, discovering him to be present, waited impatiently for the speech that was never made. Although Mr. Hall, so far from courting popularity, now systematically shuns it and ignores it, yet the firm hold which he had upon our people in the old days has only been shaken, not destroyed, by his later eccentricities, and might be revived at any moment if he himself would consent. But he shuts himself out from the world in newspaper offices; his appearances in public, once so frequent, are now so rare as to seem sensational, and, with his remarkable powers as an orator and a lawyer in their prime, he voluntarily prefers the newspaper to the forum and seeks to obscure his individuality in the anonymity of the editorial columns.

Yet, distinguished as A. Oakey Hall has been, in the past, as lawyer and orator, his career as a journalist has been scarcely less successful. He wrote for the *Times* under Henry J. Raymond's management; he was the suggestor, and one of the original staff, of *Harper's Weekly*; he was for years the real editor of the *Leader*, although other names stood at the head of its columns, and the pamphlets, plays, poems, novels, and letters, most of them unacknowledged, which have poured from his busy pen during the last twenty years would have made for any other writer a reputation as an author. But Mr. Hall knew, only too well, how much such a reputation would interfere with his triplicate career

as politician, lawyer and public official. While he discharged with unsurpassed ability the onerous duties of District Attorney, he found time to stump the State for his party, delivering witty and eloquent speeches from a hundred platforms. In the midst of these engagements he did not neglect his private practice as a member of the important law firm of Brown, Hall & Vanderpoel. Yet, all the while, he kept up his connection with journalism, and thus did the work of four men with an ease which we have never seen equalled by anybody. "Work," he says sententiously, "never fatigues me, because I make it my amusement. Whenever I feel myself becoming tired of one sort of work I rest myself by taking up something else. The only genuine weariness is monotony."

Once upon a time, we had a dramatization of one of the novels of Dickens brought out at the old Olympic theatre, and Oakey Hall, an enthusiastic admirer of Dickens, volunteered to go and see the play and write an article about it. Knowing how much such an article would do to ensure the success of the piece, we were naturally anxious to be certain of his presence on the first night; but we learned, to our despair, that his engagements for that day included two jury trials in New York, one in Brooklyn and a political speech at Westchester. Of course, we gave up all hope of seeing him at the theatre; but, before the first act was concluded, he showed himself in his box, and the next morning's paper contained a long article about the dramatiza-

tion, which must have been written after midnight. Long years afterward we spoke of this article to Charles Dickens, as an illustration of the American faculty of intense industry. "I remember it," he said, in his bright, cheery way; "I have it here, filed among my American notices. It struck me at the time as a wonderfully clever analysis of my novel, and I have never forgotten some of its peculiar passages."

A. Oakey Hall was born at New Orleans, of English parentage, and the stern principles of his father may be judged from the fact that he had his boy christened after one of the regicides of Charles the First. His mother is still alive—a dear old lady, tenderly cared for and completely engrossed in the devotion of her son. His English ancestry and Southern birth are singularly evidenced in his appearance and character. He has the pale, sallow, Southern complexion, its dark, bright eyes, which sparkle with merriment or flash with eloquence; but his frame is as sturdy, his limbs as massive, his health as robust as if he had been bred upon the roast beef and brown ale of old England. Even now, when, as a writer for the London papers, he turns night into day, going to bed just at the time most other men begin to wake, and working while most men sleep, he shows no sign of exhaustion, and to his familiar friends exhibits the gayety of thought and manner and the lightness and grace of speech which used to charm the public when he was at the height of his political career.

He graduated at the University of New York, where he formed a life-long friendship with Aaron J. Vanderpoel, who afterward became his law partner. He studied law and politics together, and attracted notice by his brilliant speeches in favor of the Whigs before he had tried his first case. Almost as soon as he received his diploma he was appointed Assistant District Attorney to Bowditch Blunt. His success was immediate, and so were its rewards. District Attorney Blunt proposed to take his young assistant into partnership, and Mr. Hall agreed, upon condition that his college friend, Vanderpoel, should become a partner also. Thus the firm of Blunt, Vanderpoel & Hall was formed in 1854. Blunt died in three years, and A. L. Brown stepped into his place. From 1857 to 1875 the firm of Brown, Hall & Vanderpoel was the busiest, the most profitable and the most popular in New York, and Oakey Hall was the popular man of it, always *en evidence*, and in many different ways engaging the public attention. The tidal wave of Cleveland's majority at the recent election astonished everybody; but Oakey Hall's majority when he last ran for the District Attorneyship was equally phenomenal and unanimous. Everybody seemed to have voted for him. "If ever an official was independent of politics," he said, on the morning after his election, "I am in that fortunate position."

It would be rewriting ancient history to narrate how he left the Whig-Republican party when Lincoln defeated Seward for the Chicago nomination;

how he became a Democrat and fought Tammany Hall until he was welcomed into that organization, and how all of the misfortunes of a hitherto exceptionally successful life arose from his affiliation with the corrupt Tammany leaders. Next to Mr. Hall's capacity for hard work and his delight in it is his devotion to his friends. For a friend he will do anything, trusting him implicitly so long as he feels his confidence justified. He trusted those whom he thought to be his friends in Tammany Hall, and was astonished to find that they intended to make him the scapegoat of their offences. They fled with their ill-gotten riches; he remained, a comparatively poor man, to vindicate his reputation. Those who were then most bitterly opposed to him confessed the gallantry with which he met and answered every charge. Hearing that, as Mayor, he was threatened with arrest, he rode up to a police court and asked for the warrant against him. In court he insisted upon being put upon his trial, and he challenged only one juryman upon the novel ground that he was an intimate friend, and, therefore, likely to be partial to the accused. He was triumphantly acquitted, not through legal technicalities, which he waived, but after a full and open trial, and the whole community now acknowledges that he had been "rather sinned against than sinning."

A lover of the stage from his boyhood, a writer for the stage from his youth, it was natural that Mr. Hall should seek the stage to retrieve his shattered

fortunes and to relieve the overstrained tension of his mind and nerves by an entirely different form of excitement. But he felt too deeply to succeed as an actor, and was glad, after a hasty trip abroad, to disappear from the public in a newspaper office while still addressing and influencing the public through newspaper work. To live down the scandals of the Tweed Ring was a task which entailed much personal suffering; but Mr. Hall's life of work was his best possible defence. The leaders of the Ring compromised with justice or served out their terms of imprisonment, and their families now enjoy a portion of their stolen wealth. A. Oakey Hall, a poor man, cheerfully begins another career and labors harder than ever before. Society, generally just, though often tardy in its justice, made no mistake in this instance, but accorded to his estimable wife and daughters the position which they had always held and never forfeited. For Mr. Hall himself there is a future. We have just seen in the rehabilitation of General Fitz-John Porter—who now finds his warmest advocate in General Grant, who was once his unrelenting prosecutor and prejudiced judge—what Time will do for those who merit his championship. Mr. Hall needs no other champion than Time and himself.

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

ABOUT four years ago, during the Presidential campaign, almost every newspaper in the country published the full details of the parentage, birth, education, military record and other public services of Winfield Scott Hancock. It is not our intention to go over this often-trodden ground again, but to sketch the popular Major-General as he is rather than as he was. If our sketch lacks shadows, that is the good fortune or merit of our subject. Even the fierce light which beats upon a Presidential candidate could reveal no radical fault or flaw in the solid, rounded, and polished character of the nominee of the Democratic party. The worst thing that could be said of him was that he weighed two hundred pounds, and this was said, not by his political enemies, but by the pretended friends who sought to stab him in the back because he refused to become subservient to the partisan leaders whom they too zealously serve.

General Hancock was defeated at the Presidential election, not because he was unpopular, not because he was considered unworthy of the position of Chief Magistrate, not because the people dared not intrust him with the administration of the govern-

ment, but simply because the great business interests of the country were afraid that a sudden and complete change in the politics of the National Executive would be ruinous to their properties. Only a short time before the day of election this decision was made by representative financiers and capitalists. The word was flashed over the telegraphs; it ran along the railways; it was whispered in the manufactories; it was quoted in the exchanges: that Hancock must be beaten lest the success of the Democratic party might unsettle values, disturb trade and bring about a financial crisis. To this secret but powerful syndicate against him General Hancock must attribute the result of the only battle which he ever lost. As he looks back upon those busy and bustling days—saddened in his memory still by the death of a favorite grandchild—he may sincerely thank Providence for keeping him out of the White House and casting his lines in such a pleasant place as Governor's Island.

How "the wisest plans o' mice and men gang aft agley" was shown by the sequel to the Presidential election. The popular vote was so close that General Hancock would have been elected by the change of a hundred thousand ballots. The electoral vote was so close that a few more Democratic votes in this city would have carried the State of New York and given General Hancock a majority. The financial and business syndicate of which we have spoken neutralized the vote of this city and placed Garfield in the Presidency; but their caution brought about

the very evils which they had plotted to prevent. Garfield was assassinated, and for over two years the stock market has not recovered from the shock. Even unto this day business has not been what it was before the Presidential election. The success of the Democratic party, postponed in 1880, came like a tidal wave in 1882. The bullet of Guiteau elevated to the White House a man who would never have been elected to that position by the people, and handed over the National administration to the very faction against which the Republican party had protested by the nomination of Garfield. Disraeli's epigram that a government has never been changed by an assassination is thus controverted by recent history. Never has there been an instance in which the wisdom of shrewd and clever men was more signally turned into folly by the accident of unexpected events.

Recent as it is in years, this page of history seems ancient to us now, and to General Hancock, as he reflects upon it, his candidacy must appear as a troubled dream. In fact, when it was safely over, he found that it had affected his position very little. He had been sensible enough not to resign his Major-Generalship, and President Garfield was too prudent to disturb him in his command of this Department. He was Major-General Hancock, with his headquarters at Governor's Island, before the election; he is Major-General Hancock, with his headquarters at Governor's Island, still. The election had great possibilities and many disagreeable incidents; but it

passed away, like a Western blizzard, to be forgotten in the sunshine of the present. One circumstance will prove how far away its incidents are. Our readers will remember the forged letter about Chinese labor purporting to have been written by Garfield, and the fervid order which Garfield telegraphed to "hunt the rascal down." The rascal has been hunted down; the forgery has been fastened upon him; his written confession has been in the hands of the United States authorities for several months, and yet no newspaper considers the matter of sufficient interest now to obtain this confession and publish it.

A curious subject of speculation is whether, if General Hancock had been elected, Guiteau would have assassinated him instead of Garfield. On the one hand, it is argued that Guiteau killed the President because he was refused an office, and that he would have killed any President—Garfield or Hancock—who excited his homicidal mania by refusing to appoint him. On the other hand, the theory is that Guiteau was excited by the Stalwart Republican attacks upon Garfield and that he would have had no animosity toward Hancock, who, indeed, was never half so bitterly attacked by the Stalwarts as their own candidate was. But such speculations are more curious than profitable, and, we may be sure, do not occur to General Hancock, who has faced too many bullets really intended for him to waste time in reflecting upon the hypothetical direction of a bullet which might never have been

fired in his direction. Quite aside, however, from the possibilities of Guiteau's pistol and the treatment of the doctors, we may congratulate General Hancock upon his Presidential defeat for his own sake, and, we sincerely believe, for the sake of the country.

Great soldiers are a proud possession for any people, but it is best for a free people to keep their great soldiers in the army; not to intrust them with the National Government. England rewarded Wellington by making him Prime Minister, as the United States rewarded Grant by making him President; but in neither instance was the experiment satisfactory. The very qualities which go to make a soldier great are out of place in a civil executive. The practical Germans have a Bismarck for diplomacy and a Von Moltke for the field when the resources of diplomacy are exhausted. In our opinion the position which the great soldier of a free country should hold in peace is that which Von Moltke occupies. He is a reserve force, ready for emergencies; he is an experienced adviser as to the preparations which render emergencies successful; he is the loaded musket which hangs in the pioneer's cabin, not interfering with the peace of the fireside when not needed, but handy to protect that fireside when foes threaten or attack it. But, instead of one Von Moltke, we have a quartette of great soldiers, each unsurpassed in his especial talent. While Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Hancock live, in or out of the regular army, there is no fear that the military reputation of this country will suffer by

comparison with that of any other nation in the world.

General Hancock was born a soldier. Named after General Winfield Scott, the hero of the War of 1812 and of Mexico, he seemed christened for the army. Tall, portly, erect, dignified, with serene but commanding features and eyes at once mild and penetrating, he looks the *beau ideal* of a general. To the charm of a magnificent presence he adds the graces of a most courtly manner and the splendid poise and suavity which come from the rare combination of strength, amiability, refinement and the habit of command. In any society General Hancock would be distinguished by his physique, by the manly beauty of his appearance and by the deportment which marks the cultivated gentleman. In his uniform he retains the same characteristics, made martial by his surroundings. He it was who gave tone to our army during one of the battles of the Peninsula by his famous order, "Gentlemen, charge!" From that day every Union soldier felt himself to be a gentleman, and the simple phrase of Hancock's order did more than a thousand bulletins to elevate and maintain the *morale* of our troops. Another General might have led his men as bravely, but to no other General would it have occurred so naturally as to Hancock to combine personal courage with exquisite politeness in the magical order, "Gentlemen, charge!"

The *beau ideal* of an American soldier and gentleman, General Hancock lives, both as a soldier and

a gentleman, an ideal life. Not Vanderbilt, nor Gould, nor any other millionaire magnate has a residence to compare with his in its mingling of privacy and publicity, of comfort and display. On Governor's Island he is in the metropolis and yet not of it. He is surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of military life, without any of its discomforts and rigors. No prince is more powerful within his own domains than is General Hancock on his Island, and when he visits the metropolis a more than princely popularity welcomes and attends him. Scrupulous in the discharge of his soldierly duties, the routine business of the headquarters of his Department is so regulated as to leave him ample leisure for social enjoyments. He is often to be seen at the opera and the theatres, at public meetings and banquets, at the larger and the more select assemblages of our best society, and always and everywhere he is received with a respect which is almost affectionate and an affection which is deepened by respect. His lovely and accomplished wife, herself a favorite of the society which she adorns, is most justly proud of her husband and her General, and it is evident that, in his home circle, as well as by his fellow countrymen, General Hancock is beloved and admired as a hero in both Peace and War.

We are more than justified, therefore, in declaring that we congratulate General Hancock upon his Presidential defeat for his own sake, and we happen to know that we have expressed, however inade-

quately, his own personal sentiments in what we have written as to the relations of great soldiers to the civil government. During the War of the Rebellion his proclamations as to the superiority of the civil over the military law kept over-zealous soldiers within the limits of the Constitution. He regarded the acceptance of the nomination to the Presidency as a duty; his election would have been to him a promotion; but, once in office, he would have laid aside his uniform forever, and we should have lost a great soldier, although we might have won a great Executive. But neither General Hancock, nor his many personal friends, nor the millions of unknown friends whom his achievements and his candidacy gained for him, can sincerely regret a defeat which leaves him secure in an unequalled position and the unanimous esteem of his countrymen. The winds of winter may beat upon Governor's Island; but they are not half so bleak as the political storms which assail the White House. The discipline of military life may be rigid; but it is not half so irksome as the petty partisanship which perpetually persecutes the President. At any moment, General Hancock may lay aside his official cares and responsibilities, embark upon the government barge and find in the metropolis a personal welcome and a thousand social pleasures; but the President, isolated alike by his position and his residence, never can divest himself of the sort of divinity which hedges him about and longs in vain for one day of the old life, when he was simply himself. There are no sour grapes

grown upon Governor's Island ; but, even if there were any, General Hancock might easily find them sweet when compared with those in the White House conservatory.

RUFUS HATCH.

FOREIGN critics say that Americans are very fond of titles; that every other man in this country is a Judge, a General, a Commodore or a Colonel. But there is one title of affection, bestowed by common consent upon a few popular persons, which means more than all our judicial, military and naval prefixes—it is the title of “Uncle.” Wall street always has its especial “Uncle,” and New York has half a dozen such adopted relatives; but the title is hard to win, and can only be secured by a combination of excellent qualities. Wealth cannot purchase it: one never hears of Uncle William Vanderbilt, nor Uncle Jay Gould. Benevolence is not rewarded with it: the public never think of Uncle Peter Cooper, nor Uncle George Seney. The wearer of this title must be shrewd but genial; popular but peculiar; ready to give good advice to the boys, but rather exaggerated in his plans and ideas. Such a man is Uncle Rufus Hatch, who divides himself between this city, the West and Europe, endeavoring to persuade English investors to belong to his financial family.

Uncle Rufus is a tall, portly gentleman, with a broad, high forehead; heavy side whiskers and mustache; large, intelligent eyes, and a suggestion

of the late General Burnside in his appearance and deportment. Always carefully attired, quick and energetic in his movements, fluent in speech and bubbling over with quiet fun, he has made play of his work and talked himself into a fortune and popularity. He was one of the first of our business men to recognize the publicity of the newspapers as a factor in financial operations. When he wants to attract attention to any enterprise he writes a letter to the press, or has himself interviewed by a reporter, and what he writes or says is so wise and witty that the papers allow him to puff his own schemes, or demolish those of his opponents, for the sake of the clever things with which he crowds their columns. Jay Gould has to purchase a newspaper in which to express his views; but Uncle Rufus talks back in the other papers, without investing a dollar in their stock. If he desires to sell shares of his Texas cattle ranche in England, he talks about it to the reporters here, and his stories precede him to London and open the way for his negotiations. He has opinions upon every subject, and never refuses to ventilate them; but at the bottom of a bushel of chaff there are always the solid facts relating to the speculations of Uncle Rufus, and the public laugh at his jokes but become interested in his enterprises.

Rufus Hatch was born at the little village of Wells, York County, Maine, June 24, 1832, and is consequently only fifty-one years of age, although he has had the varied experiences of much older men. His father was a farmer, and Rufus was brought up

on the farm, obtaining his scanty education at the winter school. When he was nineteen years old he emigrated to the West, finding employment first on a Wisconsin farm, and then as assistant to the surveyors who laid out the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. He learned a great deal about the country, its crops and its prospects, while walking over it with the surveyors; he saved money out of his liberal wages, and, three years later, he commenced his business career as a grain broker at Chicago. Shrewd, active, speculative, and a constant worker, he soon made his mark in Chicago, although he had not cash capital enough to undertake very large operations, and was invited to become a member of the famous firm of Armstrong & Co., one of the wealthiest and most extensive in the West. The sudden collapse of the Crimean war reduced the prices of grain, and Armstrong & Co. surrendered, with the Russians, in 1856. Rufus Hatch found that his share of the firm consisted in helping to pay off their heavy obligations; but he devoted himself to this task without a murmur, and honorably discharged every debt in full out of the earnings of the next nine years of his industrious life. When he left for New York, in 1862, he carried with him the respect and esteem of all his Chicago associates.

The capital with which Rufus Hatch began business in New York was \$2000 cash, and the acquaintanceship of Henry Keep, then the leading railroad broker. He improved the acquaintance, turned the capital over and over, and persuaded Mr.

Keep to join him in heavy investments in the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, which he had helped to survey, and of which he knew every mile. This investment was immediately remunerative, and Mr. Hatch became a rich man and a prominent speculator. He organized the Open Board of Brokers and was elected one of its vice-presidents. The object of an Open Board is usually to obtain for its principal members an entrance to the regular Stock Exchange; and in this the Board of Uncle Rufus was successful. As a member of the Stock Exchange he extended his operations, became Managing Director of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and was caught by the financial cyclone of 1873, with every sail set and all hands enjoying themselves in the captain's cabin. When the storm broke, Uncle Rufus labored like a hero to save his ship and himself; but after three years of unceasing struggle, he failed, in 1876, as he had done in 1856, in Chicago. Twenty years of prosperity, with a bankruptcy at either end of the record!

But, having failed, as in Chicago, Uncle Rufus worked himself clear of the wreck, as he had previously done. The Stock Exchange paid him the splendid compliment of reinstating him in the membership which his bankruptcy had forfeited, and he justified this confidence by paying off every dollar claimed by his creditors. To accomplish this satisfactorily, he sold his seat in the Exchange, in 1878, and resumed his speculations in grain. His travels through the West interested him in cattle raising,

and he foresaw the immense profits which the cattle ranches have since produced. He bought a small ranche; then contrived, with a few other capitalists, to purchase a larger ranche; then formed a stock company and went into cattle breeding wholesale. The investments made by a couple of English noblemen in the West gave Mr. Hatch the idea of procuring English capital for his land and cattle speculations, and from every visit to London he returns with bags of British gold and bundles of Bank of England notes. The Londoners call him Uncle Rufus also, and there, as here, he writes to the papers and talks to the reporters, and keeps the public informed of an dinterested in all his enterprises.

Rufus Hatch has been twice married; once, in 1853, to Miss Charlotte Hatch, who was not a relative, although her name was the same, and again, after her death, to the daughter of Commodore Gray. By his first wife he has had two sons and a daughter; by his second, one son, named after Roscoe Conkling. Like most active business men, Mr. Hatch is very fond of his home, and is never more happy than by his own fireside. He has collected a large library and knows and loves his books. Years ago he taught himself to play the piano and organ, and the department of his library devoted to music is said to be the most complete in New York, outside of the great public institutions. Generous in his charities and liberal in all his dealings, Mr. Hatch has the genuine American hatred of being imposed upon, and his defence of the suit brought against

him by a firm of carriage builders, whom he accused of overcharging him, will be remembered for the obstinacy with which he expended thousands of dollars in counsel fees rather than submit to what he considered the extortionate demand for a few hundreds. To this suit Uncle Rufus often humorously refers in his letters, and it bids fair to become as famous as *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*. Perhaps by the time this sketch is published we shall have him among us again, with more English money, more plans for cattle ranches, more original views about dirty streets and dynamite, excursion steamers and Pacific railroads, mines and Mexico, politics and perpetual motion, and more sly digs at Jay Gould and the pretty lithographs, which, as Uncle Rufus declares, are sold for Meissonier prices. Still in the prime of life, jolly, hearty and popular, everybody will join us in the wish that 1893 may atone to Uncle Rufus for the bad luck of 1853 and 1873.

JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

WHEN a veteran actor, who has achieved the highest honors, but now lags superfluous on the stage, takes his farewell benefit and retires to private life, there is an end of him professionally; his successes are but memories; the close of his life may be enlivened by the gossip of old friends or shadowed by neglect, and the general public are alike indifferent to the one fate as to the other. But when a popular actor, in the prime of life and the full flush of his genius and his fame, withdraws from the footlights, without any formal farewell, is it strange that the public should still interest themselves in their favorite and eagerly anticipate his re-appearance in the rôles which he has filled so triumphantly? As it is with actors, so it is with politicians. Mrs. Langtry, in an English interview, cleverly compared the House of Commons to a theatre, with Premier Gladstone as the star, and the comparison is so apt that we need not hesitate to adopt it.

Years ago, when John T. Hoffman was the Recorder of New York, we had the honor of nominating him for Mayor of this city. On the morning after his election as Mayor, we nominated him for Governor of the State. On the morning after his

election as Governor, we nominated him for President of the United States. That great office was then directly in the line of his legitimate ambition. Having worthily fulfilled all the public trusts which his fellow-citizens had repeatedly confided to him, he seemed only to await their command to go up higher. Then came the tidal wave of popular opposition to the Democracy of this city, on account of the outrages of the Tweed Ring, and, the innocent being confounded for the moment with the guilty, Governor Hoffman was swept away with other leading men of his party, and since then has maintained a dignified privacy, not remote from nor neglectful of public affairs, but refraining from any active participation in them. Yet, as the clouds of prejudice and passion have cleared away, the record of his splendid services shines more highly than ever, and Time, the best advocate of an honest man, has vindicated his reputation from the calumnies which were never seriously believed, even when they were most audaciously uttered.

The only charge, or rather the sum of all the charges, brought against Governor Hoffman, was that he had been nominated and supported by the Tweed Democracy. Further than this the bitterest partisan never ventured. That he had given his assistance and services to the Ring in return for their nominations and votes was insinuated, but has never been proven. His assailants, envious of his popularity and the brilliant promise of his future, forgot that the Tweed Ring also nominated and elected

Samuel J. Tilden, as Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, at the same time that they gave their voices and votes for Hoffman as Mayor and Governor. We have already seen, in these Portraits, how Governor Tilden used his position to spike some of their guns and turn others of their batteries against them. A man of singularly pure and proud spirit, Governor Hoffman stepped aside as the hunt passed him in chasing down some of his old political associates, and calmly declared that he would never press his services upon the people, but was content to wait until, as before, they voluntarily called upon him to undertake the duties of official life. When that time comes, they will doubtless find him ready.

John T. Hoffman was born on the banks of the Hudson, in 1828, and is, therefore, in his fifty-sixth year. He was carefully educated; studied law; was admitted to the bar in January, 1849, and, in the Autumn of the same year, removed to New York City and commenced the practice of his profession. Studious, earnest, modest and eloquent, he soon made his mark before the courts, and attracted the notice of the leading Democratic politicians. His official history is a series of triumphs. He has been re-elected to every office he ever held, and twice has he resigned distinguished positions in order to accept higher honors. In 1860 he was elected Recorder, and re-elected in 1863. In 1865 he was elected Mayor, resigning the Recordship to take the Mayoralty. In 1867 he was re-elected Mayor, and re-

signed that office in 1868, having been elected Governor. In 1870 he was re-elected to the Chief Magistracy of the State. Thus, in every office, he secured the endorsement of the people. The record shows that he owed his successes to no fickle whim of temporary popularity. He was rewarded for what he had done; he deserved his honors before they were conferred upon him.

That such a record, extending over ten years and mounting by successive steps to the highest office of the State, should be suddenly interrupted and suspended for another period of ten years is one of the romances of politics. We have seen a noble and stately tree, bearing year after year glorious and perfect fruit, withered all at once by the lightning, or torn up by a cyclone, and just such a stroke of lightning, just such a cyclone, was the revolution against the Tweed Democracy. But the tree, although withered or torn up, could bear no evil fruit. It might be barren, but it could not be bad. A man, however, is not like a tree. The lightning over, the cyclone passed, he resumes his growth and his development. Like Patrick Henry, we may judge of his future by his past, and, as Daniel Webster said of Massachusetts, "the past, at least, is secure." No statesman can have been a model Recorder, a model Mayor, a model Governor, without being capable of repeating the same honest and impartial services, and without being worthy of even greater official responsibilities. Is Governor Hoffman so enamored of the *otium cum dignitate* of private

life that ambition no longer stirs within him? We cannot believe it. The facts of his previous life forbid so dull and tame a sequel.

In person, Governor Hoffman is of the middle height, strongly but slenderly built, with a brunette complexion, dark brown hair and heavy mustache, and his most prominent and impressive features, which balance and relieve each other, are a square, firm chin and large, brown, amiable eyes. His manners are simple, gentle and unaffected. He talks with the well-bred tones and easy simplicity of an American gentleman. Since his retirement from office he has travelled much, and is at home in London and Paris as in New York. During his winter residence here, he is a frequent attendant of the theatres, and takes an intellectual pleasure in the best plays and best players. His favorite resort, however, is his homestead on the Hudson, and he loves his dogs, his trees, his flowers, his rural walks and drives. His domestic life, from which neither politics nor the cares of office have ever estranged him, has been peculiarly happy. As a public speaker, the sincerity of his convictions and the clearness of his language and his logic were most effective upon popular audiences. He spoke as one who believed every word he said, and this induced his hearers to believe it. In his case appearances were not deceitful. Incapable of sophistry or deceit, there is no more sincere democrat in the land than John T. Hoffman, and, no matter how radically we may differ from him in regard to his political opinions, he compels us to respect them and himself.

THOMAS L. JAMES.

WE were riding uptown, one afternoon, in an elevated car, with an English friend, when Mr. James entered, took a seat beside us, shook hands heartily and began to chat about the weather, the theatres and politics. After a few moments we asked permission to introduce our friend, and when we said to him, "Let us present you to the Postmaster-General of the United States," he bowed silently and stared noticeably. Mr. James left the car at Forty-second Street, and then our English friend said to us: "This is not a joke, is it? That was really one of your Cabinet Ministers, or whatever you call them?" He could not believe that a gentleman so affable, so unconventional, so destitute of the pomp and circumstance of officialism as Mr. James, could possibly be our Postmaster-General, contrasting the American Cabinet Minister, perhaps, with Lord John Manners, whom he had known in England. But in or out of office, Mr. James is always amiable, unaffected and pleasant, and it is to these charming traits that he owes much of his success in life.

Thomas Lemuel James was born at Utica, New York, March 29, 1831; but he carries his fifty-three

years of age so jauntily that one does not give him credit for more than forty-five. He is above the middle height; stoutly and compactly built; has bright, dark eyes; hair brown, slightly grayed and closely cropped; face cleanly shaven, except for a light mustache. He dresses very neatly and plainly, with something of a Quakerish taste in the selection of colors. Few public men in the country have so many friends, and to all of them he is affectionately known as "Tom" James. Outside of politics he has no enemies whatever. His popularity in New York city is extraordinary. All of our citizens, irrespective of party, united in praising his administration of our post office, and, no matter what party had possession of the Government, our citizens would have insisted that Postmaster James should be retained in office, had he not resigned in order to accept the Postmaster-Generalship. Even then, he was succeeded by his son-in-law, so that the office may be said to remain in the family.

Mr. James received the ordinary education of an American boy, and, at the age of fifteen, was apprenticed for five years to Westley Bailey, a noted Abolitionist, to learn the trade of a printer. He served his time in Bailey's office, from which an Abolition paper was issued, and then removed to Hamilton and formed a partnership with Hon. Francis B. Fisher to publish a Whig paper called the *Madison County Journal*. It was a small paper, with only a local circulation, but Mr. James did good work upon it and made its influence felt

throughout the State. He showed cleverness as a political writer and business ability as a publisher, and soon attracted the attention of the leaders of the Whig party and of the Republican party, then just in process of organization. His first great hit was made in 1855-'56, when he led the opposition to the Know Nothing Party, and so crippled it that it could make no headway in the western part of the State. Mr. James was an original Republican; supported Fremont and Lincoln, and the election of Lincoln gave him political advancement and those opportunities of distinction of which he has availed himself so remarkably.

In 1861, at the instance of Senator Conkling, the Administration rewarded the country editor who had worked so hard for the party by appointing Mr. James to an inspectorship in the New York Custom House, with a salary of \$1500 a year, under Collector Barney. The change from the printing-office of an interior town was a great one; but Mr. James soon made himself thoroughly at home in the metropolis. He was so faithful, so efficient and so zealous that he won respect and promotion even in the Custom House, where political influence had then much more to do with the standing of an employé than hard work. He kept up his connection with Hamilton politics; joined the Republican associations here, and, in New York as in Madison county, everybody was the friend of "Tom" James. In twelve years he had become so widely known and heartily esteemed that the most prominent business

men, as well as the leading politicians of this city, urged President Grant to appoint him Surveyor of the Port, to succeed Alonzo B. Cornell. But the President had other views, and gave Mr. James a better office, that of Postmaster of New York.

It was a surprise to even the most intimate friends and warmest admirers of Mr. James to see how quickly and securely the country editor, the Custom House inspector, took hold of the difficult and complicated administration of the post office, and how admirably he attended to every detail. Although a politician, he banished politics from every department in which the effective working of the post office would be interfered with. *Sinecures* were abolished; practical reforms were rapidly introduced; the entire force were disciplined to the highest point of efficiency. Every employé was made to understand that he held his position solely upon his own merits, and not because he had a political patron. Postmaster James endeavored to serve and please, not his political friends, but the people of the city, and he succeeded. Yet such were his tact and suavity that he had no open quarrel with the politicians whom he disoblged in favor of the business men. They might mutter and murmur; but they did not venture to object to a course which did so much to make the Administration popular and had enabled Postmaster James to become almost independent of partisan influences.

The result of this policy of strict business in the management of the post office was seen when

Hayes became President. Although Senator Conkling was by no means a favorite of the Hayes faction, and Postmaster James was known to be a devoted friend of Senator Conkling, no attempt was made to thwart the unanimous wish of the people that our Postmaster should be continued in office, and his reappointment was offered him as a matter of course, without any solicitation on his part. Everybody felt that the right man was in the right place, and when, four years afterward, President Garfield tendered Mr. James the Postmaster-Generalship, the promotion was received with regret in this city. We remember no higher tribute to an official than this feeling among all classes of our citizens. It was understood, however, that Postmaster Pearson, his son-in-law, who succeeded Mr. James, would carry out the same policy, and that the same reforming work which Mr. James had done here was sadly needed in the National Department at Washington.

Postmaster-General James took office with Garfield in March, 1881, and resigned in December, after Garfield's death, in order to leave President Arthur perfectly free to select his own advisers. It is not necessary now to sketch the political complications which led to this resignation. The whole country regretted it; has regretted it ever since, and regrets it all the more keenly now on account of the fiasco of the Star Route prosecutions. During the ten months that he was in office, Postmaster-General James reduced the expenses of the de-

partment by the immense sum of \$1,444,000. He broke up the gang of thieves and swindlers who had controlled the Post Office, and pledged the Government to that prosecution of the rascals which has since resulted so disgracefully. It is no secret that Mr. James was not supported in this reform by the other departments of the Administration as he should have been. It is no secret that the Star Route gang hailed his resignation with pleasure, and that President Arthur lost popularity by accepting it. Had Mr. James remained in office, the issue of the Star Route trials might not have been different, since the Attorney-General, not the Postmaster-General, had charge of them; but long since the Post Office would have been purified of all such corruption, and the Administration would have been freed from all association with the crimes and the criminals.

It is no flattery to say that the retirement of Mr. James was a severe injury to the Republican party, and through that party to the country. No party and no country can afford to dispense with the services of an honest, capable, and efficient official, because of a partisan faction fight. But Mr. James had no choice, whether he was guided by official etiquette or by considerations of self-respect, in regard to tendering his resignation to the accidental President. The acceptance of it by President Arthur was quite another matter, and has been justly criticised. Mr. James withdrew, not only from office, but from politics altogether. The directors of a

new bank, called the Lincoln National, were eager to secure his services, and he promptly accepted the presidency of that institution. On the opening day an informal reception was held, at the bank building, on Vanderbilt Avenue, between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets, and hundreds of prominent citizens assembled to do honor to President James and wish him success. Members of the Vanderbilt family not only called in person, but transferred their accounts to the Lincoln National. The bank has a cash capital of \$300,000, and, under the careful and active superintendence of Mr. James, is already an established institution. The same executive and administrative faculties, the same tact, industry and zeal, which made Mr. James an exceptionally successful and popular official, make him a model bank president. But we cannot regard his political career as completely closed. The future has more public work in store for Thomas L. James.

LEONARD W. JEROME.

EVERY afternoon a tall, large, bony figure walks slowly into the Union Club; proceeds directly to the billiard room; is warmly welcomed by the two or three persons who are knocking the balls about while awaiting the newcomer, and begins at once a game of pool. The tall, large, bony figure is attired in a loose-fitting, old-fashioned black frock-coat, a white waistcoat and gray trousers. The face is bronzed with exposure to the weather; the gray eyes are large but heavy-lidded; the hair is iron gray and closely cropped; a long, drooping moustache conceals the mouth and adds to the semi-military appearance of Leonard W. Jerome. Yes; this is not some retired colonel, as at first seems probable; but it is Leonard Jerome, one of the best-known men in New York; once a power in Wall Street, and one of the club houses which he now frequents was originally built by him as a private residence.

Mr. Jerome is a member of the Union, the Jockey, and other clubs; but he seemed to feel most at home at the Madison, where he was literally in his own house. His brother Lawrence, a wit, a story-teller and a *bon vivant*, is to be met everywhere, especially at theatres and dinner parties;

but Leonard, who was once quite as gay as his younger brother, and gave dinner parties which are still famous, and built a private theatre over his stables, now lives a quiet life and prefers his game of pool or cards to any other excitement, except racing. During the racing season he is as regular in his attendance at the various meetings near New York as the judges or starters. Every racing man knows him well; for he is the founder of the American Jockey Club, the Coney Island Jockey Club, and of Jerome Park, to which he has given his name, and he once had a stud of his own which won many victories. Silent and self-contained as he is, memory must often be busy with those old, bright days. But Mr. Jerome manages to enjoy himself very pleasantly even now. He has a keen sense of humor, a turn for quaint, epigrammatic sayings and a ready smile which lights up his eyes rather than his face. His is no sere and yellow leaf; but, having lived his life, he now stands quietly by and watches how the new generation live their lives, amused by their mistakes and tolerant of their blunders.

Mr. Jerome was born in Western New York and has already passed his sixtieth year. He was the son of a farmer; received the usual winter education of a farmer's boy; graduated at Princeton College; was admitted to the bar; practised several years in Rochester in partnership with his uncle, Judge Jerome; went into politics and was appointed Consul at Trieste by President Fillmore. He was known as a smart man, sure to win his way

in the world, and so drifted down to New York city to seek his fortune. He was shrewd, companionable, generous, and everybody liked him. He began his operations in Wall Street in a small way, but rapidly expanded his ideas from hundreds of dollars to thousands, from thousands of dollars to millions. For several months he dominated the Street, as Jay Gould does now; but his was a merry despotism, and he was loved where Jay Gould would be hated. At last, one evening, while he was entertaining some friends at dinner, a telegram was brought to him, which he opened, read and laid by the side of his plate. When the dinner was over, he rose and asked pardon for the impoliteness of reading the telegram; "but, gentlemen," he continued, "it is a message in which you are all interested. The bottom has fallen out of stocks and I am a ruined man. But your dinner is paid for, and I didn't want to disturb you while eating it." Then there was a babble of questions; then a sudden scattering, and Mr. Jerome was left alone with his telegram. He has chosen to remain alone ever since. Only a very few persons are now admitted to his companionship and fewer still to his intimacy.

Ruined as he called himself, Mr. Jerome was a wealthy man. He had settled a large fortune upon his wife; he recovered a fortune from the wreck of his speculations; he has made a fortune since by his investments. But in Wall Street he no longer ruled, and that to him meant ruin. During the

days of his power he had distributed his money freely and eccentrically. For example, he had endowed Princeton College with a considerable sum to provide a yearly prize for the student who best displayed the characteristics of an American gentleman. Horse-racing had fallen into disrepute, and he undertook to revive it and place it upon the footing which it has so long maintained in England. He organized the American Jockey Club, and rented to the Club the mansion upon the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street which he had erected for his own residence. He bought a large tract of land in the then remote district near Fort Washington and laid out Jerome Park, with a race-track in the form of the figure 8. He invested considerable money in the *New York Times* in order to help his friend, Henry J. Raymond. These public-spirited enterprises have all proved to be remunerative, except, perhaps, his queer gift to Princeton College. It is not every man who can combine benevolence with profit, and, in this respect, Mr. Jerome has been singularly fortunate.

Jerome Park was opened in 1866, and at once became the fashion and rivaled Saratoga in the affections of turfmen. The laws against public betting and pool-selling have injured it; but Mr. Jerome came to the rescue by inventing the Turf Club, the membership of which was to be acquired on easy terms and at which betting and gambling were to be conducted under respectable auspices. For

a while the Turf Club flourished and derived an immense revenue from baccarat and other games of chance; but a fellow who had lost largely made his sufferings public, and a polite note from the District Attorney closed the baccarat rooms and ended the Turf Club. Again Mr. Jerome's ingenuity was appealed to, and the result is the race-course at Sheepshead Bay, the most beautiful in the world, with the Coney Island Jockey Club as its proprietors and managers. There the laws against public betting and pool-selling are not enforced, and, while sporting men risk their money on the races, the general public enjoy the Atlantic breezes in the most comfortable grand stand yet erected. It is needless to say that the Coney Island Club is only the American Jockey Club under a new title, with substantially the same membership and directors; but the double title doubles the profits of the shareholders as well as the pleasures of the public. Thus Mr. Jerome has the gratification of encouraging the turf and, at the same time, securing a splendid interest upon his money.

One of Mr. Jerome's three daughters is married to Lord Randolph Churchill, a son of the Duke of Marlborough and a rising statesman of the Conservative school of English politics. A good story is told of Lawrence Jerome's visit to his niece in London, and the amazement of the powdered flunkies when the American humorist inquired for Mrs. Churchill and demanded that she should be sent down to him in the parlor! Leonard Jerome

is too proud a man, in spite of his unassuming deportment, to call attention to his aristocratic connection by any such jest. To him Lady Churchill is still his "dear girl," and he is fonder of having her visit him here than of visiting her amid the conventional society of London. Although he is the father of the American turf, as it exists at present, Mr. Jerome does not display any pride even in that. Nobody can tell whether he has reached the summit of his ambition and is content, or whether he has been disappointed in the true object of his ambition, or whether he has or has had any ambition at all. To us it seems that Mr. Jerome's heart was in his Wall Street career, and that he has never really cared much about anything else since that career was suddenly concluded. But, like the late E. A. Sothorn, the comedian, whom Mr. Jerome very much resembles in appearance, he is an enigma to his best friends, and probably, to himself. In the limited circles which he now frequents he is deservedly popular, and his name is as popular with the general public who know him only in connection with the racing institutions which he has founded.

GEORGE JONES.

BEFORE the New York *Times*, over whose destinies he now presides, was started, in 1851, George Jones was well-known as a publisher and dealer in literature, at Albany. As a publisher, his experiences had recommended him to the friendship of Henry J. Raymond, whom he had met and done business with at the State capital, where they formed a co-partnership to establish the *Times* as a Republican newspaper. Each fell naturally into his place—Raymond as the editor and Jones as the publisher. It was then supposed, among those who did not know the characters and antecedents of the two partners, that Raymond brought the brains into the concern and Jones the money. But the money came through the medium of a joint-stock company, and, since the death of Raymond, the *Times* has certainly not lacked brains, although for several years Mr. Jones has been both publisher and editor.

To those who have ever seen Mr. Jones it is unnecessary to say that he is of Welsh descent. Indeed, he is a typical Welshman—short, stout, strong, with reddish hair and beard, now tinged with gray, and as irascible and obstinate when roused as he is ami-

able and pleasant to his chosen friends. Quick-tempered he may be in private life, but he is slow to quarrel in print. Outside of the *Times* office, Mr. Jones is a man who loves his family and is best contented when staying with them. His eldest son, of whom he is deservedly proud, has been educated as a practical engineer, and, while still in his teens, had charge of the printing machinery of the *Times* office. Undoubtedly, he is being trained to succeed his father in the editorship, as Mr. Dana is training his son, Paul, to be the future director of the *Sun*. But at present, Mr. Jones attends to the details of the business himself, when in the city, and nothing occurs in any department of the paper without becoming known to him through his experienced, methodical and intelligent supervision.

The history of the *Times* is a romance of which Mr. Jones may justly claim to be the author. Henry J. Raymond was a brilliant journalist, who might have become a brilliant editor had he not preferred to adopt the profession of a brilliant politician. He was a rapid, vigorous and picturesque writer, and at first was devoted, mind and heart, to establishing his new paper and putting down the *Tribune* and Horace Greeley. But as the paper became established Mr. Raymond was weaned from it, more and more, by his political ambition. During his frequent absences the practical editorship of the journal devolved upon the broad shoulders of the little Welshman who sat in his office down stairs and supervised the accounts.

By shrewd management and a series of clever business *coups* he made the *Times* a property. The purchase from the city of the site of the Old Brick Church and the erection of the *Times* building with offices for which the city paid rental enough to soon cover the price of the land and building—these are specimens of the financiering which would have done credit to Commodore Vanderbilt himself. The first editorial staff of the *Times*, then composed of bright journalists and popular writers, would never acknowledge Mr. Jones as the editor, and when Mr. Raymond was found dead at his own door it was generally predicted that the *Times* would die with him. There never was a greater mistake. The *Times* has improved in every respect since his death, and is now one of the most profitable and influential papers in the world.

At first, after the untimely death of Mr. Raymond, the publishers of the *Times* looked about for some equally distinguished writer and politician to fill the apparently vacant chair. Hon. John Bigelow, who had stepped from the *Evening Post* to the French Ministry, was selected. But the experiment proved a failure. Then Mr. Jones sought for a working editor, and found him in Louis J. Jennings, an Englishman, with strong prejudices and an aggressive pen, who was writing letters from this country to the London *Times*. Mr. Jennings made no special mark as an editor until the Tweed Ring revelations of the *Times* made the reputation and success of all concerned in the expos-

ure! "Jimmy" O'Brien, a notorious local politician, had obtained some documentary evidence of the Ring frauds, and, unable to come to terms with Tweed and Sweeny, who foolishly despised him, took the information to the *Times* office and gave to the Republican publishers a chance to use it against the city Democrats. The facts and figures placed in the possession of Mr. Jones were handled very effectively by Mr. Jennings. This was just the sort of work for which he was fitted. The facts were authenticated, the figures were transcripts from the official records, and the Ring was broken and destroyed. Everybody knows the story, and the share which the *Times* had in it will not readily be forgotten.

But Mr. Jennings committed the error of supposing that he owned the *Times* because he wrote for it, and that he had created the paper because he had been put at the head of the crusade against the Ring. His assumptions brought him into conflict with Mr. Jones, and the result was his enforced retirement. After a while he returned to England and became the agent of Jay Gould and the London correspondent of the *World*, positions which he used to keep up a constant attack upon Mr. Jones and the *Times*. To these attacks Mr. Jones paid little or no attention, estimating them at their true value, and regarding them as merely the evidences of disappointed ambition and wounded vanity. But, once rid of Mr. Jennings, the publisher of the *Times* resolved never to put himself into the power

of another such editor, and he has continued to edit the paper himself, intrusting its various departments to as competent hands as he can secure. Coming out of his manager's office, he now deals personally with the politicians whom he used to send up to the editorial rooms, and he has been present as the representative of the official Republican organ in New York at most of the important Republican Conventions, his advice being asked and his wishes consulted by the leaders of the party.

But, although officially a Republican organ, the *Times* is noted for its independence of partisan shackles. This comes from the practical business view which Mr. Jones takes of politics. He knows that a party is only powerful when it is in accord with the people, and, consequently, he tries to find out what the people want and to make the party conform to that, instead of attempting to conform the people to the wants of the party. At the 1882 election the *Times* was bold enough to oppose the Folger and Forgery ticket, although a Republican Convention had indorsed it. All the other journals respect this outspoken independence of the *Times*, and quote it with admiration and approbation.

From the first number of the *Times*, Mr. Raymond endeavored to give the paper a high literary tone and to commend it especially to families. He also adopted a conservative moderation in politics, as distinguished from the extreme views of the *Tribune*. Over thirty years have passed, and still the *Times* is noted for the same peculiarities. All,

the articles published in its columns are written in good English. Some of its rivals, like the *Herald*, prefer news to grammar; others, like the *Tribune*, prefer grammar to news; but the *Times*, while excelling as a newspaper, insists that its smallest paragraph, as well as its most important articles, shall be correctly written.

As for the conservatism, which is the political feature of the *Times*, that was easily maintained by taking up the Republican party cries an octave lower than the *Tribune* shrieks for abolition; but, since the death of Greeley, the *Tribune* has ceased to be a radical organ, and, although still bitterly opposed to and by the *Times*, often adopts the same tone and the same policy. Nevertheless, the *Times* is, as it has always been, the freer and more independent paper, and consequently, is to be credited with much more influence in every department. It is held in some quarters that the era of personal journalism is over, and that a newspaper should now be a mere record of the news of the day and a mere means of disseminating advertisements. This theory is refuted by the facts that the personality of an editor still marks the standing of every considerable journal, and that the lines laid down by such strong journalistic individualities as Henry J. Raymond still lead to an increasing success. Not even during its exposures of the Tweed Ring did the *Times* gain so much ground as when the *Tribune* was led astray from the reform maxims and political morality of Greeley and sought fresh fields

and pastures new as an advocate of the Democratic party. Across the way from the Tall Tower, keeping his shrewd eyes fixed upon the only Republican rival to the *Times*, Mr. Jones still vigilantly watches for *Tribune* errors, and is never more happy than when he can take prompt advantage of them to strengthen his paper with his party and the public.

JAMES R. KEENE.

THE victory of Blue Grass, a Kentucky bred horse, in the Biennial Stakes, at Ascot (1883), has attracted public attention to the owner of this race-horse, although sporting men do not think much of his latest triumph. James R. Keene took the news of the race quietly and undemonstratively, as he takes everything of late, and, when he was interviewed by the reporters, seemed tired of the subject, as he seems tired of all topics. Like Jeff Davis, Mr. Keene only desires to be let alone. He is a chronic sufferer from dyspepsia, which depresses his naturally nervous temperament and makes life a burden. Undoubtedly, he is happiest when he sits by himself in his Broad street office and watches the fluctuations of stocks with the cool, calm, intense interest with which an experienced gambler notes the run of the cards. To this chronic dyspepsia, perhaps, is due his very repellent manner in personal intercourse, which makes it difficult for any one not very well acquainted to approach him familiarly.

Mr. Keene is a small, slight gentleman, with dark brown hair and beard, cut short, a high forehead, cold, shrewd eyes and the languid manner of a confirmed invalid. He dresses fashionably but quietly,

and looks as unlike the typical racing man as he is unlike the typical Wall-street man. In fact, Mr. Keene is a Southerner with a California training. With interests and occupations which would bewilder an ordinary person, and with large amounts of money always at stake in some speculation or other, he lounges through life, an American Sir Charles Coldstream, as if nothing mattered much and no excitement could be found in anything. On account of his successes on the foreign turf and his opposition to Jay Gould, he would be very popular if he would allow himself to be seen and known by the people ; but he prefers solitude and isolation and seeks his only society in the companionship of Sam Ward, whose relations to him we have sketched in our portrait of that *bon vivant* and man of the world. The association has doubtless been profitable to both gentlemen. It has given Mr. Ward a competency and it gives Mr. Keene a thorough knowledge of men and things without the trouble of a personal investigation of them. Sam Ward knows all the news and gossip of the day, as if by instinct, and he can retail it more amusingly than any other incarnated newspaper.

Mr. Keene is of English parentage, and was born at Lynchburg, Virginia, about forty-five years ago. He was educated in the South, and studied law there. While still a young man he removed to San Francisco and practised at the Bar. Several mining cases were put into his hands as counsel, and he thus became well-informed upon mining operations

and began to speculate in mining stocks. It was the time when everybody in San Francisco gambled in them; when waiters bloomed into millionaires and the keepers of low groggeries into local Rothschilds. Mr. Keene caught the speculative fever, and soon abandoned his law office to do business as an outside or "curbstone" broker. His operations were successful; he was engaged by a large firm of brokers, and they appreciated his services so highly that they purchased for him a seat in the Board. Flood and O'Brien were then the mining kings of San Francisco, with the Bank of California at their back, and Mr. Keene learned enough of their operations to discover that it would pay best to oppose them—in gamblers' terms, to "copper" their speculations. He is said to have cleared the immense sum of two and a half millions of dollars in the stock of the Belcher and Crown Point mines, and over half a million in one week by operating in Ophir mining stock.

Just as the failure of the Bank of California and the suicide of Ralston, its President, broke the speculative bubble and left San Francisco a ruined and stranded city, Major Selover visited the Pacific coast to look after some of his investments and made Mr. Keene's acquaintance. The advantages of New York over San Francisco as a headquarters for financial operations were impressed upon Mr. Keene, and he at length determined to come to this city and form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Jay Gould, then the most prominent "bear"

in the New York market. By disposition, and through the depression caused by his ill-health, Mr. Keene was also disposed to be a "bear," and to take equally gloomy views of the future of railroads, mines, crops and the country generally. Arrived in New York and introduced by Major Selover, Mr. Keene went into Wall Street with the prestige of his California successes and his great wealth and was cordially received. In order to test the market, he selected a stock which he thought to be above its real value and ordered ten thousand shares to be sold. The result taught him the difference between New York and San Francisco. Instead of creating a panic, this sale only reduced the price of the stock a half per cent, and, in a few hours, it recovered itself and left Mr. Keene a loser by his first transaction.

The partnership between Mr. Keene and Mr. Gould began with an attempt to put down the price of the Western Union Telegraph stock. Major Selover was a third party in this operation. Keene and Selover sold the stock in immense blocks; but somebody bought it up as fast as they sold it, and the price was maintained. The accusation was loudly made that Gould had turned against his partners and was making money at their expense. Major Selover took Gould by the collar and dropped him down an area, and Keene declared that Gould was the wickedest man who had ever lived. Then Mr. Keene went into the Atlantic and Pacific pool with the same ill-fortune. Again he complained that he had been be-

trayed by his wicked partner. After these experiences he declined to accept any more entangling alliances and conducted his speculations alone. The newspapers owned by Jay Gould published reports of his losses and his probable bankruptcy; but the origin of the rumors was known, and consequently they failed of their intended effect. The burning of Mr. Keene's cottage at Newport; the sale of one of his pictures; the mortgage which he effected upon some of his real estate—all such incidents were made the basis of reports to the discredit of his financial stability; but he has lived them all down.

Outside of stocks, Mr. Keene has engaged in enormous speculations, some of which have become public by accident. The forged telegram, sent to Chicago in his name, ordering the sale of three millions of bushels of wheat, revealed one of these operations. Mr. Keene had resolved to buy up all the wheat in the country—to “corner” wheat is the technical term—so as to increase the price. But Nature was too strong for Mr. Keene and killed his contemplated “corner.” The farmers of the great West sent wheat to market in larger quantities than even a California millionaire could purchase, and Mr. Keene had to pay “differences” and retire discomfited. But an unexpected victory consoled him for this defeat. He had sent a stable of American horses to Europe, and the cable flashed the news that his Foxhall had won the Grand Prix of Paris of 1881. This was honor enough for one year, and, although Mr. Keene's winnings on the turf could

not compensate him for his losses in wheat, he declared himself perfectly satisfied. That he is still very wealthy, the maintenance of his American stable in England amply proves, and, as the "bears" ruled the stock market almost unintermittingly for many months, it is probable that Mr. Keene has recouped himself for his earlier speculations. A generous, liberal gentleman, his private life is adorned with many beneficent acts, and hundreds of poor people speak his praises.

JOHN KELLY.

ONE Sunday evening, at Chickering Hall, an immense audience assembled to listen to a lecture upon "The History of the early Catholic Missions in North and South America." The proceeds of the lecture were to be devoted to the benefit of the Nun of Kenmare, who is sure to spend them for the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland, and it was officially announced that over \$2500 had been paid for tickets, although this was by no means the first time that the same lecture had been delivered in this city and suburbs. Who, then, is this lecturer who can draw so much money on a Sunday evening? He is introduced by Chief-Justice Daly, and as he makes his bow to the audience he might easily be mistaken for a larger edition of General Grant. It is John Kelly, the leader of the Tammany Hall Democracy.

The resemblance to General Grant, which strikes you at the first view of John Kelly, becomes even more remarkable when you sit down to talk with him at his private office in the *Express* Building on Park Row. In the ante-room you will always find a number of well-known politicians and journalists assembled. A clerk takes in your card, and

Mr. Kelly receives you in your turn, never seeming to be in a hurry, and yet dispatching an immense amount of business every day. Dressed in a blue suit, which might serve as an undress uniform, he sits at his desk, his back to the window, and faces his visitor squarely. His face is square; his shoulders are square; his language is square, and the first impression which Mr. Kelly makes upon you is that of solidity and reliability. His close-cropped hair and beard are worn like General Grant's, and, also like Grant's, are fast turning white. His voice is low, clear and gentle. His bright, sharp eyes seem to look you through and through. He talks readily and well, and, with the tact of a politician, will suit his subject to his listener. His face lights up with his smile, and he has the keen Irish sense of humor.

If your preconceptions of John Kelly have been formed by what you have read about him in the papers, or seen in the caricatures of *Judge* and *Puck*, you will be surprised and disappointed at your interview with him. There is nothing of the ranting, roaring, rowdyish Irishman in his manner or appearance. On the contrary, you are struck at once with the refinement of his neat dress, his carefully-kept, small and well-shaped hands, and his low, measured and cultured tones. That he is determined, obstinate, resolute, stubborn—whichever you choose to call it—his square-cut chin, and firm, thin-lipped mouth plainly indicate. It requires but the slightest knowledge of phrenology to see from the

form of his head that he is also combative. Speak to him of some person or paper antagonistic to his party, and his eyes will fill with a sudden fire which shows a strong temper, admirably controlled. But his great strength and great gentleness are the most prominent of the characteristics of John Kelly.

It is neither our province nor our pleasure to go into the political career of Mr. Kelly. That is sufficiently discussed on both sides in the daily papers. Like all leading politicians he has bitter enemies and firm friends; but, unlike most other politicians, he never makes terms with an enemy nor deserts a friend who is faithful to him. If he were more politic, it is generally considered that he would be more successful generally; but were he so he would no longer be John Kelly. His opposition to Tilden, waged unceasingly, in season and out of season, is said to have broken up the Democratic party in this State and the Legislature; but that opposition burns to-day as fiercely as ever, and Mr. Kelly claims that Tilden's hostility to Tammany Hall feeds the fire with fuel. On the other hand, his own candidates for public office are nominated, renominated, no matter how often nor how badly they are defeated, until their final election is secured. This, his enemies say, is his obstinacy contending against the popular will; but he claims that he appeals to the sober second-thought of the people, and that final success justifies his persistence.

All other political considerations aside, it must be conceded that Mr. Kelly deserved well of his fellow-

citizens for his great work of reforming Tammany Hall, after the Tweed ring had made that organization the instrument by which they robbed and plundered the public treasury. Mr. Kelly was absent in Europe for the benefit of his health during the excesses of the Ring, and he returned when it was an open question whether Tammany Hall was to support the Ring in opposition to the Committee of Seventy, and what would be the result if Tweed could rally the votes of the organization to defend himself and his accomplices. A strong, honest, Irish leader was needed to meet the emergency, and John Kelly settled the question of Tammany Hall and completed the rout of the Ring. By wheeling the Democratic party of this city into line with the Reform element he saved the city from a prolonged contest, which promised to culminate in riots, bloodshed and the horrors of a Vigilance Committee upon the California plan.

Mr. Kelly was born in Ireland; came to this country when a boy; learned his trade as a gratesetter; was educated at the public schools, and, as a youth, handled his fists so cleverly and displayed such strength and pluck that there is a mistaken tradition that he was once a professional prizefighter. He is no more ashamed of his past than despondent of his future. A few weeks ago, when reports of his death were current, he said to the big and burly Commissioner Brennan, who called to inquire about the rumors, "Put up your hands a moment, and I will give you a striking proof that I

still live." The Commissioner says that Mr. Kelly's attitude as he delivered this friendly challenge was "as beautiful as Jack Randall's." Once we were dining in Mr. Kelly's company in a private house, and the talk turned upon the grate-fire in the dining-room. Mr. Kelly spoke of some peculiarities of the grate. "How under the sun did you know that?" asked the astonished host. "I ought to know it; I set that grate myself," replied Mr. Kelly, smiling.

Mr. Kelly's residence is on upper Lexington Avenue, a plain, substantial, comfortable home, without any display of luxury or extravagance, but with every requisite for the rational enjoyment of life. He married the niece of Cardinal McCloskey, and thus may be explained his interest in those early Catholic Missions, upon which he has written the admirable lecture which he delivers for charitable purposes only, and which has already drawn nearly \$100,000 for charities. As a speaker he is heard to equal advantage at Chickering Hall and Tammany Hall, with his manuscript before him or speaking upon the spur of the moment. Without any of the arts of the professional orator, he secures attention by the frank, straightforward matter and manner of his speeches. He has served the city as Sheriff and as Comptroller, and the country as a representative in Congress. At the present he is in the prime of his age and career, and nobody can safely predict what the future holds for John Kelly.

THOMAS W. KNOX.

ONE day in 1867 there was a merry dinner party of Americans at the Grand Hotel, Paris, with the late H. L. Bateman in the chair as host. The conversation happened to turn upon the comparative merits of the transatlantic steamers, and Bateman asked his guest on the right, "Which line of steamers do you prefer?" "I don't know anything about steamers," was the unexpected reply; "I came over on a yacht!" A little annoyed at what he thought was a joke, the same question was put to the guest on his left. "I don't know anything about steamers either," answered this gentleman; "for I came over by land!" Certain that he was now being quizzed, Bateman glared furiously at the two speakers; but yet their replies were literally true. The guest on the right was Mr. Stephen Fiske, who had sailed across the Atlantic in the yacht *Henrietta*; the guest on the left was Col. Thomas W. Knox, who had travelled from New York to Paris by way of California, Behring's Straits, Siberia and Russia.

Col. Tom Knox, as he is familiarly called, is very well known in social circles as the honorary Secretary of the Lotos Club, and in literary circles as the author of several popular books of travel and a

voluminous contributor to magazines and newspapers. After having journeyed completely around the world twice, he has now established himself in New York in a comfortable apartment in the Lotos Club House. The King of Siam has decorated Col. Knox with the Order of the White Elephant, in recognition of the benefits conferred upon that country by his books, and Col. Knox's rooms are numerous adorned with elephants in honor of the King of Siam. A large bronze elephant ornaments the centre-table; small brass elephants are used as paper weights; a pastry elephant stands guard over the door; an ivory elephant upholds the toilet-glass. When the newspapers first noticed the arrival of the Siamese White Elephant, the agents of several menageries mistook the Order for the animal, and Col. Knox was pestered with telegrams and letters asking upon what terms he would put his White Elephant upon exhibition. The publication of the true story put an end to these speculative inquiries, and Col. Knox enjoys his dignities in peace.

Over six feet tall, with a portly and imposing presence, a brunette face, crowned with iron-gray hair and lit up with large, brown, benevolent eyes and a genial, pleasant smile, Col. Knox is a man who would be remarked anywhere for his personal appearance even by those who did not know his achievements. With his tall, massive frame, embrowned face and slouched hat, he looks like a border chieftain from the far West, and, if one

were to suspect that he had Indian blood in his veins, there is nothing in his appearance to contradict the theory. But, on the contrary, Col. Knox was born in New Hampshire and did not go West until he had passed his twenty-fifth year. He is now forty-eight years of age. The son of a farmer, he passed his boyhood like the sons of most New Hampshire farmers, working for his father during the summer and going to the village school during the winter. He was an apt scholar; he learned to love learning for its own sake, and the summit of his ambition seemed reached when he became a school-teacher and instructed the children of his neighbors and former playmates. As a teacher he was so successful that he took charge of an academy at Kingston, New Hampshire; but, in 1860, he was seized with a severe attack of what was then called "the gold fever," and, after due deliberation, closed his academy and started for Colorado, then a wild, almost unsettled territory, supposed to be equally full of gold and Indians.

To dig gold is an easy phrase, but very disappointing work. First, you must dig where the gold is; then you must dig until you get to the gold, and then you must know how to dispose of the precious metal. Mr. Knox, in spite of his gigantic frame and enormous strength, soon decided that the pen was mightier than the pickaxe, and gladly accepted a position as reporter on the *Denver Daily News*. He had found his profession, and the Denver paper had discovered a genuine journalist.

In a short time Knox was the local editor of the *News* and the Colorado correspondent of several Eastern journals, among them the *New York Herald*. Then the Civil War broke out, and Knox at once volunteered; went to the front; saw hard fighting in the Southwest and received his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel from the State of California. The *Herald* appreciated the importance of having such a representative in the field and appointed Col. Knox its special correspondent. He went into action with his revolver in one hand, his notebook in the other and his pencil in his teeth, and he telegraphed to his paper the news of every battle before the smoke of the combat had fairly cleared away. His subsequent letters, which were redolent of the actual fighting, as if gunpowder had been mixed with the ink, attracted general attention and were republished as "Camp-fire and Cotton-field" in 1866. Col. Knox was wounded in a skirmish in Missouri; was recalled to New York and was offered a position upon the *Herald's* regular staff. This offer was accepted, and, under the auspices of the *Herald*, Col. Knox made the first of his famous journeys around the world.

In 1866, accompanying an expedition sent out to build a telegraph line through Northern Asia, Col. Knox began his overland journey to St. Petersburg. By way of the Pacific, Kamschatka, north-eastern Siberia, the Amoor River, Mongolia and Chinese Tartary, he travelled 3500 miles in sledges and 1500 on wheels, ending his dreary journey, as

we have already seen, at Paris. Accounts of his progress were regularly written for the *Herald* and were afterward republished in book form in 1870, under the title of "Overland through Asia." The letters and the book made the reputation of Col. Knox as the great Siberian traveller, and a second book of travels, called "Backsheesh," in 1875, was an equal success. The money which had accumulated during his long journey and which was realized from his books Col. Knox shrewdly invested in the original stock of the *Sun* when Mr. Dana took charge of that paper, and this investment gave him an ample competency. In 1873 Col. Knox had written another work called "Underground," and, after his return from Europe, he had his hands more than full of literary and journalistic enterprises. He was the first representative of the Western Associated Press in this city, and supplied telegraphic correspondence to the leading Western papers for several years. In 1873 he was appointed Commissioner at the Vienna Exhibition, wrote for several newspapers, and seized the opportunity to journey through the Crimea, Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, Egypt and Nubia. These travels and later ones are recorded in "The Boy Travellers in the Far East," published by Harper Brothers. Four parts are already published; a fifth is in press, and they rank among the best books for boys ever written.

In 1875 Col. Knox went to Ireland with the American Rifle Team and telegraphed to the *Tribune* the targets at Dollymount by an ingenious de-

vice of his own invention, the right of which he has since sold to the United States Government. After the American victory he wintered in Spain, Algeria and Morocco, and then returned to New York to prepare for his second voyage around the world, which he commenced in May, 1877, visiting Japan, China, Siam, Java, India and Egypt, and arriving at Paris in time to serve as the American representative on Class XXVI. of the Jury of the International Exposition, in 1878. The decoration which we have already mentioned was received from the King in 1881, and was accompanied by an autograph letter from the King reminding Col. Knox that this Order had never before been conferred upon an American, and declaring that "The Boy Travellers in Siam" was the best account ever published of that kingdom. Curiously enough, Col. Knox has in his library an old volume, published in London in 1681, narrating the Adventures in Ceylon of Capt. Robert Knox, who had been a captive there for twenty years. The coincidence in names may not be accidental. Capt. Robert Knox was a Scotchman in the employ of the East India Company, and Col. Thomas Knox is descended from an Ayrshire family, who removed from Scotland into Ireland over a century ago. It would be interesting to know that Col. Knox is a lineal offspring of the old 1681 traveller, and that he owes his Oriental complexion to the effects of the Ceylon sun upon the Scotch captive. Heredity would have no more singular romance.

At present Col. Knox is supervising the new editions of his "How to Travel" and his "Pocket Guide to Europe," and is preparing a new work, called "The Pocket Guide Around the World." He was one of the earliest members of the Lotos Club; has been repeatedly elected one of the Directors, and is now in his third term as Secretary. In and out of the Club, Col. Knox is a universal favorite, always ready to say a good word and do a good deed. His Russian *Samovar*, or tea-urn, has long been a feature of the Sorosis receptions, and whenever he utters the magic words, "When I was in North Borneo," or "When I was in Greenland," a circle of listeners gathers closely around him, sure of a good story, an interesting incident of travel or an exciting narrative of an adventure that stirs the blood and tries men's souls.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

ONE must go to Rome in order to appreciate the highest titles of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Here a Cardinal is only a superior sort of Archbishop; but at Rome he is a Prince of the Church. His honors and his powers are great; he is one of those who elect the Pope, for whom the Church claims infallibility, and, *ex officio*, he is himself a candidate for the Papacy. We resided at Rome during the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, and were at first surprised to meet in the streets American bishops in the black and purple costumes of their rank. "You must remember," said Bishop Rosencranz, "that we are now at headquarters, and, therefore, appear in full uniform." There are only sixty-five Cardinals—five vacancies remaining to be filled—and no other nobility can surpass in distinction these religious aristocrats. Cardinal McCloskey—an American by birth, a Republican by education—is entitled by his rank to call the proudest monarch in the world "My Cousin," and, while the President of the United States is addressed only by courtesy as "Your Excellency," the official formula of addressing the Cardinal is "Your Eminence."

John McCloskey, the future American Prince,

was born at Brooklyn, L. I., on the 20th of March, 1810. He graduated at St. Mary's College, at Emmettsburg, Maryland, and was admitted to priest's orders in 1834. A priest by nature, sincere, enthusiastic, devoted to his duties and his studies, Father McCloskey, like Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman, was early marked out by the superiors of the Church for future usefulness. The ascetic life, which to others might have been a trial, was to him a pleasure. The severe studies, which to others might have proved wearisome, were to him a delight. He sought for greater knowledge at the source of the Roman Catholic religion and passed two years at a college in Rome. Then, to complete his education by the lessons of contrast, he travelled and studied in France for a year. Upon his return to New York, he was appointed the Assistant Pastor of St. Joseph's Church. Already his ability, his learning, and his piety were recognized, and he showed at once that he was not less competent to perform the routine and visitation services of a parish priest. Within six months he was made a rector of the church to which he had been appointed as an assistant. From this commencement the rise of Cardinal McCloskey has been equally rapid and deserved.

In 1841, Father McCloskey was appointed by Bishop Hughes to the Presidency of St. John's College, Fordham, and he carefully perfected the organization of that institution. In 1842 he returned to St. Joseph's, and in 1843 he was made

Coadjutor Bishop to assist Bishop Hughes in administering the diocese of New York. In 1847 the diocese was divided, and McCloskey became the first Bishop of Albany. Here he achieved world-wide fame by his administrative talents, his charities and his devotion. His works remain as splendid monuments of his seventeen years of service. He built the cathedral at Albany, giving up his income for this purpose and living as economically as the humblest of his parishioners. He originated, organized and firmly established the theological seminary at Troy, bestowing upon it his time, work, and money with enthusiastic liberality. In 1864, when Archbishop Hughes died, Bishop McCloskey was chosen as his successor, and the choice of Rome was unanimously indorsed by the people of New York, in and out of the Church. To succeed such a dignity as Archbishop Hughes was no easy task; but Archbishop McCloskey accomplished it easily. He made friends where his predecessor had aroused opposition; he conquered, not by controversy, but by the persistent power of beneficence. There were no more pamphlets published, no more excited and exciting letters in the newspapers; but the Church grew and prospered, and exercised, without parading, its enormous influence in public affairs.

Summoned to Rome to attend the Ecumenical Council, Archbishop McCloskey renewed and deepened the favorable impression he had made, when a young priest, in 1835. The Americans were naturally proud of his presence at the Council, and of the

learning which distinguished him among so many learned ecclesiastics. Nobody was surprised, therefore, and everybody was pleased when, in 1875, Pope Pius IX. named Archbishop McCloskey as the first American Cardinal, thus honoring at once the man and the country. The comments of the press upon this appointment reflected the general gratification. Even those who shuddered with horror at the idea of an American Cardinal admitted that, if such a Prince were to be created, the choice could not have fallen upon a better man than McCloskey. When he assumed the *beretta*, in the old cathedral of St. Patrick, the crowds blocked up the streets for several squares, and the scene was the most imposing ever witnessed in a church upon this continent. The wealthy Roman Catholics hastened to bestow upon the new Cardinal an income suitable to his rank. He was presented with a magnificent carriage and pair by the ladies of his diocese. The generosity of his old parishoners was as princely as his new title.

With a Cardinal resident among us, there was no further delay in the completion of the new Roman Catholic cathedral on Fifth Avenue. Day by day, stone by stone—each day and each stone paid for as it was used—the noble edifice grew into its white marble magnificence, and was at length dedicated and consecrated by the Cardinal, who had headed the subscription list with \$10,000 and thus inspired others to subscribe as liberally. Upon Madison Avenue, under the shadow of the cathedral and con-

forming to it in material and architecture, a residence was built for and presented to the Cardinal. There he lives in quiet elegance and comfort, his home, his library and his offices under one roof. His official staff, the clergy whom he governs and the people to whom he administers alike love and venerate him. Tall, erect, dignified in his deportment and of ascetic thinness, Cardinal McCloskey is as suave in his manner as he is zealous in his faith. He makes friends readily and keeps them long. He has none of the arts nor the eloquence which constitute a popular preacher. His popularity is based upon his deeds, not his words. Instead of printing his sermons, he prefers to see them commemorated in stone, as at Albany, or in marble, as in New York. His nature is thoroughly ecclesiastical. One cannot conceive of him in any other position than that of a dignitary of the Church. His favorite associates are his books. Yet, with an immense administration to supervise, he trained himself, in his early years, to the routine of official duties, and nothing now escapes his experienced control.

Cardinal McCloskey mingles but little in society, except during the summer, which he usually passes at Newport. His advanced years have wrought no change in him in this respect. Always his work has been his relaxation. Far-reaching as is his influence, he has never allowed his name to be dragged into politics. His niece is the wife of John Kelly; but even reckless partisanship pauses and is silent

before the venerable figure of the Cardinal. The greatest tribute to his worth is the fact that in this Republican and Protestant country the presence of a Prince of the Roman Church arouses no hostility and is accepted rather as a compliment. One has only to reflect upon what a fanatical crusade might have followed the appointment of some proud, overbearing, intolerant, aggressive Cardinal to fully comprehend the praise involved in the fact of Cardinal McCloskey's popularity. Religious riots are, unfortunately, not unknown in this city. We have seen the streets barricaded; citizens arrayed against each other; the Orphan Asylum burned. It may be negative praise to say that, under Cardinal McCloskey's rule, no such outbreaks occur, and our public schools are no longer the fighting ground for religious factions; but peace is no less an inestimable, because a negative, blessing. In those more active benevolences, where the left hand knoweth not what the right hand doeth, the American Cardinal is equally praiseworthy. He is the friend of the poor, an example to the rich. All love him, and, as he grows in years and honors, it is conceded, not only here but in Rome, that, should the Papacy pass from Italy, no living man is better entitled to be the next Pope than John McCloskey.

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

FORTY-SIX years ago, in a little village in Ireland, this now eminent tragedian was born. The village, when we drove through it in 1867, was a scattered assemblage of what would be called hovels in this country, dominated by an old castle, in which the English nobleman who owns most of the land in the vicinity occasionally resides. It is characteristic, not so much of the vicissitudes of fortune as of the benefits of American institutions, that, only two years ago, John McCullough revisited his native village as the honored guest of this English nobleman and took up his quarters at the castle towards which his boyish eyes had often turned in awe and admiration. The people of the little Irish village were much the richer for McCullough's visit, and they wondered why the generous American gentleman should take such an interest in them and their affairs and display such an intimate knowledge of the locality and the local traditions.

Fortunately for the future tragedian, his father emigrated to America with his whole family when the boy was only six years of age. The family landed at Philadelphia and settled there. John had the advantages of a public-school education, and,

when old enough to do his share of the work, he was apprenticed to the chairmaking business. As a boy, his favorite amusement was the theatre. As a youth, he gratified this dramatic taste by engaging himself as a supernumerary. There were no matinéés in those days, and the evenings of the apprentice were his own. From studying the actors he began to study plays and commit to memory the principal speeches, imitating, of course, the actors whom he heard deliver them. While he worked at his trade, his heart and mind were in the theatre. One day, in opposition to the advice of all his relations and friends, he declared his resolution to give up his trade and become an actor by profession. He was then a strong, well built, good looking fellow, frank and hearty in manner, making friends with facility and always ready to do a kindness. The actors whose acquaintance he had formed about town assisted him to procure an engagement as general utility, or theatrical man-of-all-work. Thus he began his career literally at the bottom of the ladder of fame.

Unlike many men who have risen in the world, McCullough never blushes to recall his humble beginning. On the contrary, he often refers to the time he was a chairmaker. One day, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, the stage manager produced an old chair to serve as a classic seat in a Roman play, and McCullough objected to it as too modern. "How can anybody tell its age?" asked the stage manager; "it looks old enough to be real

Roman." "I know all about it," retorted the tragedian, "for I made it fifteen years ago!" Conversing upon the subject of his start in the profession, only a short time since, McCullough said that the chief reason which actuated him in going upon the stage was the hope of bettering his condition in life. "I was a good chairmaker," he said; "but I felt that if I stuck to my trade I should always remain a chairmaker. I saw that machinery was steadily monopolizing all the trades, and I felt that I had no inventive faculty in that direction. But the theatre presented great possibilities. I had carried a banner for one star who I was told had once been a carpenter. I felt that the similarity of our trades was a link between us. What he had done I might do. If a carpenter could become a star, surely a chairmaker might become an actor. From that night my purpose never varied." The ex-carpenter has now retired from the stage upon a fortune. The ex-chairmaker has long eclipsed him in reputation and money.

After playing all sorts of parts, in stock companies and in support of stars, McCullough was lucky enough to attract the notice of Edwin Forrest and was selected to travel about with the greatest of American tragedians. Hard work, strict attention to the business of the profession and a careful observance of the good advice given by Forrest at rehearsals soon gained for McCullough the position of leading man in the combination. It was then his duty to play opposite parts to Forrest, as "Macduff"

to Forrest's "Macbeth," "Iago" to Forrest's "Othello." He grew to learn Forrest's parts as well as his own, and Forrest depended much upon him at rehearsals and during the performances; became his warm friend in and out of the theatre, and assisted and encouraged him in every possible way. Years after, when Edwin Forrest died, McCullough purchased from his executors the best of the original plays which had been written for him, and the critics admit that no other actor since Forrest has been able to represent the heroes of these plays so acceptably. But McCullough's good fortune saved him from becoming a mere imitator of Forrest, and made him first a manager, then a star, and finally an earnest and conscientious Shakespearean student.

While in San Francisco on one of Forrest's tours, McCullough made so many friends that the management of the California Theatre was offered to him, and one of the richest bankers became his financial backer. Lawrence Barrett was associated with him as a partner, and the new firm of young actors flourished, although their business associations were not altogether pleasant. In one respect, however, they were alike—they were fond of hard work. McCullough was ready to play any part in any sort of drama to help the theatre along. Does "Uncle Tom's Cabin" seem to be a piece out of his line? He has acted every male speaking part in it, from "Uncle Tom" and "Legree" to "George Harris" and "Marks," the lawyer. When stars visited the California he could support them. When

no stars came from the East he and Barrett starred themselves. At one time the stock company of the California was so strong that every member of it afterwards became a star. But the financial troubles which overclouded San Francisco did not spare the theatre. The partnership of McCullough and Barrett was dissolved, not without legal complications, and McCullough was too liberal, too good-natured and too thoughtless of consequences to steer the theatre safely through its financial straits alone. He left a trusted lieutenant in charge, who involved him still more deeply, and came to St. Louis to earn as a star sufficient money to pay off all his managerial obligations.

St. Louis appreciated the talents of McCullough at once. The people overcrowded the theatre; the critics indulged in superlative praises. Next he easily conquered Cincinnati, and, after one or two seasons, Chicago also adopted him as a favorite. All through the Provinces his name and fame rapidly increased in value and popularity. But for a long time New York held out against him. Socially the most popular of all the actors who visited us, the metropolis refused to recognize him as a star actor. Six years ago he played an engagement at Booth's which began with a grand banquet tendered him by leading spirits in journalism and art, and the late Harry Palmer worked at this engagement with all the zeal of a personal friend. McCullough has been equally fortunate in securing another devoted friend in his present manager, Major Conner. Since the

Booth banquet, year by year, the New York public has thawed toward McCullough; but last season, at the Fifth Avenue, it received him with enthusiasm and applauded him tremendously. Did McCullough's appearance at Drury Lane, London, in 1882, aid in accomplishing this transformation? We prefer to believe that he owes his present metropolitan success to the genuine improvement in his acting, due to hard and continuous thought and study.

To the *North American Review* for December, 1882, John McCullough contributed a brief essay upon "Success on the Stage." Of this essay he said to us: "I am prouder of it than of my acting. I have often seen my name in letters several feet long on mammoth posters; but never with the thrill that moves me when I see it signed to those few pages of print." The requisites of success upon the stage, McCullough says, are health, a fair personal appearance, flexibility of feature, grace of movement, a strong intelligence, the heart to feel lofty emotions and beyond and above all, untiring industry. It is no wonder, seeing how much this industry has done for him, that the tragedian should insist upon it most emphatically. "Unremitting labor, patient study and unrelenting self-denial" he lays down as the iron rules to which he will not admit of a single exception. What he preaches he also practices. He has forsworn wines and cigars; he reads so many hours every day; he keeps his physique in as thorough training as if he were an

athlete instead of an actor. The result is seen when he steps upon the stage in "Virginus," the noblest Roman of them all in personal appearance and, it may added, the only stage Roman who wears the antique toga as easily and gracefully as if it were his ordinary garb. Already Edwin Booth has tacitly relinquished to McCullough all of the more robust characters in the old tragedies, and the two great American actors, between whom there is a warm and intimate friendship, will divide between them, for years to come, the sovereignty of our stage.

REV. WILLIAM F. MORGAN, D.D.

It will surprise many readers to learn that, although the magnificent Church of St. Thomas', at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street, was dedicated to divine worship in 1870, the building was not consecrated until May, 1883. The reason for this omission was a lien of \$60,000 upon the church. The noble Consecration Office, arranged by the General Convention of 1789, applies only to a finished edifice, perfect in all its details, free from debt, devoted forever to Church purposes. On Whit Sunday, 1883, the sum of \$60,000 was placed upon the altar of St. Thomas, the whole amount having been subscribed, since Palm Sunday, by the exertions of Dr. Morgan and the vestry. On the following Monday the debts of the church were discharged to the uttermost farthing. On Tuesday the consecration ceremonies were performed by the Bishop of New York, and the Bishop of Pennsylvania preached the consecration sermon. Then came to pass what Dr. Morgan had eloquently predicted: "The top-stone of the tower shall say, it is complete; every resounding tongue in the belfry shall say, it is complete; every tuneful key in the grand organ shall say, it is complete;

even the rectory and the cloisters shall unite in the jubilee of thanksgiving over a worthy offering and a finished work !”

The Church of St. Thomas was organized in 1823, on the corner of Broome Street and Broadway. Rev. Cornelius Duffie, formerly a member of the firm of Todd, Duffie & Todd, salt merchants, was its first pastor. In 1824 the corner-stone of the Church edifice was laid, at Broadway and Houston Street, then away out in the fields, and a Gothic building, unequalled in the city at that date, was erected. Dr. Morgan says of this period : “The region around Houston Street was a rural suburb. Old country seats still held their place near it. Old mile-stones were still standing along Broadway, which was then a turnpike, unpaved and fringed with modest foot-paths. People wondered at the selection of such a site and many said : ‘Here is a church ; but it is as useless as Melrose Abbey ! Who are to fill it ? Where are the congregation ?’ ” But the vestrymen of that day—Astor, Hoffman, Lawrence and others—were wiser than their generation. They foresaw the rapid growth of New York. The congregation came. The surrounding region was densely populated. The church flourished. Of its five rectors before Dr. Morgan, one became Bishop of Indiana and one Bishop of Illinois. Dr. Morgan was then a divinity student in the seminary in what was then called Chelsea village. He remembers Houston Street and its vicinity as the centre of opulence,

elegance, and social culture. The church edifice was considered imposing, the rectory a most desirable residence, the churchyard picturesque and sequestered, and the magnetic pulpit oratory and personal fascinations of the Rev. Dr. Hawks drew crowds to the services. This was the noontide of the prosperity of old St. Thomas', and many men not yet very old remember and speak of it enthusiastically.

Twenty years later the whole neighborhood had changed. Dr. Morgan had been the rector for nine years, and only his eloquence and his virtues had kept the congregation together. The best members had moved up-town. The church itself had been burned and unwisely rebuilt by the doubting Thomases of St. Thomas', who did not see their way as clearly as the vestry of 1823. The churchyard was neglected and desolate. The church itself was damp and gloomy, lacking both light and ventilation. At length a removal was determined upon and the Fifth Avenue site secured. For a year, while the rector of Grace Church was absent in Europe, the two parishes worshipped together. Then, in 1867, a temporary chapel was erected on the Fifth Avenue site, and the congregation removed thither while the present church was being built around the chapel. The corner-stones of the old and new St. Thomas' were laid together in 1868 by Bishop Potter, and the Bishops of Tennessee, Minnesota, and Colorado and the Dean of Nova Scotia assisted in the ceremonies. In 1870 the new

church was dedicated, Dr. Morgan preaching the dedicatory sermon at the request of the Bishop of the Diocese. This honor was richly deserved; for to Dr. Morgan's splendid efforts the church owed the erection of this noble edifice, which was consecrated in May, 1883.

At Hartford, Conn., on December 21, 1816, William F. Morgan was born. He graduated at Union College, in 1837, and at the Episcopal Theological Seminary, New York, in 1840. In 1841 he was made a deacon by Bishop Brownell, at Christ Church, Hartford, and, in 1842, a priest. In April, 1841, he was appointed the rector of St. Peter's Church, Cheshire, Conn., but only remained there three months, when he was promoted to be the Assistant of Dr. Croswell, at Trinity Church, New Haven. After three years of admirable work in this parish, he was called to the rectorship of Christ Church, Norwich. There he preached and labored and studied for fourteen years, growing in popularity and influence. His congregation built for him a new church edifice, costing \$60,000, and it is a singular coincidence that this is the exact sum which, having also been raised by his exertions, was solemnly laid upon the altar of St. Thomas'. In 1857 the fame of the Norwich rector had reached New York, and the vestry of St. Thomas' invited him to come and help them re-establish the church which had fallen from the high position it held during the ministrations of Dr. Hawks. This invitation promised the young rector not only a

metropolitan establishment but actual missionary work. He accepted it; he was made a Doctor of Divinity by Columbia College; he saved the church and increased its former reputation, and, if he had any worldly vanity in his character, he could now say, with Sir Christopher Wren, "If you seek my monument, look around you!"

In the drawing-room of the rectory of St. Thomas' hangs a portrait of Dr. Morgan in the prime of life. It shows a bright, bold, florid, handsome face, with a high, round forehead and an expression of mingled benevolence and dignity. Except that his person is more portly, his face less florid and his hair and side-whiskers pure white, this portrait of Dr. Morgan resembles him as he is now. In society, as in the church, his manner is most courtly and dignified, and he has the happy faculty of inspiring affectionate respect in all to whom he addresses himself. He is, as he has always been, a pastor to his people, and Fashion has sought him without any effort on his part to conciliate it. His sermons, of which he has published several volumes, are models of brevity, condensation and clearness. He indulges in no rhetorical flights; he quotes no Latin nor Greek; he preaches so that the humblest may comprehend him, and yet the ripe fruits of careful scholarship are evident in every sentence, and the sublime poetry of his mission gives grace and beauty to all his utterances.

In 1864 Dr. Morgan visited Europe and was deputed to preach the consecration sermon at the

Church of the Holy Trinity at Paris, the first American Episcopal edifice ever built on the continent. Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, presided, and the funds for the church were contributed in this country. Now the same Parisian congregation have built a new church, and Dr. Morgan has been invited to dedicate it and will probably go to Europe during this year for the purpose. In connection with St. Thomas' he has erected a Free Chapel on Sixtieth Street, near Second Avenue, of which the Rev. Robert Lowry has charge, and where services in German are conducted by the Rev. Poland Grueber. The cost of this chapel was \$35,000. There is also a St. Thomas' House, which cost \$40,000, and was wholly paid for by the Hon. Roswell P. Flower. Several benevolent associations, superintended by Dr. Morgan, do a great charitable work in the parish. When he took charge of the church in 1857 it numbered two hundred families and three hundred and fifty communicants; now the families are over four hundred and fifty; the communicants over one thousand, and the revenue from the pews alone is over \$45,000. The entire cost of decorating the chancel of St. Thomas' was donated by C. H. Housman; the chime of bells by T. W. Walter, and the tower-cross, the carved lectern, the silver alms-basin and ten of the stained-glass windows are also memorial gifts. George W. Warren has been the organist of St. Thomas' since its opening, and has trained a large and celebrated choir.

It will be seen that, since 1857, the history of

Dr. Morgan is the history of his church, and we cannot better describe the conservative character of both the church and the pastor than in Dr. Morgan's own words. "In its pastoral administrations," he says, "in the celebration of Divine worship, in the tone of its pulpit ministrations, there has been a sober and dignified adherence to the old paths of the Church, to her wisest and safest traditions and to those doctrinal standards which lie above the entanglements of sections and parties and extremes, in the clear light of accepted Catholic truth. Novelties have found no favor in this sanctuary, either in service or discourse, nor any of those startling exaggerations, which, without altering a word of our Liturgy, make it altogether a different thing in its spirit and effect to the sober-minded churchman. And thus, from year to year, without sensations, without attempts at ecclesiastical parade or effect, without any ridiculous imitations of obsolete or popish usage, without catering to the tastes of the frivolous or the restless, the worship of God and the proclamation of the truth as it is in Jesus have been enjoyed in their simplicity and their integrity." That such a church and such a pastor should have become one of the most fashionable in New York is surely a proof of the sterling good sense which underlies the vagaries of the fashionable world.

LEVI P. MORTON.

NAPOLÉON'S epigram about scratching a Russian and finding a Cossack may be parodied in regard to officials and lawyers. Scratch an office-holder and you will find a lawyer, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Yet the hundredth time, which is the exception to the rule, is always very popular, and those who make the nominations or appointments to office ought to begin to recognize this fact. Everybody is pleased when one of the prizes of officialism falls, not to the legal profession, which absorbs so many of them, but to the business men, who, after all, pay the most of the taxes that defray the official salaries. The merchant prince has always been the most popular of all princes, and it is the cause of general gratification when one of the old merchants of New York, the only real aristocracy of the metropolis, is re-elected for a position of dignity and responsibility in the Government.

To this aristocracy of old merchants Levi P. Morton belongs. He made his first fortune in the dry-goods business, and only retired from dealings in merchandise to become a dealer in money. As a banker, the head of the firm of Morton, Bliss & Co., he has had, for many years, a national fame. Mr.

Morton is a plain man ; a thorough New Yorker ; shrewd, enterprising, liberal and intelligent, and he is still as proud of the rank he once held among dry-goods merchants as he is of that which he achieved among financiers. He was among those who foresaw, predicted and believed in the great future of this city, its trade and its commerce, when Twenty-Third Street was out of town and the Central Park a poet's dream. Richly has the metropolis rewarded the men who had faith in its growth and development, and well do they deserve the splendid rewards of their foresight and confidence. If every foot of New York city property had covered a gold mine, more and larger fortunes could scarcely have been realized from speculations therein.

When the future of the country was in question, at the outbreak of our Civil War, Mr. Morton did not hesitate to decide upon the same broad principles of patriotism as applied to business. He never had a doubt about the ultimate integrity of the Union ; he never feared that the United States would not be able to pay any debt which it might be necessary to incur for the vigorous prosecution of the war. His money was promptly offered for the use of the army and navy. He believed in the bonds of the Union and the government. He declared that the greenbacks were as good as gold, and would, some day, be worth their face value in the precious metal. He has lived to see the people prefer them to gold and silver coin, and to sell those United States bonds at a premium which he bought

at a heavy discount. He has lived to see France, which, under the second Empire, attempted to take advantage of our Civil War to invade Mexico, become a free Republic upon the American model, and he now represents the United States at the capital of the French Republic.

Of course, thousands of other merchants and financiers shared Mr. Morton's patriotic opinions during the war and the substantial profits which they have brought him since peace was conquered; but he stood out prominently among them, and he has been accepted as their representative. He became a politician when everybody took a vital interest in politics, and he joined the Republican party when it announced itself as the Party of the Union. As the Republican candidate, he was elected and re-elected to Congress in a District that had been counted upon as strongly Democratic. The people knew him as an old New York merchant, and they approved of his sentiments and of the boldness and energy with which he avowed them. "It is no use to run against Morton," was the Democratic report from his district on the day before the election, and the votes showed that this discouraging bulletin was correct. Almost any office within the gift of the people of this city could have been his had he presented himself as a candidate; but it was universally expected that the Republican Administration would require his services in the Cabinet, and for this Mr. Morton seemed to be reserved.

In Congress, Mr. Morton was particularly engrossed with the currency question and the silver problems, and, to everybody outside the White House, his selection as Secretary of the Treasury appeared to be a certainty. But the appointments to such offices are secured, not by personal worth and professional merit, but by subtle intrigues, of which Mr. Morton was incapable, and which his best friends deemed unnecessary. Passed over, again and again, in favor of men who could not compare with him for a moment, either in fitness for the position or in patriotic and political services, his claims were at length brought forward in a manner almost unprecedented. Part of the secret bargain by which General Garfield obtained the reluctant support of the Stalwart leaders during the last Presidential campaign was that Levi P. Morton should be offered the portfolio of Secretary to the Treasury or the post of Minister to France. With this understanding the Garfield campaign was fought and won; but, when the victory was assured, a curious dispute arose as to the terms of the agreement in which Mr. Morton was concerned.

On the one hand it was contended that the choice between the Treasuryship and the French Mission rested with President Garfield; on the other, that Mr. Morton was to take whichever office he preferred. There is no doubt but that he would have selected the Treasury; but Garfield's advisers insisted that he should be sent off to France. When the text of the Mentor treaty is published, as it will

be as soon as ex-Senator Conkling's lips are unsealed, we shall know which reading of it was correct. At present, we can only imitate Mr. Morton and give the Garfield faction the benefit of the doubt. He accepted what to him is a banishment from his native land, and is installed as United States Minister at Paris. No doubt the banishment is splendid. Minister Morton lives near the Trocadero, fronting a square which has been named, in his honor, the Place des Etats Unis. His mansion is of white freestone. A magnificent staircase, with gilded balustrades, leads to a suite of drawing-rooms, furnished in the style of Louis XVI., which will accommodate fifteen hundred people. All the appointments and decorations of this residence are superb; it is in fact, an American palace. But, amid its grandeurs, Mr. Morton sighs for New York, and it may comfort him to remember that James Buchanan, once exiled in the same way to the Ministry to England, was at length recalled to become, not a member of the Cabinet, but the Chief Magistrate of his country.

HORACE PORTER.

THIS year the new railroad to Buffalo, running along the west shore of the Hudson River, has been formally opened as far as Albany. The daily papers describe the comfortable and even luxurious appointments of the new line; the elegant cars built for it by the Pullman Company; the charming river scenery to be viewed from the car windows above Haverstraw, and the large extent of splendid country which the road opens and brings within easy reach of the metropolis. It seemed as if New York, like Clapham Junction, England, were a place from which one might go anywhere, and it required a bold man to suggest that another line was wanting. But Gen. Horace Porter, the first president of the West Shore line, is bold enough for anything, and, now that his enterprise is an accomplished fact, the public discover that a very important section of the State has hitherto been deprived of the facilities of travel and commerce which Gen. Porter has inaugurated. About the success of the new railroad there should be no doubt whatever. Travellers prefer it to the old routes, because it is pleasanter, and the local traffic assures its profits. The best wish we can offer is

that the West Shore line may escape from its financial difficulties and extend its local connections.

Gen. Porter has three distinct reputations—one, as an army officer; another, as a railroad official, and a third, as a story-teller and after-dinner speaker. Of middle height, with slim, erect figure, a face browned by the sun, dark hair and eyes, and a mustache and imperial worn *a la militaire*, Gen. Porter looks the model of a dashing cavalry leader, with a touch of the Indian in his face, his alertness, his bronzed complexion and his quick, shrewd glance. Out of business hours, his specialty is telling comical stories. He has a fund of them as inexhaustible as President Lincoln's, and they are all as appropriate to the occasion. He ranks among the best after-dinner speakers in the Lotos Club, of which he is vice-president, the Saturday Night Club, and at public banquets; and although he often has to follow such wits as Chauncey Depew, he never suffers by the comparison. His speeches are composed of clever stories, admirably related and strung together with keen common sense and a hearty humor which never fails and seldom wounds. Indeed, one of his stories is often as effective as a long, logical oration.

On one of the hottest nights of June a general meeting of the Lotos Club was to be held to vote upon a proposed amendment to the constitution. Most of the members were out of town, and the opponents of the amendment relied upon the time of year and the state of the weather to prevent a

quorum from assembling. The hour of the meeting approached, but the club-house was almost deserted. Just then a whisper passed around that Gen. Horace Porter was detained in the city by his railway business and had consented to preside as vice-president. A moment after scouts were sent out and the Lotos parlors began to fill up. A detachment of members strolled across from the Union Club; another marched down from Delmonico's; the card-rooms and billiard-rooms sent recruits; a quorum was reported present as the clock struck eight, and, in half an hour afterward, the amendment was carried. What no care about the constitution of the club could accomplish had been achieved by the magic of Gen. Porter's name and presence. The men who would not attend the meeting to transact important business were very glad to come to hear Horace Porter make a speech.

Gen. Porter was born in Pennsylvania; was educated there, and, in his eighteenth year, was appointed a cadet at West Point. He graduated in 1860, after distinguishing himself through his entire term, third in a class of forty-one members, and was at once given a brevet as Second Lieutenant of Ordnance. For a year he served as Assistant Ordnance officer at the Watervliet Arsenal, New York, and then the War of the Rebellion began and the country needed West Pointers in the field. In 1861 he was made First Lieutenant, and sent off with the Port Royal expedition. In October he was stationed at the ordnance dépôt at Hilton

Head and employed in the erection of heavy batteries along the Savannah River. Promotion was rapid then, and the young Lieutenant was intrusted with the chief command of the artillery that reduced Fort Pulaski. For his gallant and meritorious services in this capacity he was made a Captain in 1862, and from that time until the close of the War scarcely a month passed without the name of Horace Porter being mentioned conspicuously in the official reports, with the magnificent phrase, "gallant and meritorious services" attached thereto. Every grade of promotion was richly earned, and his popularity in the army was as great as his favor at headquarters.

Captain Porter accompanied the James Island expedition and took part in the attack upon Secessionville, South Carolina. He was Chief of Ordnance in the Army of the Potomac during the movement from Harrison's Landing to Maryland. He was Chief of Ordnance in the Department of the Ohio from September, 1862, to January, 1863. He was transferred to the same position in the Army of the Cumberland, served through the Tennessee campaign and in the advance on Tullahoma. He distinguished himself in the passage of the Elk River, in July, 1863, the passage of the Tennessee in September, the two-days' battle of Chickamauga and the defence of Chattanooga. Then he was summoned to Washington, on special duty in the Ordnance Bureau, and, in April, 1864, rejoined the army on active service as aide-de-camp to General Grant.

During the Richmond campaign he was present at the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Tolopotomy, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, James River and Petersburg. Every soldier of the Union knows what this list of places means—the battles are like celebrated diamonds, which need only to be named to be described—and can appreciate the brilliancy of the services which were rewarded by a full lieutenant-colonelcy for gallant conduct at the battle of Newmarket Heights. The country had no braver nor more efficient soldier than Lieut-Col. Porter.

In February, 1865, after the pursuit of Lee, Horace Porter was promoted to be Colonel of volunteers, and one month later he was a full Colonel in the regular army. The war was over, but Colonel Porter remained upon the staff of Gen. Grant, and in 1867 was made Major of ordnance. When Grant was elected President he had become so much attached to Porter that he retained his services as acting private secretary, and thus the army officer became thoroughly acquainted with the politicians who besieged the White House, and he learned to manage public affairs as he had managed his artillery. He was Grant's private secretary from 1869 to 1873. Then he saw an opportunity to secure his own fortune; resigned from the army and became vice-president of the Pullman Car Company. His interest in this company brought him into connection with the elevated roads, of which he was one of the original pro-

moters, and he was elected vice-president of the Metropolitan branch. Then, as we have seen, he assumes the presidency of another railroad, although he was still comparatively a young man, being only forty-six years of age and ten years younger in appearance and in feeling. A career so remarkable, in and out of the army, will yet be crowned by even greater successes. It may truly be said of Gen. Porter that he has never lost a friend nor made an enemy, and all who know him are more proud than his modest self of his triple reputation.

HORATIO POTTER.

THE position of Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of New York is second to none in the land in dignity and honor. The alliance of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America with the State Church of England gives it a fashionable pre-eminence, if one may use such a phrase in connection with a religious organization, which more than compensates for the comparative smallness of its membership. Besides, it is an enormously wealthy Church, and in this respect stands at the head of all American religious societies. Not only is the general coffer abundantly filled, but the individual membership of the Church is among our wealthiest citizens. Upon these riches attend the graces of education, culture, and social refinement, so that, while the Protestant Episcopal Church never pushes itself forward aggressively, nor enters into unseemly controversies, its influence is deeply felt and widely exercised among the very best classes of the community.

Of this Church, a model in its department, Horatio Potter, D.D., LL.D., is an ideal Bishop. No other man enjoys more than he the comforts, the elegancies, the luxuries of life, and especially of

life in the choicest circles of the metropolis; and yet his daily walk and conversation, his administration of the affairs of the diocese, his ministration to his flock, his very manners and appearance are pervaded by an ever-present piety, unobtrusive but effectual. He is to other clergyman what Trinity is to other churches. As it stands at the head of Wall Street, so he stands at the head of the wealthiest congregation in the country. As it adds beauty, form, and completeness of detail to solidity of material and build, so he has grafted the graces of society upon his solid learning. As it speaks of the past, and seems somewhat removed from the ordinary religious highways of the present time, so does he give to his ministrations a quaint flavor of antique lore and so does he adequately represent a Church somewhat removed from sympathy with the busy, bustling American people. We do not intend to push the parallel too curiously; but, certainly, we never see Bishop Potter without thinking of old Trinity, and never visit Trinity Church without thinking of Bishop Potter.

Horatio Potter was certainly born a bishop. From his cradle to the mitre, his path was as straight as if he had been christened with the consecrating oil. In this directness of his career he followed closely in the footsteps of his elder brother, who, as we shall see presently, preceded him by a few years in equal dignities and furnishes a most extraordinary instance of an almost duplicate life. From first to last there are no incidents in Bishop

Potter's biography which do not lead him to his bishopric by the shortest and easiest route. He was born at the little village of Beekman (now called La Grange), among the fertile fields of Dutchess county, New York, on the 9th of February, 1802. He began his education at an academy in Poughkeepsie, and was graduated at Union College in 1826. A year latter he became a deacon, and in his twenty-sixth year (1828) he was ordained a priest, and called to accept the joint professorships of mathematics and natural philosophy at Washington (now Trinity) College, Hartford, Conn. While at Hartford, Bishop Moore, of Virginia, requested Professor Potter to become his assistant at the Monumental Church, Richmond, but the future Bishop of New York cordially declined.

In 1833, while still young in years, but already old in grace, Professor Potter accepted the rectorship of St. Peter's Church at Albany. In 1837 his college at Hartford tried to draw him back from his ministerial labors by offering him its Presidency; but he had the courage to refuse this tempting lure. The College showed that there was no ill-feeling at this refusal by making him a D.D. in 1838. The years passed pleasantly and profitably at Albany, where Dr. Potter was beloved and respected by all who knew him, until, in 1854, Bishop Wainwright died and Dr. Potter was chosen as Provisional Bishop of this diocese. In 1856 he was made an LL.D. by Geneva (now Hobart) College, and in 1860 he became a D.D. of Oxford,

England, a degree which he prizes very highly. On the death of Bishop Onderdonk, in 1861, the unanimous voice of the clergy and the laity called Dr. Potter to the bishopric, and thus, at an early age for a clerical, who usually resembles the statesman in ripening late, he attained the highest honors to which a Protestant Episcopal clergyman can aspire in this country. For over twenty years he has maintained those honors unimpaired. No smirch or suspicion of any scandal has ever soiled his white robes. Under his paternal government the Church has flourished peacefully and happily. We know and can conceive of no more rounded record of a clerical life than that of Bishop Potter.

But we have spoken of the almost parallel biography of the Bishop's elder brother—Alonzo was his name, we think, although we write without books of reference at hand. This brother was born two years earlier, and graduated at the same college in 1818, becoming a tutor in the college. In 1821 the brother became joint professorship of mathematics and natural philosophy at Union College, as Bishop Potter filled the same chairs at Washington College, seven years later. The brother was made a deacon and a priest in 1824, four years ahead of Horatio. In 1825 he was offered, and declined, the presidency of Geneva College, just as Horatio was offered, and declined, the presidency of Trinity College in 1837. Then the brother was ordained as rector of St. Paul's seven years before Horatio became the rector of St. Peter's. The brother was

made a D.D. by Harvard and Gambier Colleges and an LL.D. by Union years before Horatio obtained the same degrees. Finally, to make the parallel astonishingly complete, the brother was chosen as Bishop of Pennsylvania in 1845, while Horatio became Bishop of New York in 1861. Thus, while only two years older in years, the brother was sixteen years the elder as a Bishop. But a more remarkable series of coincidences in offices and honors is seldom, if ever, recorded of two brothers. Let us add that Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, was known outside of the Church as the author of "The Principles of Science," "Political Economy," and other text-books.

WHITELAW REID.

THE editor of the New York *Tribune* and the President of the Lotos Club bears his character and his history in his face, and anybody can read them at a glance. Tall, slim, well-dressed, and about forty years of age, Whitelaw Reid has a pleasant but not strong face, dark hair, a drooping moustache, large, earnest, brown eyes, and gentle, amiable manners; but the impression which he leaves upon you is that of a Sophomore. Sophomorical he is in look, speech and writing; and, no matter to what honors he may attain, a Sophomore in Life's college he will always remain. There are those who hold that the Sophomore class—a grade above the greenness of the Freshmen and a grade below the hard work of the Juniors—is the most enjoyable of the undergraduate's career. Whitelaw Reid appears to find it so; for he has most of the good things of this world, and he enjoys them sensibly and complacently.

Nobody can see him presiding over the staff of the *Tribune* or the dinner-table of the Lotos without summing him up as an Ohio man, who has been a school-teacher and a college student and is now a journalist. He is as typical an Ohio man of the modern breed as Garfield was. Had the Fates so ordained, Garfield might have become the editor of

the *Tribune* and Reid the assassinated President, without the slightest alteration in the character and deportment of either of them. After the usual Ohio struggle with poverty for an education, Whitelaw Reid became a reporter upon the Cincinnati papers, and the war gave him the customary Ohio opening. The story of one of these Ohio men is so like that of the others that you have only to change the names and dates. But Whitelaw Reid did not enlist as a soldier, get himself elected to Congress and attain to higher political office. He went to the war as a special correspondent, wrote himself into the acquaintanceship of prominent men, made and unmade generals on paper, and came to New York, when he and the other correspondents had ended the war with the aid of the soldiers, and so drifted upon the *Tribune* naturally and luckily.

After Horace Greeley had reversed the traditions and practices of a long lifetime by becoming the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and had been defeated, and had died, the future of the once-powerful *Tribune* became very doubtful. The paper had lost its mission by the abolition of slavery; it had lost its party by the perversion of Horace Greeley; it had lost its readers by its change of politics and faith. Half a dozen secret schemes were devised to save it, to utilize it, to perpetuate it. One scheme was to make Schnyler Colfax its editor, so as to re-establish it as a Republican organ. The audacious Tweed Ring proposed to buy up its stock and turn it into a Democratic paper, hoping to gain

some permanent recruits from the Republican camp by this manœuvre. Jay Gould was consulted in regard to this Ring plan and was ready to advance part of the money. Perhaps, with his usual promptness and adroitness, he did advance some money upon the stock of the paper in order to get ahead of his proposed associates. At any rate, his name was so connected with the paper that Whitelaw Reid called upon him and revealed a private plan of his own, which superseded those of Schuyler Colfax and the Tweed Ring.

Whitelaw Reid was then virtually in charge of the *Tribune*, having acted as Greeley's lieutenant, and being left in authority while Greeley was engaged in his fatal electioneering campaign. By personal deference and amiability, and by some good work and more good luck, he had succeeded to that position on the *Tribune* which Dana once held by force of talent and determination. Everybody liked him and nobody was afraid of him. He seemed to the uninitiated an amiable man, without ambition, and they talked to him frankly as to one who had neither the will nor the power to interfere with their projects. There was much diplomacy and financiering; but the outcome was that Jay Gould had loaned money to carry on the *Tribune* and that Whitelaw Reid was to be the nominal editor. Everybody felt that these arrangements were only temporary, since Gould's interference would kill the honest, independent, old *Tribune*, and Whitelaw Reid could never hold the editorship.

To everybody's surprise, however, the *Tribune* rallied, after a little while, and began slowly to regain its former prosperity. Those who had been accustomed to read it for years found that no other paper could replace it for them. It was not quite the same *Tribune*; but still it was more like the *Tribune* than any other journal. Something vital and characteristic had gone out of it; but the name of Horace Greeley was frequently paraded in its pages. It was altered, and irreverent persons, who knew not Greeley, declared that it was improved. Have we not often seen people going to the old shops, taking the old patent pills, long after the original proprietors and manufacturers have been buried? It was the same way with the old paper. Presently, to this nucleus of Greeleyites, a recruitment of new readers was added. Whitelaw Reid had the modern journalist's fervor for news. The old *Tribune* used to care more about opinions than news; but, having none of the old opinions to work upon, the new editor made the news supply their place. He engaged some of the best journalists, and rivaled the *Herald* in the number of its reporters and the frequency of its special despatches. Once a country paper, the *Tribune* had become the best journal for local items. The city people, who had never read it before, began to buy it. The report that it represented Jay Gould's views about Wall Street gave it importance. All its rivals declared that it would not last a year; but it did more than last, and it is now established more firmly than ever.

We do justice to the Ohio tact and the hard work and the good luck by which Whitelaw Reid has brought about this result. It was clever to build up a city constituency with the news, while he held his country constituency with the weekly edition and gushing editorials. It was hard work to use Jay Gould, while Gould thought that he was using the paper; to build a new office with mortgaged capital; to issue novel extras and knitting patterns; to make money in every possible way, even by leasing the *Tribune* temperance cellars to a lager-beer saloon, and to employ every social and political agency to strengthen a paper which everybody else believed to be going to destruction. It was lucky to marry an heiress; to be supplied by a father-in-law with means to pay Jay Gould out and get rid of him; to find a Garfield in the Presidency; to be offered a Foreign Mission, and to gain credit by refusing it. But eight years of such cleverness, such work and such good luck have now their reward, and Whitelaw Reid can rest and wait for the still more prosperous future; "for to him that hath shall be given," and in time he may even aspire to the Junior and Senior prizes of life.

Living in a large, elegant, and most comfortable mansion on Lexington Avenue, editing the *Tribune* by telephone, consulted and patronized by the leaders of a large faction of a powerful political party, the doors of society thrown wide open to him by his marriage, and his own home blessed by a charming wife, Whitelaw Reid may be justly regarded as one

of the most fortunate of Americans. Only when he attempts to give the reasons for his success does he fall short of the position he has attained. When he recently lectured upon Journalism it was at once evident how little he knew about his chosen profession. He is not a popular man—few Sophomores are ever liked—but yet he is not unpopular, because most persons underestimate his ambition and his energy, and are deceived by his placid voice and amiable manners. He does much good in the way of sending poor children out West by subscriptions, and he uses his goodness, as he has used everything else, to advertise himself and his paper. If we are to sketch him at his best, we should select a scene at the Lotos Club, when, as President, he is proposing the health of General Grant, whom he has persistently opposed and abused in the *Tribune*. He is a fluent, pleasing speaker, and has no blushes when Grant looks up at him with a surprised, studious stare. Always and everywhere Whitelaw Reid remembers that he is successful, and that to him and all Ohio men of his calibre “nothing is so successful as success.”

WASHINGTON A. ROEBLING.

HISTORY borrows the pen of Romance, and Romance is glad to take a few pages from History, when some gallant general, wounded at the commencement of a battle, is carried to the rear, and, while the surgeons attend to his injuries, continues to direct the conflict. He cannot see—he can hardly hear—the varying fortunes of the field; but, forming his judgment from the reports of the aides-de-camp, he orders this division to advance; that to withdraw so as to mislead the enemy; another to undertake a flank movement, and another to attack the centre as soon as the flanking party has signalled that the position assigned to it is safely occupied. At last comes the great news, “Victory!” which relieves the tension of the wounded general’s mind and will either kill or cure him. He sinks back, exhausted, fainting; then rallies as he hears the cheers of his brave soldiers, and, his pain forgotten, his wound already seeming to heal, he directs that the pursuit of the flying enemy be promptly pressed, and makes such disposition of his troops as to guard the camp from the danger of a counter attack by the now desperate foe.

“Peace hath her victories no less renowned than

War," and such an incident of the battle-field has just been paralleled in the construction of the great suspension bridge between New York and Brooklyn, now formally opened to the public. Col. Roebling, the engineer who has superintended the erection of the bridge, is an invalid, confined to his house on Brooklyn Heights. Except from that distance, he has never seen the splendid structure over which thousands of people are now passing daily. Pale, thin, careworn, his whole appearance that of a weak confirmed invalid, Col. Roebling has personally supervised every detail of the work which his illness has prevented him from visiting. Not an estimate has been accepted, not a contract signed, not a blow struck without his careful knowledge. Stretched upon his bed, he has seen the wonderful structure grow, stone by stone, wire by wire, and if the time occupied in its completion has seemed long to the public, what must it have seemed to him, whose only ambition was to live until success had crowned his magnificent work? One morning he witnessed from his window the triumphant inauguration of the bridge; the President of the United States, the Governor of the State, the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn and hundreds of other distinguished personages crowded into his house to congratulate him, and, although he could stand for only a few moments to welcome them, we are glad to learn that the effects of the excitement were unexpectedly beneficial, and that Col. Roebling's physicians predict his speedy and complete recovery.

Washington A. Roebling was born at the little German village of Saxonburg, Butler County, Pennsylvania, May 26th, 1837, just forty-seven years ago. So many protests were offered against opening the bridge on the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday that the authorities might well have postponed the ceremony to the birthday of Col. Roebling, two days later. He studied engineering under John A. Roebling, his distinguished father, and was his chief assistant in the important works which that great engineering genius conceived and superintended; among them the suspension bridges across the Schuylkill, the Ohio and Niagara rivers, now surpassed by the Brooklyn Bridge. When our Civil War broke out Roebling was in his twenty-fourth year. He immediately offered his services to the Government and served gallantly throughout the conflict, winning his rank of Colonel upon the field. At the end of the war he was requested to retain his rank in our regular army, but refused because his assistance was indispensable to his father, who had declared that he would not undertake to build the Brooklyn Bridge, at his advanced age, unless his son would join him in the project. Perhaps the old engineer had a prescience of his approaching death. The Brooklyn Bridge was fatal to him, as it has nearly been to his son. While perfecting his surveys, the foot of the elder Roebling was crushed between the planks of a pier; lock-jaw supervened, and the aged engineer died, leaving his son an ample fortune and the main designs and estimates for the

bridge which he enjoined upon the young man to complete.

Thus, from first to last, the history of the Brooklyn Bridge has been, with the exception of the years devoted to the Civil War, the history of Washington A. Roebling. His studies under his father were preliminary to his great work; he saw his father's life sacrificed for it; he inherited the duties of superintendence which he has discharged under circumstances which would have discouraged a less faithful and exalted spirit. To secure the solidity of the structure, it was determined to sink caissons under the bed of the East River, upon which the piers might rest securely. By day and night, Colonel Roebling was indefatigable in pushing on this part of the work. He went down under water with his men and showed them what to do and how to do it. A mysterious disease, called the caisson fever, broke out and decimated the workmen. It was a swamp fever, with peculiar symptoms, to which the strongest patients succumbed the most readily. Colonel Roebling caught it just as the foundations for the piers were finished, and, since then, he has been confined to his house, his nerves shattered, and only his vigilant, serene, and energetic mind remaining to show what a man he was before the river revenged itself thus cruelly for his intrusion.

It was in 1857 that John A. Roebling first publicly suggested the feasibility of uniting New York and Brooklyn by a suspension bridge. His letter upon the subject was published in the *Journal of*

Commerce and attracted considerable attention, because Mr. Roebling had already constructed similar bridges successfully. An original genius, he was bold enough to differ from Stephenson in regard to such bridges, and had won over him a famous victory. Stephenson openly condemned suspension bridges for railways and other heavy traffic and would erect only tubular structures. When he came here to inspect the site for the tubular bridge at Montreal, he looked out of the cars and saw himself travelling across Roebling's suspension bridge at Niagara! This was glory enough for one engineer; but Mr. Roebling's life was full of equal triumphs. His projects were opposed by all the other leading engineers, and Stephenson was by no means the only rival who was compelled to acknowledge his superiority. According to the first estimates, the Brooklyn Bridge was to cost \$7,000,000; it has now cost over \$15,000,000; but, the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt assures us that not a cent of this immense sum has been stolen, and the verdict of the scientific experts is that the bridge is worth the money.

The French, always malicious and satirical, have a proverb, "*Cherchez la femme!*" which they apply to all crimes and misfortunes. This proverb is no less applicable to all blessings and achievements. When we look for the woman behind the Brooklyn Bridge, we find the wife of Col. Roebling, a bright, handsome, buoyant, charming lady, full of indomitable pluck and exhaustless spirits. Perhaps it is too much to say that, without her, there would have

been no Brooklyn Bridge; but, certainly, without her there would have been no Col. Roebling to rejoice at its completion. She has literally kept her husband alive. In the spasms of physical despondency occasioned by the fever which robbed him of vitality, she has been nerves and eyes and brains and hope to him. Her devotion has been incessant and unbounded; her confidence has sustained and strengthened him as though he were borne upon an angel's wings. Never for a moment has she allowed the cares and weariness of constant nursing to tell upon her appearance or her spirits. Whenever he has looked at her, he has seen the same beautiful face, lighted up with love and trust; whenever he has spoken to her he has heard in her sweet, frank, pleasant voice the cheerful accents of contentment with the present and security for the future. The proudest moment of her life—prouder than when, on the opening day, the President chivalrously stooped to kiss her hand—will be when, leaning on her husband's arm, she can conduct him over the bridge which she has helped him to build. When that time comes, we may be sure that Col. Roebling will give thanks, first to God, and then to his noble wife.

JAMES HENRY RUTTER.

It is a great deal, in these stirring, sensational times, to be the hero of an hour, the talk of a day; but the sudden elevation of Mr. Rutter to the Presidency of the New York Central Railroad was actually the topic of a fortnight. That William H. Vanderbilt should retire from this office was a surprise; and that he should not appoint one of his sons to the position, but select a person outside of the Vanderbilt family to succeed himself, was more surprising still. To be sure, a new office, called the Chairman of the Board of Directors, has been created for Mr. Vanderbilt's son; but this only makes the position of Mr. Rutter as President more independent. No wonder that all sorts of rumors have been generated by this extraordinary incident. It is stated that the Vanderbilt family will sell out their property in the New York Central altogether; that they will sell out now in order to buy back more largely when the shares fall in price in consequence of their retirement; that the Central has seen its best days and will soon cease to be a profitable investment. We take no stock in any of these rumors, but prefer to believe that the appointment of Mr. Rutter was a reward of merit, and that he was chosen by Mr. Vanderbilt for the very simple—and,

therefore, almost incredible—reason that he is unquestionably the best man for the place.

James Henry Rutter was born a railroad boy, and his arrival into the world was heralded by a locomotive whistle. His father was largely interested in the construction and equipment of railroads, and lived to see his son at the head of one of the most important departments of the Central. The father did not intend the boy for this career. He wanted to send his son to college, and, when the boy exhibited a decided disinclination for classical studies, he tried to make him a bookkeeper. But nature is too strong for any parental plans. As a duck takes to water, so the boy went to the railroad freight-house. He confesses, in a brief autobiography, to which we have had access, that the boxes, barrels, and bales of freight had the same fascination for him that the rigging of a ship has for the boy who is born to become a sailor. The straightforward record of his busy life is interesting from two points of view. In the first place, it shows how the natural bent of a boy's talents will triumph over every attempt to divert them to other objects. In the second place, it is a proof that, even in these days of rapid fortunes, reckless speculations, and haphazard conduct, the old virtues of industry, integrity, and honesty are still thoroughly appreciated, amply rewarded, and, consequently, as well worth cultivating as ever.

Mr. Rutter first saw the light at Lowell, Mass., in February, 1836, and is, therefore, in his forty-ninth year—a young man still for the responsi-

bilities devolved upon him. His father was superintending the construction of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, and Major Whistler, of Baltimore, had just imported from England the first steam-whistle that came to this country. Mr. Rutter, Senior, ordered this whistle to be fixed on a locomotive, and the locomotive to be run down to the foot of the street in which he resided, so that, if his expected child were a boy, the son and heir might be saluted by the first steam-whistle heard in America. The child was a boy; the steam-whistle shrieked its welcome and the good people of Lowell were scared out of their Yankee wits by this novel salute. The screams of the locomotive whistles on the Central road that announced his elevation to the presidency, in 1888, must have recalled to Mr. Rutter this legend of his birth. As a boy, he was bright, smart, and intelligent, and his father had him carefully prepared for a college education; but he begged so hard to be made a business man that he was sent to Scholfield's Commercial Academy, at Providence, R. I., instead of to Yale or Harvard. In the meantime his family removed to Elmira, N. Y., and there, in 1854, young Rutter rejoined them, having passed a capital examination in book-keeping and accounts. Boy as he was, he was immediately appointed one of the bookkeepers in his father's factory.

But, although far from idle or lazy, young Rutter could not be contented with a desk in his father's office. All of his spare time, and a great deal of time

that was not his to spare, was passed in the freight house of the Erie Railroad, at Elmira. To assist the railroad clerks to make out their papers, to help the railroad porters to move the parcels of freight, were young Rutter's recreation and delight. His father observed this and was too wise to thwart the boy's inclinations. He obtained for the youngster employment as clerk in the freight house, with a salary of \$25 a month, and the boy was happy. He liked the work; he did it well, and, within a year, the Superintendent of the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad offered him the head clerkship at Williamsport, where he remained until 1857. He was now just of age, and thought that he ought to make money in a hurry, like other men of the day. With this ambition he accepted a partnership in the grain and provision trade, in the mining district of Pennsylvania, and despatched freight by the railroads instead of handling it. Six weeks cured him of this folly. He longed for the railroad office again, and promptly threw up his partnership to become a clerk in the freight department of the Lake Shore line, at Chicago. In 1859 he was appointed the freight agent of the Chicago and Milwaukee road, and in 1859 he was invited to return to Elmira and superintend the freight house in which he had lounged about as a boy and had first worked as a clerk. This was a great triumph, and Mr. Rutter enjoyed it heartily. Probably his promotion to the presidency of the Central has not given him so much unalloyed satisfaction.

During the Civil War, Superintendent Rutter highly distinguished himself and rendered valuable service to the Government. Elmira was the rendezvous for the soldiers of Western New York, and troops and supplies were transferred there to be forwarded to the front. Superintendent Rutter had to despatch hundreds of thousands of men and millions of tons of freight, and, so constant was his care, so unremitting were his exertions, that not a man was injured, not a pound of supplies missing, not a dollar of money lost to the company, during his superintendence. His conduct at Elmira established his reputation among railroaders, and, in 1864, he was promoted to the Buffalo agency; in 1866 he was made Assistant General Freight Agent of the Erie road, and, in 1872, Commodore Vanderbilt, who knew what he had done for Erie, urged him to accept the Position of General Freight Agent on the Central, with entire charge of the immense business of that line and the Hudson River road from New York to Buffalo. This office is one of the prizes of railroading, and, when Mr. Rutter had reached it, he was considered as having climbed to the top of the ladder. Of course, this promotion of an outsider was regarded with disfavor by the old Central employés, and, for a year, Mr. Rutter was uncertain whether it would not be better for him to resign and go back to Erie. But already he had won the confidence of the Vanderbilts, and their support soon silenced all opposition and made him master of the situation.

Mr. Rutter tells a characteristic story of his interview with Commodore Vanderbilt during a trip to inspect the road. "Your face seems very familiar to me," said the Commodore. "I think you must have known my father," replied Mr. Rutter. "Oh, yes," said the Commodore; "that was the Rutter I recollect. But he was very young to be your father. He seemed about the same age that you are." "You met him many years ago," rejoined Mr. Rutter; "he is an old man now—over sixty." "Over sixty!" exclaimed the Commodore; "and do you mean to say you call that old?" Mr. Rutter was shrewd enough to see that the Commodore refused to be thought an old man, and so adroitly turned the conversation. For five years he labored zealously and successfully, and, in 1877, he was elected a director of the road, and the office of General Traffic Manager was created for him to relieve W. H. Vanderbilt of the superintendence of the details of the freight and passenger departments. In 1880 he was nominated by Mr. Vanderbilt as Vice-President, and assumed entire charge of the management of the road. Mr. Vanderbilt was still the nominal head of the Central; but Mr. Rutter was trusted with everything, superintended everything, and became, in fact, Mr. Vanderbilt's *alter ego*. That he should become the President in name, as he already was in responsibility, has turned out to be only a matter of time.

Mr. Rutter is of medium size, a fair, blonde gentleman, with pleasant manners, a ready smile, and thoroughly amiable disposition. His executive ability is

remarkable ; his judgment quick and accurate, and his popularity unbounded. He has the happy faculty of making and keeping friends, not only among his social and business associates, but among his subordinates, who obey him implicitly and are attached to him personally. His salary has been very large for several years, and his savings and investments have made him wealthy, although he has never used his official knowledge in gambling speculations. More than other men, he has enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the Vanderbilts, and they have treated him with unusual consideration and generosity, deferring to his advice and consulting him upon every point of railway management. He now has an opportunity to make the New York Central the best railroad in the United States, as it already is one of the greatest. He can order the tunnels to be lighted ; he can give the public more comfortable and safer cars ; he can advertise the time-tables ; he can improve the road in a hundred ways which, if done by Mr. Vanderbilt, would have appeared like yielding to newspaper attacks. Those who know Mr. Rutter best declare that he will prove to be more than equal to his opportunities, and that the Central road will increase, rather than diminish, in value under his experienced and independent dictatorship.

DANIEL E. SICKLES.

A PROMINENT figure down-town during the day, and at the first nights at the opera and theatres, is the ex-Congressman, ex-Minister and retired Major-General, familiarly known as Dan Sickles. Sometimes he hobbles up the steps of Wall-Street offices or down the aisles of the theatre upon a pair of crutches; sometimes he walks along with a slight, mechanical hitch in his gait to betray his patent leg. Over sixty years of age, he looks and bears himself like a well-preserved man of forty-five or thereabouts. His hair and large moustache are only becomingly touched with gray. He is always very carefully and even elegantly dressed. His broad forehead denotes intelligence; his square chin, determination. Through his cold, clear, large gray eyes the character of the politician is shown. He has a sweet, pleasant smile, and the fascinating manner and address of a courtly and accomplished man of the world.

Major-General Sickles was born October 10th, 1822, in New York City. He learned the trade of a printer, and was a New York boy of the old school, drifting into ward politics, as a matter of course, and, equally as a matter of course, supporting the Democratic ticket. The education which he acquired

at the compositor's case—the only college of so many clever men—made him a leader among his associates. Besides, he had many natural qualifications for leadership—a handsome face, a plausible address, quick wit, and undaunted courage. When we first knew him he was put in charge of the Tammany Hall boxes at an election in the Canal-Street district, and was ordered to see that Tammany carried the district. The story used to be told in those days that he made altogether too sure of the election by putting the ballot boxes into a coach and carting them down to Tammany Hall. If not true, the story is, at least, characteristic of its hero. All through his life he has been guilty of Talleyrand's unpardonable fault—too much zeal. Always he has been upsetting things by carrying the ballot boxes out of the district to show that he had them safely in his possession.

In 1843 Daniel E. Sickles was admitted to the Bar, then an almost indispensable preliminary for a politician who aspired to office. Four years later he was elected to the Legislature. He worked hard for the Democratic party and for himself. He made money and friends. He pushed his own fortunes by generously helping those of other people. The local politicians looked upon him as a rising young fellow who would make his mark. In 1853 they were astonished when he asked and received, as the reward for his political services and a testimonial to his social position, the office of Secretary to the American Legation at London under Minister James

Buchanan. There were growls, grumbles, remonstrances and satirical paragraphs in the papers ; but Secretary Sickles held his own and saw the highest of high life from the secure stand-point of an official diplomatist. His office brought him into contact with all the rich and distinguished Americans who visited London, and he became widely known and generally liked. To his inbred refinement of tastes and habits he now added the polish of the best society in the world. Buchanan left the London Ministry to become President, and Sickles used the Secretaryship as a stepping-stone, first to the New York State Senate, in 1853, and then to Congress, in 1856. He was a very popular Congressman, and was re-elected in 1858 and 1860.

In 1859, the career of the ambitious Congressman received a sudden check. He shot and killed Philip Barton Key, at Washington, and was put upon his trial for murder. His defence was temporary insanity, caused by the discovery that Key had betrayed his friendship and his wife. He was acquitted after one of the most exciting trials on record, and, as we have seen, his New York constituency indorsed the verdict of the Washington jury by renominating and re-electing him. There was, however, a feeling against him in many minds, and he set himself the task of overcoming it. Meeting him, one day at the Patent Office, he noticed the involuntary shudder with which we touched his hand, and it was marvellous to observe the pains he took to obliterate this impression from our mind and win us in spite of

prejudice. He succeeded, as he usually succeeds. One first night, at the Standard Theatre, we saw General Sickles sitting composedly in a private box and looking down upon the son of Philip Barton Key in the stalls. It was a strange meeting. They recognized each other, undoubtedly; but neither gave any sign of the recognition.

But, having almost regained his former popularity, Mr. Sickles all at once sacrificed it again by receiving back to his home the wife whom he had branded and expelled. Then society turned its back upon him, and he would soon have been dead politically, but the Civil War gave him a new career, a new reputation, a new success. The State needed soldiers, and Sickles was one of the first to volunteer. He went to the front, in 1861, as a colonel, and soon commanded a brigade of volunteers. In 1862 he was made a Brigadier-General for services in the field, and was lucky enough to lose his right leg at the famous battle of Gettysburg. At the expense of this one limb, which he manages to get along very well without, he became a hero and a Major-General. When the war was over he was one of the heroes who were not forgotten. In 1866, President Johnson offered to send him as Minister to the Hague, but he declined, waiting for something better and pleasanter. It came in 1867, when he was transferred to the Regular Army with his full rank, and in 1869, when he was appointed United States Minister to Madrid. Those were troublous times in Spain, and Minister Sickles was not the

person to keep out of trouble. He mixed in the intrigues, and nobody would have been surprised to hear that he had been elected to the Spanish throne or had proclaimed Spain as American territory and a candidate for admission to the Union.

Fortunately or unfortunately, such wild projects were nipped in the bud, in 1872, by the urgent request of the Spanish Government that Minister Sickles should be recalled. He returned home in triumph, a martyr to his enthusiasm for Republicanism, with a lovely, young Spanish bride. During his Ministry he had taken part in the Erie Railroad intrigues, and his large share of the profits was safely invested. He was a very rich man, and began to enjoy life quietly and luxuriously. For awhile he kept out of politics, and it was understood that he was a Democrat in principle and a Republican in practice; but the nomination of General Hancock was too much for him, and he declared himself opposed to Garfield, who was thereupon elected. This mistake necessitated another long period of inaction, and General Sickles is now in the midst of it, waiting for the developments of the November elections, and trying to cast the political horoscope for 1885. Under his cool, placid, polished demeanor, he hides a restless and unsatisfied ambition, and has become so used to the pride and power of office that he can never be truly contented, in spite of his wealth, unless he is serving the people in some public capacity. Let us add that in every office which he has hitherto held he has discharged his duties ably, faithfully, and satisfactorily.

-CARL SCHURZ.

THE caricaturists have made the countenance of ex-Secretary Schurz very familiar to the public. His bushy beard, eye-brows and hair, and his invariable eye-glasses, which give him a staring, eager look, lend themselves easily to the dexterous pencils of Nast, Keppler, and Wales. Aside from such caricatures, however, Mr. Schurz is comparatively little known outside of his immediate circle of friends. He goes about very little; attends few public ceremonials; speaks at few public meetings—although he has the reputation of an eloquent orator, and divides his time, since his retirement from the editorship of the *Evening Post*, between his books and his music. As for politics, the ex-Senator and ex-Secretary of the Interior dealt with them in his paper, but seems to have retired from them personally and permanently.

Carl Schurz has had an eventful and romantic career. Nature evidently intended him for a musician—perhaps a composer—but Fate has made him almost everything else. He was born near Cologne, Germany, in 1829, and is consequently fifty-five years of age; but he carries his years so boyishly that he appears to be not more than forty. He

came of a good, prosperous, middle-class family; was carefully educated, and sent to complete his studies at the University at Bonn. There he imbibed liberal opinions, and joined the staff of a liberal newspaper, then regarded as an incendiary publication. Too ardent and impulsive for a cool conspirator, he undertook to organize an armed insurrection at Bonn; the insurrection was premature and unsupported, and the too reckless student fled the town to join the patriotic army then skirmishing to make Germany a Republic and forestall the imperial designs of Bismarck. But ill luck still clung to Carl Schurz, and the patriotic army surrendered at Rastadt before he could display that military genius which fired his soul. Escaping arrest by strategy, he hurried off to Switzerland, and only ventured back across the border to deliver one of his comrades who had been sentenced to a long imprisonment.

As Mr. Schurz looks back to this period of his life he must be astonished to observe how the features of his subsequent career were foreshadowed. Before he was twenty-one years of age, he had been an editor and a soldier. Since then he has been a soldier and has risen to the rank of Major-General, and then he settled down as the editor of one of the most successful and influential evening journals in the world. But many busy years had to pass before his life thus returned to its first principles. From Switzerland he worked his way to Paris, and there wrote letters, in the style of Heine, to the

German papers, enduring the pangs of poverty, but seeing a great deal of the world. Thence he crossed to London and there served as teacher in private schools, learning English from the pupils to whom he taught German. After two years of this Bohemian existence, he emigrated from England to this land of the free, and here he determined to carry out the splendid theories of universal liberty for which he had sacrificed his family, his education, and his country. The land of the free, however, was then the home of the slave, and to Carl Schurz belongs considerable of the credit of removing this black blot from our national escutcheon. Arriving in Philadelphia, Carl Schurz went West, to grow up with the country, and became a citizen of Wisconsin. There he found a large German population, who welcomed him heartily; respected him for his devotion to the liberal cause in Germany; found him employment as a journalist and a lawyer; invited him to take an active part in local politics, and secured an official recognition of his services to the Republican party. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention which nominated Lincoln, and he was rewarded for his campaign services by the appointment as Minister to Spain. Then the Civil War began, and Carl Schurz promptly resigned this appointment to enter the Union Army. His services in the field were important, without being brilliant. They brought him in rapid succession the commission of a Brigadier-General in 1862, and of a Major-General in 1863. He remained in

the army until the close of the war, commanding a division at Chancellorsville and the Eleventh Corps at Gettysburg.

When the war was over, Carl Schurz found himself a distinguished man among several thousands of other distinguished men, and had his career to begin over again. He practised law; he became one of the Washington correspondents of the *Tribune*, and finally an opening was made for him at St. Louis, and capitalists came forward to back him in the establishment of a German paper. This paper became a power in the West. Carl Schurz brought to it his triple reputation as a German patriot, a Republican veteran, and a Union general, and he threw himself into journalism with the same vigor and enthusiasm which had inspired him at Bonn. He made the paper, which produced several notable American editors besides himself; the paper made the Republican party in Missouri, and, in 1869, the Republicans made him United States Senator. When the Liberal party was formed, under the leadership of Horace Greeley, to take the place of the Republican party, then considered moribund through corruption, Carl Schurz was one of the earliest volunteers to oppose Grant's re-election and nominate Greeley for the Presidency. We all know how this impracticable combination of Republican leaders and Democratic followers ended. Horace Greeley died with a broken heart, and Carl Schurz went to Europe to console himself for his political disappointment by studying, from a new standpoint,

the monarchical tyrannies from which he had happily escaped in his youth.

Returning to St. Louis and his newspaper, Carl Schurz also returned to the Republican party and worked hard, with tongue and pen, to elect Hayes as President. So prominent was he during the canvass, that his name was placed on the Republican slate, first for Secretary of the Treasury, and then for Secretary of the Interior. For the former office his temperament was unsuited; but as Secretary of the Interior, his routine duties relieved by the romance of caring for the poor Indians, he was thoroughly at home. The usual accusations of fraud and injustice were brought against him by political opponents; but these accusations were never seriously pressed, and the country was satisfied with his administration. He suffered, however, from the blight which fell upon all the politicians conspicuously identified with the Hayes imbroglio, and, for a time, deemed it prudent to withdraw from politics. The death of William Cullen Bryant had left the *Evening Post* without a head. Henry Villard and his associates hit upon the idea of purchasing the property and uniting it with the *Nation*, and Carl Schurz was offered the editorship of the partnered papers. He accepted the offer; entered upon his new duties modestly and efficiently, and one result of his appointment was the transfer of his St. Louis associate, Joseph Pulitzer, to the *World*.

The experiment of appointing a prominent politician to edit an important newspaper has been

frequently made, but has seldom been profitable. Usually the politician brings nothing to a journal except his name and fame, and the public care nothing for the name of an editor, provided they get the news. But Carl Schurz, like Henry J. Raymond, was a journalist by choice and a politician by accident. He had, as we have seen, been a newspaper writer at Bonn, at Paris, and at Washington, and had founded and established a very important journal at St. Louis. His classical education, his æsthetic tastes, his varied experiences, and his authority as an ex-official and ex-general seemed valuable to the *Evening Post*, and the literary features of the paper, which had been Mr. Bryant's peculiar care, were not only safe in the hands of Mr. Schurz, but were strengthened by the alliance of the *Nation*. Thus it happened that the *Post*, which had been popularly regarded as the personal organ of Mr. Bryant, actually increased in circulation and influence after his death ; but, after a year, Carl Schurz retired from the editorship. Liberal and cultivated in his views and honestly independent in his Republicanism, Carl Schurz will certainly remain in the front rank when the inevitable reorganization of parties occurs, and his extraordinary career may yet have still more extraordinary developments.

JOHN H. STARIN.

OVER Pier No. 18, North River, floats a flag with the punning motto “* IN,” to mark the headquarters of the extensive business of the popular subject of this sketch. The same flag floats over numerous excursion steamers and barges, over canal boats and lighters, over steam tugs and propellers, over ferry boats and pleasure boats, and over Glen Island, in the East River, which Mr. Starin has transformed into a summer paradise, with all sorts of amusements and refreshments. This pseudonym of Star-in was acquired by him when at the outset of his career he got up a condition powder for cattle labelled with the Star and the In. This was sold extensively and was popular. While engaged in travelling with his condition powder he was invited to become travelling freight agent in the interest of the State railroads. As oaks from acorns grow, so Starin’s Transportation Company with his star ensign and trademark came into existence. The punning flag, thus familiar to everybody around New York harbor and its rivers, is equally familiar through the daily papers, which are frequently called upon to record some new proof of Mr. Starin’s benevolence or generosity. The newsboys, or the police, or the vete-

rans, or some other deserving people, are treated to a free excursion or a day on Glen Island, and Mr. Starin is the good genius who liberally provides for these hundreds of guests.

To picture to yourself a portrait of John H. Starin is very easy. You have only to take the usual typical picture of Brother Jonathan, grizzle the blonde hair and chin tuft, and make the body a trifle stouter, and there is a capital portrait of the ex-Congressman. Brother Jonathan is generally represented as surrounded with implements of industry and of commerce; his face beams with good will and cornucopiæ pour tribute at his feet. None of these symbols need be removed in adapting the Brother Jonathan portrait to John H. Starin. He is the High Admiral of the Commerce of the New York rivers and canals; he keeps up his native connection with the agricultural districts of the State; he employs hundreds of workmen upon all sorts of industries and, although he is constantly giving away his money, it returns to him four-fold and thus keeps him rich. Indeed, it is a peculiarity of wealth well used that it increases the more it is distributed. The treasury of a generous man has the magical quality of replenishing itself. The oftener it is emptied, the fuller it will be found.

There are those who say of Mr. Starin, and of all such men, that their liberality is a carefully-calculated advertisement; that the free excursions given to the newsboys, the police, and the veterans serve to advertise the excursions for which the public pay;

that the frequency with which the papers are called upon to mention Mr. Starin's name attracts the public to Glen Island, and that thus generosity, like virtue, is its own reward and pays an ample interest upon the original investment. If this were all true it would not be a fault in Mr. Starin. On the contrary, the world would be very much brighter and better and happier if many other men would choose the same mode of advertising themselves and their business. The advertisement which gives a day's pleasure to the poor, ragged newsboys, to the much-pestered police and to the veterans who are forgotten and neglected by the country they faithfully served, is an excellent thing to imitate. But we need not say that Mr. Starin has no such ulterior views in his benevolences. In business he can drive as shrewd a bargain as any of his critics; but out of business he is a sort of all-the-year-round Santa Claus, delighting in giving because it is his nature, and happiest when he has succeeded in making others happy.

John H. Starin was born at the little village of Sammons-ville, in Fulton county, New York, on the 27th of August, 1825, and is, consequently, now in his fifty-ninth year. When he was born, Sammons-ville was in Montgomery county, from which Fulton has since been carved out. He received a classical education and determined to become a doctor. In 1842 he commenced the study of medicine; but he soon found that his talents were more practical than professional. Three years later he established himself in the drug business at Fultonville, and con-

tinued it for over thirteen years. In the meantime, he had, of course, taken an interest in local politics, being a man of education, of means and of that sunshiny nature which wins popularity without an effort. From 1848 to 1852 he was the postmaster at Fultonville. His drug store was the centre of the politics and gossip of the county, and when the Republican party was organized Mr. Starin became one of the earliest and most enthusiastic supporters of the new platform. The defeat of General Scott, for whom he had energetically electioneered, cost him his postmastership; but this induced him to extend his business operations beyond Fultonville and Fulton County, and finally brought him to New York City.

It was in 1856 that Mr. Starin turned his attention to the freightage business on the Erie Canal. At first he hired canal boats; then bought them; then built them. From canal boats he took the easy step to steamers, and from the Erie Canal he sailed out into New York harbor and Long Island Sound. Year by year his fleet of vessels increased in number and the vessels in size and importance. At first he carried freight only; then he began to develop the passenger traffic, and now he has the two branches of transportation under his control. With his facilities, he can supply any kind of a vessel for any number of tons or of people at an hour's notice. Observing that excursionists were always troubled about where to go, and that Coney Island did not always satisfy them, he purchased the barren islands in the East

River, opposite New Rochelle, and transformed them into a public pleasure-ground. At this place, which is admirably laid out, ornamented and policed, one may indulge in various amusements, from bathing to "Pinafore," and may be refreshed by various dainties, from a Rhode Island clam bake to a *table d'hote* dinner. If, in the multiplicity of his enterprises and employments, Mr. Starin has any especial hobby, it is this Glen Island *pleasaunce*, and any suggestion which will make it more popular, more agreeable and more comfortable is eagerly adopted, regardless of the expense.

Although Mr. Starin has left Fultonville these many years, he is by no means forgotten there, nor has he parted with his material interests in the county. Twice his old fellow-countymen have elected him to Congress, and at the last Republican State Convention they presented his name as a candidate for Governor. When Mr. Starin withdrew from this friendly candidacy he was politically stronger than ever, and after the adjournment of the Convention his son-in-law, Howard Carroll, one of the editorial staff of the *New York Times*, was unanimously offered the nomination for Congressman-at-Large by the Republican State Central Committee. Mr. Starin would have made a good Governor had the period been propitious for his nomination.

Mr. Starin's double life as a metropolitan and a countryman is evident in his occupations. He is a director of the North River Bank here, and of the Mohawk River Bank also. He seems engrossed in

shipping here, but he is equally interested in farming and stock-raising in the interior. He could be elected to almost any office in this city, and he has only to signify his acceptance of any position in the gift of the people of Fulton, Hamilton, Montgomery, Saratoga, and Schenectady counties. No wonder that such a man should look like Brother Jonathan; he is like the typical American in heart and in talent, as well as in appearance. "No man," says the false old proverb, "is a hero to his valet." Mr. Starin has no valet; his habits of life are too simple and unaffected; but he has numerous clerks and hundreds of other employés, and he is a hero to all of these men, with whom he is brought into the most frank and intimate intercourse and relations. To hear his clerks speak of him; to see their eyes glisten with pride and pleasure when they are permitted to utter his praises; to note the affectionate respect and esteem with which they refer to him—these are the best possible proofs that the public man who has made himself so popular is no less worthy of popularity in his private relations, and that his generosity is as genuine as it is remarkable.

RICHARD S. STORRS, D.D.

WHILE Henry Ward Beecher has made Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, famous all over the world by the brilliancy of his eloquence, the eccentricities of his conduct and his political partisanship, Richard S. Storrs has built up the neighboring Church of the Pilgrims without being a brilliant, an eccentric or a political preacher. To rival Mr. Beecher upon his own ground, and not only to rival him but to oppose him, condemn him and refuse to hold association with him, required a strong, brave and successful man, and the Rev. Dr. Storrs has shown himself to be such a person. In contrast to the emotional characteristics of Mr. Beecher, it may be said that Dr. Storrs represents the intellect of Brooklyn Congregationalism. He has never sought to put himself into comparison with the popular pulpit orator of Plymouth Church; but he has pursued the even tenor of his way, quite indifferent to the comparison which the public could not avoid making. The success which Mr. Beecher has achieved by sensationalism, in and out of the pulpit, Dr. Storrs has secured by study, by intellectuality and by the faithful consistency of his pastoral ministrations.

Richard S. Storrs was born at Braintree, Massa-

chusetts, August 21, 1821, and is consequently, nearly sixty-three years of age. He was the son of a clergyman, and from the cradle was destined for the pulpit. His father superintended his preparatory studies, and he graduated at Amhurst College, in 1839. After a brief rest he entered Andover Theological seminary, and received his commission to preach the Gospel in 1845. Already his career seemed to be marked out for him. Soon after he left the Seminary, he accepted the call of the Harvard Congregational Church, at Brookline, and, in 1846, was transferred to the Church of the Pilgrims, at Brooklyn. The Church was then a new one; but it had been organized by wealthy New Englanders and their descendants, and it has remained unto this day a New England, rather than a New York, institution. In the lobby of the splendid edifice, erected on Brooklyn Heights, is a piece of the Plymouth Rock upon which those Pilgrims landed after whom the church is named, and something of the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers inspires not only the pastor, but each member of this rich, devout and exclusive congregation.

It will be noted that the life of Dr. Storrs is really the life of the Church of the Pilgrims. He came to his church fresh from Andover Seminary, after less than a year's probation at another Brookline, and he has been identified with it ever since. Nevertheless, his reputation does not rest entirely upon his pulpit services. He has written much and lectured often, and his writings and his lectures have been remark-

able for learning, piety and eloquence. Although a devoted pastor, who knows every member of his flock personally and takes no less interest in the family than in the church affairs of the people, he has always been a persistent student. His private library is large and excellent, and there is not a volume in it which Dr. Storrs does not know intimately. Outside of the religious literature which it is his duty to study, he is especially familiar with history, with biography and with other kindred subjects. Upon these Dr. Storrs has lectured throughout the country, and thousands of people who have never heard him preach can bear witness to the cultivation with which he invests the topics of his discourses.

The lectures of Dr. Storrs have been called "secular sermons;" but to us the lecturer seems most at home in his own pulpit. There he appears as a tall, portly, stately gentleman, with a full, pleasant, dignified face, framed with long hair and whiskers, not yet gray. His manner is serious and impressive; his delivery slow, distinct and emphatic. He does not read his sermons, but has apparently committed them to memory, so polished is their diction, so compact their form, so perfect their rhetoric. Perhaps, like the late Dr. Chapin, he only memorizes certain passages, speaking extemporaneously during the intervals between these written sentences. If so, his command of language is remarkable. Not merely does he never hesitate for a word, but every word is the most exact and appropriate, fitting into its place as if it had been carefully chosen. His mat-

ter is as serious and dignified as his manner. There are no jokes nor stories to provoke laughter, no sudden outbursts nor apropos allusions to excite applause. The scenes which take place in the churches of Mr. Beecher and Dr. Talmage would be looked upon with horror in the church of the Pilgrims, and it would be quite impossible for Dr. Storrs to either cause or permit them.

Brooklyn has been called "the City of Churches," and the title is apt for many reasons, not the least of which is that the reputation of the city has been chiefly won by its celebrated preachers, and the notoriety of some through their eccentricities attracts crowds. Dr. Storrs has a contempt, which he does not attempt to conceal, for a celebrity acquired by such means, whether or not the end justifies the means, as the Jesuit proverb asserts. The Church of the Pilgrims is crowded, but not by curiosity-seekers. A Puritan preacher dispenses the Word of God soberly and piously to the sons and daughters of the Puritans. The strangers who go to that church, attracted by the great reputation of Dr. Storrs, sometimes complain that his sermons are too cold and colorless; but his own people have learned to understand and enjoy them. Cosmopolitan as this metropolis is in its religions, as in everything else, it possesses, perhaps, no stranger contrast than that between Storrs and Beecher, who belong to the same denomination, and are located within a stone's throw of each other.

Many of the sermons and lectures of Dr. Storrs

have been published in book form, and they are as interesting to read as to hear. Indeed, the more they are studied the better their learning and the splendor of their rhetoric will be appreciated. The words which Dr. Storrs has purposely pronounced coldly from the pulpit or from the rostrum glow and burn upon the printed page. Dr. Storrs has also published a volume entitled "The Constitution of the Human Soul," an essay in religious metaphysics, and a learned and elaborate "Report Upon the Revision of the Bible." Without endeavoring to push himself forward as a progressive reformer, he is an active advocate of the temperance movement, of missionary work and of all enterprises that promise to improve poor humanity; but it is characteristic of Dr. Storrs that all such reforms are regarded by him as subsidiary to his church, or to be made useful in connection with his church. For this reason much of his time and attention are absorbed by the Sunday Schools in which the future members of the Church of the Pilgrims are being trained and educated. As the whole life and all the interests of Dr. Storrs are identified with his church, so, without being too fanciful, we may imagine that the style of his oratory and his writing has become identical with that of his church edifice. Its foundations are as firm and deep; it is as cold and as solid as the stones; it is beautified by the same love of æsthetics which adorns the Church of the Pilgrims. The church and the pastor are as one, and long may they exist undivided and indivisible.

ALGERNON SYDNEY SULLIVAN.

THERE is something silvery in the sound of the name of Algernon Sydney Sullivan; the same silvery idea is suggested by his musical voice and by his exquisitely neat appearance and deportment. Tall, slender, elegant, with silvery hair and moustache, Mr. Sullivan is indeed a splendid type of the refined and dignified gentlemen of America. At first sight, and led astray, possibly, by his Irish name, you would suppose Mr. Sullivan to be one of those famous Dublin gentry whose courteous manners and sweet speech are traditional; but, although obviously of Irish descent, Mr. Sullivan was born in Indiana, in a little country village, where his only chance of an education was in the fact that a clergyman of the Church of England, having emigrated to seek his fortune, had settled in this Indiana hamlet. A lad with Mr. Sullivan's instincts could have no better instructor, and he acquired not only the classics, but the proprieties and elegancies of life.

Prepared for college under the direction of this reverend tutor, Mr. Sullivan entered the Presbyterian College at South Hanover, and was transferred, in his junior year, to Miami University, where he graduated with honors. Then he studied law and

was admitted to the Bar of Indiana. But his tastes and habits were already too dilettante for the rough and ready practice of his native State, and so he removed to Cincinnati, where, in a comparatively large city, he found the society in which he was fitted to shine, and almost immediately became a prosperous lawyer. Chief Justice Chase, Justice Stanley Matthews, William S. Groesbeck, George Pendleton, and others almost as solid or as brilliant, were then the leaders of the Cincinnati Bar, and that Mr. Sullivan should make his mark when opposed to, or associated with, such eminent lawyers, is the best testimony to his learning, his ability and his eloquence. Being a lawyer, he naturally took an interest in politics and was a prominent orator on the Whig side; but he steadily refused all nominations for office and devoted himself to his profession. His relaxation was society and the arts which go to make society more cultured and beneficent. Popular, prosperous and happy, Mr. Sullivan was growing up with the Ohio capital, when a sad family bereavement took the sunshine out of his life, and the outbreak of the Civil War decided him to remove to the East.

After hesitating for some time between Boston, which attracted him by its claims to culture, and New York, which he felt to be the real metropolis of the country, Mr. Sullivan came here, almost unknown, and commenced over again the hard work of making his way in the world. But the work was by no means as hard as he had expected. He is for-

fortunate in that impressive appearance which proclaims the educated gentleman, and his debut at the Bar here, in a case for which he was retained in Cincinnati, gave him almost immediate recognition and position. Our local political leaders knew him by reputation, of course, and were eager to avail themselves of his services. The Whig party had died with Henry Clay, and Mr. Sullivan, like most of the old Whigs from his section of the country, had joined the Democratic party, which, more than any other political organization, needs brains and speakers and yet recompenses them the least generously. But Mr. Sullivan was as independent of political rewards here as he had been in Ohio. He delivered many speeches, which were truly orations in the Ciceronian style, and he was soon christened "the silver-voiced orator from Ohio." This political fame brought him more clients, and Mr. Sullivan achieved, with remarkable ease, a position in New York at least equal to that which he had relinquished in Cincinnati.

His present and future thus assured, Mr. Sullivan went into society and took a prominent part in literary and artistic enterprises. He wrote both prose and verse for the *Atlantic* and the *North American Review*; he gathered around him a select circle of writers, painters, and musicians. Without the wealth of a Mæcenas, he made his taste and culture supply the place of wealth. His indorsement of an artist, his introduction of a singer, became valuable. One of the safest entrances to

public favor was discovered to be through the door of Mr. Sullivan's hospitable house. One of the surest methods of establishing an artistic enterprise was to interest Mr. Sullivan in the scheme. If he could not afford to assist his artistic proteges largely with money, there were several millionaires among his friends who had implicit reliance upon his taste and tact and whose check-books would open at his request. Himself unselfish, Mr. Sullivan has done much good which he would blush to find turned into fame, but for which the recipients, now all distinguished in their various departments of art, have not shown themselves ungrateful.

But this ideal life, which Mr. Sullivan had long ago planned for himself and to which he had looked forward enthusiastically during his labors in Cincinnati, made unexpected demands upon his means and his time. This consideration, joined to the urgent entreaties of the political leaders, who knew that they could make capital out of such a candidate, induced Mr. Sullivan to revise his decision not to accept office, and he served for three years as Assistant District Attorney. The position was uncongenial to him, and he was glad when his term expired. Under any circumstances it would be more pleasant to Mr. Sullivan to defend than to prosecute a criminal; but when the prosecution was a mere matter of routine, an official duty, irrespective of the merits or peculiarities of each case, his position was doubly irksome. He was only himself again when the duties of the Assistant District At-

torney were over, and when, at some public celebration or private party, he was called upon for a speech or a sentiment. But during Mr. Sullivan's three years of office his private practice had been driven away, and he had to anticipate another season of hard work before his clients could be recalled.

Fortunately there is an official position in New York precisely suited to Mr. Sullivan in every respect, and, more fortunately, it was promptly offered for his acceptance. This is the office of Public Administrator, which he has held for six years and in which the public hope that he will be permanently retained. The duties of the Public Administrator require not only an able lawyer and an honest man, but a gentleman of tact, of feeling, of sympathy. To him large amounts of money are entrusted under circumstances which demand exceptional qualities. A drowned sailor is fished out from the Bay; he has his advance pay in his pocket; the money goes to the Public Administrator, and the wife or mother or other relative of poor Jack has to be hunted up, identified and put in possession of the property. A miser is found dead, without a will; thousands of dollars are discovered in his hiding-places; the money goes to the Public Administrator, who holds it for the heirs. A millionaire dies intestate, never having had leisure enough to dispose of his riches by testament, or being afflicted with the notion that a man who makes his will makes his grave, and the Public Administrator takes

charge of the estate. Some of the property is in jewels or furniture, or some other form whose value fluctuates, and the Public Administrator has to decide when and how it should be sold to the best advantage. In short, the duties of the office are so varied, so interesting, and often so romantic, that a person of Mr. Sullivan's character and temperament finds unceasing delight in their performance, while the emoluments are sufficient to amply recompense him for his work. No position could suit him more perfectly. It is better for him than leisure; it has its reliefs from the drudgery of routine work. For a wonder in our politics, the man is fitted to the office and the office to the man, and let us hope that they will be for many years identified with each other.

THEODORE THOMAS.

THE season of 1882-83 proved conclusively that the Americans are a musical people. The crowds who attended the Patti concerts, the Nilsson concerts, the Italian, French and English operas may have been attracted by fashion or for amusement ; but the crowds who sang at the festivals throughout the country were unquestionably in earnest in their love of music. These immense festivals were not given in Cincinnati and New York only, but were repeated at almost all our principal cities as far north as St. Paul and as far west as San Francisco. In every place the large choirs of local singers supported the professionals and had devoted months of study and practice to prepare themselves for the performance. Not England, which has long been famous for its local choirs ; not even Germany, where every native is supposed to be born a singer or player, could show more enthusiasm for music or grander results than the festival concerts. The man who has done the most to develop and educate this musical taste and taste for music in the American people is Theodore Thomas.

Mr. Thomas was born at Hanover, Germany, in 1836, and is now in his forty-eighth year—the prime

of life. His tall, well-knit figure, broad shoulders, deep chest, stern, sallow face, closely cropped hair and drooping moustache suggest rather the army officer than the leader of an orchestra. Although no life could be more peaceful than that of Mr. Thomas, he looks like a soldier, and is a soldier at heart in his capacity for discipline, for organization, for command. He leads bodies of singers that are really small armies, and he manages them with a strength of will and force of character which would make him successful as a general if he were called upon to attack forts instead of notes and to win martial victories instead of celebrating them. Add to this that Mr. Thomas is a martinet in his profession. He expects to be obeyed without a question; he has often been known to stop a performance because of a slight noise in the audience. Those who serve under his baton, which might have been that of a Field Marshal, admire him for his great talents; but personally he is rather feared than loved by his subordinates. In private life, however, his brusqueness is laid aside and he is as amiable as he is clever.

The father of Theodore Thomas was a violinist, and, as a mere baby, Theodore learned to play the violin. He was a born musician; music was his amusement, his work, his life, as a little child. His father taught him much, but the boy studied incessantly when his father could not spare the time to instruct him. In 1841 he made his public debut at a concert given in Hanover, and the audience laughed

as he came forward, for his fiddle was nearly as large as himself. But they laughed no longer when the little Theodore began to play. Already he exhibited a wonderful technique, and his playing showed, as well as his earnest face, that he understood the music which he was endeavoring to express. His success was so decided that the little Theodore became a feature of the Hanover concerts, and when, in 1845, his family removed to New York, he appeared here as a soloist with a reputation. This reputation was increased during six years of concertizing through the East and South. During the La Grange season of Italian opera at the Academy he served as leader of the orchestra under Signor Arditi, and this engagement determined his subsequent career.

In 1855, appealing to the lovers of the higher class of music, Theodore Thomas began his seasons of chamber concerts, which continued without interruption until 1869. His colleagues were William Mason, Joseph Mosenthal, George Matzka and Carl Bergmann, the last named being replaced by Frederic Bergner in 1861. These concerts were too good to be profitable then, but they educated the public and Mr. Thomas persevered in them in spite of discouragements which would have conquered a weaker man. During the period of ten years from 1851 to 1861, he was either the conductor or leader of the Italian and German troupes which visited this country; but in 1861 he resolved to relinquish his connection with the opera and strike out a line for himself. In 1862 he was elected the conductor of the Brooklyn

Philharmonic, and this gave him an assured position and income. In 1864 he began his Symphony Concerts, which were at first unprofitable pecuniarily but afterward repaid him splendidly. In 1866 he gave summer concerts in the Central Park Garden and these also were financial failures. But if, up to this time, Mr. Thomas had not made any money by his concerts he had made a remarkable reputation, and he had not to wait many more years before reaping the golden and greenback fruit.

In 1869 Theodore Thomas took his orchestra of forty performers, carefully trained by him and kept together all through the year, on a tour to the principal cities in the Eastern and Western States. This tour was so successful that it was repeated the next year with an orchestra increased to sixty members. In 1877 Mr. Thomas was elected conductor of the New York Philharmonic, while still conducting the Brooklyn society. His concerts in New York—we mean his own concerts, not those of the Philharmonic—had not been pecuniarily successful; his concerts throughout the West had paid magnificently. These facts convinced Mr. Thomas that the West was the home of American music; for, although he cares as little for money as any other artistic enthusiast, yet he knows the need of it and the value of it in sustaining art and artists. So when, in 1878, he was offered the position of director of the Cincinnati College of Music, he accepted it and cheerfully resigned all the posts he held in this city and Brooklyn. He worked hard for the college; he organized

five of the largest musical festivals that had yet been held in the country, but he soon discovered his mistake in leaving New York, which is the metropolis of American music as it is of everything else American. With characteristic courage, Mr. Thomas no sooner found out his mistake than he hastened to correct it. He resigned his directorship; returned to New York; was re-elected to his former conductorship and was welcomed back by everybody.

This is a very practical age, and, at first, such a life as that of Theodore Thomas seems strange in it. "Does it pay?" is the question asked about everything, and Mr. Thomas has always tried to give the public the best kind of music without considering whether or not the speculation would be profitable in dollars and cents. But his career has demonstrated anew the old saying that the best thing always pays best. He has had to wait a few years for his pecuniary success; but it is now ample and will increase year by year. His Symphony Concerts, for example, which were discontinued in 1869, for want of funds, were renewed in 1872, at the request of subscribers who guaranteed all the expenses, and were continued successfully until Mr. Thomas went to Cincinnati. His orchestra, which played at Central Park Garden to empty chairs, has since overcrowded all the largest halls in the country. His musical festivals, organized upon a scale never before dreamed of in America, except by Gilmore, have had profits as mammoth as their choruses. Success always comes to him who deserves it; but

sometimes it comes too late to be enjoyed. Fortunately, this is not the case with Mr. Thomas. Still in the prime of life; a man of the world, who loves good viands as well as good music; fond of his friends and equally beloved by them, he is to be congratulated upon his exceptional position at the head of American music and upon the talent, pluck, skill and energy by which he has fairly won it.

FRANK B. THURBER.

DURING the past year, a small, handsomely printed pamphlet, called "Facts for Workingmen and Others," has been thrown in at every door in New York. The aim of this pamphlet is to prove that the persons who overtax and oppress the workingmen are not the so-called monopolists, but the retail dealers. With considerable ingenuity, the author of the pamphlet seeks to show that the railroad companies of the country are not only guiltless of injuring the workingman, but are really his benefactors in a hundred ways. The reader finds, to his astonishment, that the agents or friends of the railroads have been so moved by the attacks made upon them in the press, that they have actually had an anonymous pamphlet written, printed and distributed, in order to answer argument by argument. Who can say, after this, that corporations have no souls? Who can deny the power of the press that puts the railroads on the defensive, and induces them to have recourse to printers' ink to answer their critics and censors, and influence the workingmen and voters?

The man who, by his incessant articles, addresses and efforts, has compelled our great corporations to this unprecedented attempt at self-defence, is Frank

B. Thurber, a merchant of New York. The arguments which the railroad pamphlet undertakes to answer are his arguments; the wholesale and retail grocer whom the railroad pamphlet attacks is himself. By his tongue, his pen, his combinations and his conventions, Mr. Thurber has so identified himself with what is called the Anti-Monopoly movement that, when anyone thinks of it, he is the champion present to the mind. He has made himself the life and soul and brains of the movement, and yet he has all the while been directing, developing and extending his immense grocery business. It is not our province to sum up the arguments *pro* and *con*—to decide whether or how far Mr. Thurber is right—but the fact that he has drawn the fire of the corporations upon himself and obliged them to meet him in print, to discuss before the people the important issues involved, is a most extraordinary compliment to his energy and pertinacity.

The firm of H. K. and F. B. Thurber & Co. have a large store fronting on West Broadway, Hudson and Reade Streets, which is the headquarters of their vast business. The newspapers complain that they have taken entire possession of these thoroughfares, blocking them up with carts and goods; but this may be monopoly malice, or it may be a shrewd advertisement. Besides these headquarters, they have a bonded warehouse and a coffee-roasting establishment on Worth Street; a produce commission department and a flavoring-extract and honey department on Duane Street; a manufactory of food pro-

ducts on Thomas Street; a canned-goods factory at Moorestown, New Jersey, and branch houses at London, England, and Bordeaux, France. That one of the partners in so extensive a firm should find leisure to devote himself to the anti-monopoly crusade is surprising; but it is still more surprising to find him handling his pen with the ease and force of a professional author, and publishing his numerous articles, not only in the daily papers and in pamphlet form, but in such periodicals as *Scribner's Magazine* here and the *Nineteenth Century* in England.

Frank B. Thurber, whose double life as a grocer and a philosophical and philanthropic agitator makes him one of the most interesting characters of the time, is a tall, slight man, with a graceful figure, a clean-shaven and expressive face, brown hair, and a voice always eager and impressive, but softly modulated and seldom raised above an ordinary conversational tone. He has the earnest manner of an enthusiast, tempered by the tact of a man of the world. He has made the Anti-Monopoly crusade a part of his business in life, and he transacts it with the courtesy, the confidence and the certainty of ultimate success which distinguish the American business man. He was born upon a rocky dairy-farm in Delaware County, New York—the same county in which his most prominent antagonist, Jay Gould, also first saw the light. He is only forty-one years old.' All the regular schooling he ever had was before he was thirteen years of age. He says of himself, "like Topsy, I jest growed," and is proud of

being altogether a self-made man. The district school of his native county, and a few months of tuition of the Union Hall Academy, Jamaica, Long Island, gave him the basis of that knowledge which he has since improved into a power. Yet there are few writers who surpass him in trenchant, idiomatic and effective English.

At thirteen young Thurber became an office-boy in the old importing house of Robert & Williams. When C. R. Robert branched off and formed a new firm with T. M. Wheeler, young Thurber went with him and remained with this house until 1864, when he associated himself with his brother in their present business. For eight years he worked single-heartedly to establish and build up the new firm. This accomplished, he became interested, about ten years ago, in the politico-economic questions which now engross so much of his time and attention, and have made his name known all over the civilized world. At first he was written into notoriety before he could make himself known by his writings. The corporations which he vehemently attacked control influential public journals, and these seemed determined to write him down. Exactly the reverse occurred. They wrote him up. He thrived upon the notoriety which their antagonism gave him. It was all good for the grocery business, which increased wonderfully the more Mr. Thurber was advertised. He soon found organs through which to address the public, and followers to endorse and circulate his views, and at last he built up a party which

has already made itself felt at the polls and is now a considerable factor in our local and State politics.

Mr. Thurber's creed is very simple. He believes that the railroads and other great corporations, instead of benefiting and enriching the country by their gigantic operations, are antagonistic to the principles upon which our Government was founded, and are rapidly breaking down popular institutions and substituting therefor a corporate aristocracy. He admits—as, indeed, what sensible person could deny?—that the great corporations, which control the forces of steam and electricity, confer blessings upon the country ; but he contends that these advantages could have been secured with far less attendant evils, and without creating a corporate power which, in his opinion, renders our system of government a mere form, under which outrages upon public and private rights are perpetrated such as would not be tolerated in any other part of the world. These are extreme views, and Mr. Thurber enunciates and enforces them with extreme vigor and persistency. But he does not become utterly radical. He is a man of property, and he draws the line hard and fast at Communism. He declares that he would fight as strenuously to maintain corporate rights as to require corporate duties, and we believe him thoroughly ; but then comes the vexed question as to what are corporate rights. Are they the rights granted by legislative bodies, and confirmed by judicial decisions, and protected by executive authority? Mr. Thurber says no ; that the corporations

have subsidized the legislative, judicial and executive departments and manipulated them against the people. So the ground is shifted, and the debate begins again.

Into this debate it is not our duty to intrude. We sketch Mr. Thurber as he is, and allow him to do his own arguing, and the corporations to answer him as they best can. But when, in the heat of the debate, Mr. Thurber's character and motives are impugned, he can refer with pride to the record of his business life, and to such business associates and personal friends as Jackson S. Schultz, B. B. Sherman and Charles S. Smith, in the Chamber of Commerce, and Ambrose Snow, Darwin R. James and A. B. Miller, in the Board of Trade, It must be said, too, that, although Mr. Thurber works with and by practical politicians to carry out his Anti-Monopoly plans, he is too clever to become their tool and permit them to make use of the Anti-Monopoly party for their own partisan aggrandizement. When Tammany Hall, expelled from the regular Democracy, raised the Anti-Monopoly cry and hoisted the Anti-Monopoly banner in a desperate attempt to regain popularity, Mr. Thurber refused to allow these dangerous and selfish recruits to take command of his Anti-Monopoly army, but sent them, as the Government did Colonel "Billy" Wilson's regiment of ruffians during the war, to the Dry Tortugas of the campaign, where they had plenty of hard work and scant fare, and could do no mischief.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

THE biographers assure us that Mr. Tilden was born at New Lebanon, Columbia County, in this State, in 1814, and he must, consequently, be seventy years of age; but the impression which he makes, not less by his appearance and deportment than by his plans and occupations, is that of a much younger man. On the south side of Gramercy Park a magnificent double facade is being erected to join two old, substantial houses. This facade is decorated with polished stone, terra-cotta work, carved ornaments and busts of Shakespeare, Milton, Franklin, Goethe and Dante. Stop and ask the workmen for whom this splendid city residence is designed, and they will tell you that it is the mansion and library of Governor Tilden. To project such an edifice, to expend so much money upon it, to undertake the formation of such a library as that for which the house is intended—these are the labors of a young or middle-aged man, not of an old gentleman close upon the seventies. Yet from his personal supervision of every detail of the building it is evident that Mr. Tilden designs the Gramercy Park mansion for himself, and looks forward to many long years of *otium cum dignitate* among his favorite books.

For another portrait of Mr. Tilden, quite as full of the vitality which is his characteristic, see him riding, in the early morning, along the charming roads which surround his summer residence, Grey-stone, on the Hudson River. He rides better than most Americans; he sits his thoroughbred horse with skilled negligence. He has a thoroughly English fondness for blooded stock in horses, cattle, dogs, and fowls, and, in spite of the vast affairs which occupy his time, always finds leisure to enjoy and to improve his foreign purchases. Mr. Tilden comes, and is very proud of it, from English stock. His grandfather emigrated in 1790, and settled in the little town where Mr. Tilden was born. His mother was the daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Jones, of the Colony of New Haven, and he preserves her maiden name in his middle name—Samuel Jones Tilden. His father was a farmer; but, as a boy, Mr. Tilden was not strong enough for farming work, and so it was decided to make a lawyer of him. He graduated at the University of New York; studied law in the office of Judge Edmonds, and devoted himself, of his own motion, to the special department of the philosophy of politics. May we not hope that one of the first fruits of his new library may be an original work upon this subject, which, at once abstruse in its theories and practical in their application, is peculiarly adapted to Mr. Tilden's talents?

In 1845 Mr. Tilden began his political career by being elected to the Assembly. In 1846, his abilities being already recognized, and again in 1867, in the

full maturity of his powers, he took an important part in the revision of the State Constitution. He was re-elected to the Assembly in 1864, and held firm ground as a reformer of the Democracy and an opponent of the New York Ring. In the meantime, he had made an immense fortune as a railway lawyer and speculator. Tweed and his staff could not understand Tilden, and under-estimated him, as Goliath sneered at David. To get rid of his opposition and use him as a figure-head, they selected him as Chairman of the Democratic State Committee. "It will give the old fool something to do and keep him quiet," said Tweed, contemptuously. It gave Tilden a great deal to do, and he did it so well that when he began his crusade against the Ring, in 1870, he had the whole Democratic organization at his back. The success of his ring reform made him Governor in 1874. He was a reforming Governor, and attacked the Canal ring with the same vigor which he had displayed against the Tweed ring. This policy displeased the machine politicians; but Tilden's nomination for the Presidency in 1875 was assured, as his nomination for Governor had been, by what is now known historically as his "still hunt."

The theory of American politics is that a candidate is selected by the people, through primary meetings and conventions. The practice is that political leaders choose an available tool and make him a candidate by manipulating the primary votes and convention delegates. A candidate who goes to work to nominate himself, using influence, money, intrigue,

and the press to secure an important office, is almost unknown in our political history. Aaron Burr was such a candidate; Tilden adopted his methods without his rascality and his unpatriotic ambition. The methods by which he operated were more French than American. The position in which Tweed had placed him gave him an intimate acquaintance with the Democratic machinery, and he employed this for his own aggrandizement. The Northern delegates, who went to St. Louis bitterly opposed to him, found the Southern delegates already pledged to his support. His nomination became a political necessity; his election was so far conceded that Mr. Hayes, his Republican opponent, declared in a public speech that the Democrats had carried the country.

Then came the bold despatch of Senator Chandler, claiming the victory for the Republicans, and weary months of doubt, confusion, crimination and recrimination followed. An Electoral Commission, to which both parties agreed, gave the Presidency to Mr. Hayes. Whether or not Mr. Tilden consented to this Commission, or induced his friends to believe that he had consented, is still an open question; but his indignant exclamation, "I will never agree to raffle for the Presidency," has the true ring. Since then he has posed as a President defrauded of his office, and the American people, without admitting all that he claims, are rather proud of him in this capacity. All the monarchies of Europe have pretenders to their thrones, and why should the American Republic be without its Comte de Chambord?

But to insist upon running for Governor or for President again in order to vindicate these pretensions would be a mistake. Mr. Tilden's position is unique. He has the dignity of a President *de jure*, without the responsibilities of a President *de facto*. He is surrounded by a little court, and his manners have grown courtly and diplomatic to meet the emergencies of his position. A bachelor, with more money than he can expend, he is able to gratify all the tastes and ambitions of an actual ruler without the formality of wearing a legal title. If he were President, his influence could hardly be greater in his own party and his advice more eagerly consulted by the party leaders. Besides, even a second term would give him only eight years in the White House, while now, in a handsomer residence, he is at liberty to remain an ex-President *de facto* all his life.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT.

THE reputation of being the richest man in the world is not without its dangers, as the recent attempt to nihilize William H. Vanderbilt proves. The London *Whitehall Review*, the most aristocratic journal in England, stated in a recent issue that his wealth far exceeded the largest fortunes of the nobility, and that he could buy up all the Rothschilds and still remain richer than any duke. Hardly had the paper containing these statements reached this country, when, as if in reply to them, some Socialist attempted to assassinate Mr. Vanderbilt by sending him an infernal machine through the mails. That the assassin did not know him was evident, not less from his crime than from his mistake in Mr. Vanderbilt's address. To those who know the American Cæsus, either socially or in business, the fact is undoubted that no man deserves his wealth better and employs it more liberally and judiciously within the lines laid down by the founder of the Vanderbilt family.

In order to see William H. Vanderbilt as he is, you must go, not to Wall street nor to the offices of the New York Central Railroad, but out to Harlem Lane, on a fine afternoon, when the fast trotters of

New York are taking their exercise. Behind the fastest team on the road, whose speed emulates that of his own locomotives, Mr. Vanderbilt is himself. His stout, sturdy figure sits firmly upright in his light wagon; his strong hands hold the reins as an expert; his broad Hollandaise face, with shrewd, small eyes, and drooping "Piccadilly" whiskers, is flushed with pleasure, sunshine and fresh air. His voice is genial, cheery and emphatic. He is enjoying himself thoroughly, and he diffuses an atmosphere of heartiness and good will as he dashes along, passing all competitors, or halts for a moment at a roadside hostelry to exchange a few words with an old friend or a road acquaintance. This is the real William H. Vanderbilt. The king of Wall street and the chief of railroad managers he has been made by circumstances.

Although Commodore Vanderbilt became a wealthy man while William H. was yet a boy, the eldest son did not, for years, share in his father's prosperity. He was generally regarded as rather a slow lad, and the Commodore, naturally autocratic, was a long while in discovering those business abilities which now confessedly outrank his able father's. It was with reluctance that the Commodore initiated his eldest son into the railroad business. He preferred to send the boy to a Staten Island farm and give him an income of three thousand dollars a year. To the Commodore's astonishment William made the farm pay. His plodding and persistent industry; his strict and scrupulous integrity; his keen

and almost prophetic foresight, were qualities which ensured success even in that small sphere, and won for him the respect and affection of all who knew him. The Commodore first learned of William's virtues from friends; but he was disposed to believe the best of him, and so he took him into the New York Central offices.

It was formerly supposed that the Commodore assumed the entire management of his railroad, dictated all the improvements, and personally superintended all the details. The public know better now, when they see that the road prospers and improves as usual since the Commodore's death and his son's retirement. The fact is that the Commodore handed over the virtual management of his business to William several years before he died, just as William has now handed it over to President Rutter. He was too able a man not to recognize ability, and his will shows how exalted was his opinion of William. That opinion has been more than justified by the results. When the will was attacked by other members of the family, William protected his father's memory by judicious compromises; he has held the Vanderbilt property together; he has more than doubled it; he has put into realities the wildest dreams of wealth in which the old Commodore would indulge over his quiet rubber of whist, and he has made a partner and assistant out of that very Jay Gould whom the Commodore used to dread.

William H. Vanderbilt has lately completed, on Fifth avenue, two splendid palaces, studiously mo-

dest without, as beseems his Dutch ancestry, but adorned within by the most rare and expensive works of art of every description, from the bronze doors to the pictures on the walls; from the painted windows to the exquisite china; from the artistic furniture to the no less artistic *batterie de cuisine*. There are no other mansions in America, public or private, which can compare with them, and few palaces in Europe equal them in all the details of elegance and luxury. In erecting, decorating and furnishing them, Mr. Vanderbilt has disbursed his vast wealth with munificent lavishness, and yet with characteristic caution. Everything is most expensive, and yet everything is worth as much as, if not more than, it cost. Mrs. Vanderbilt, a most amiable, lovely and refined lady, is one of the queens of society, and to give her a palace worthy of her queenly state the Vanderbilt mansions have been erected, and Art has been benefited by an almost unlimited patronage.

We often hear in society and read in the press reflections upon Mr. Vanderbilt, because he has not donated to the city any great public library, like the Astor and the Lennox, nor even a statue or a fountain—only the obelisk. These donations are to come, and those who have been let into the secret of Mr. Vanderbilt's plans and purposes have no fear that any other millionaire will surpass him in benefactions. But it must not be forgotten that Mr. Vanderbilt is still a public man. He gives himself, his daily services, his wonderful business capacity, to

the city, adding to its prosperity and growth. He donates to it one million of dollars a year in taxes which he is not legally bound to pay. He manages its greatest railroad; he controls its largest stock operations. The city cannot enrich him without also enriching itself. The time to bestow upon it public institutions will come when Mr. Vanderbilt is ready to retire from active business. But for an accident, he would not even have added the obelisk to the attractions of the Central Park. He had made an appointment to meet several gentlemen and consult about the obelisk, but when the day came he was a thousand miles away, the appointment forgotten in the business of his railroad. When his secretary telegraphed him that the gentlemen were waiting to consult him, Mr. Vanderbilt atoned for his absence by replying that he would assume the whole cost of transporting the obelisk from Egypt, without asking how much money would be required. This assurance was satisfactory; Commander Gorringe did his work admirably; the bill was paid without a word, and we know of no incident in his whole career which more brilliantly illustrates the peculiarities of William H. Vanderbilt.

AARON J. VANDERPOEL.

A FEW months ago a lawyer named Vanderpoel made a statement in court which was commented upon by the Press as bad law. The next morning all the leading journals published editorial notes to the effect that the similarity in name should not induce the public to credit Aaron J. Vanderpoel with the legal mistake, as he was quite incapable of such an error. This general and spontaneous compliment shows Mr. Vanderpoel's position at the New York Bar, of which he is an acknowledged leader. He is no orator "as Brutus is," but his logical, accurate, forcible, earnest, honest style of pleading has won the confidence of judges and juries, and there is no advocate more dangerous to face either at *nisi prius* or before the bench.

The story of Mr. Vanderpoel's life begins at Kinderhook with the traditional three brothers. These are John, James and Aaron Vanderpoel. John was a doctor, practicing at Kinderhook, and the family physician and intimate friend and adviser of Martin Van Buren. His son, whose portrait we are sketching, was named after Aaron, who was a Member of Congress, and was known in politics as "The Kinderhook Roarer." Young Aaron was called Aaron Vanderpoel, Jr., until his uncle married,

and then he changed the Jr. into a middle initial, and called himself Aaron J. Vanderpoel. When questioned, some years ago, about this middle initial, he hesitated for some time before he could remember when the alteration of his name was made and what it meant. James, the third brother, was a Judge of the Supreme Court of Albany. Prince John Van Buren married the daughter of James. Thus Aaron J. Vanderpoel comes of a legal and political family. He was born some fifty years ago, in the political atmosphere of the headquarters of the Van Buren dynasty. His career has been worthy of his origin.

Aaron J. was educated at the Kinderhook Academy and graduated at the New York University. He was a patient, plodding, thorough, but not brilliant student. Now he is a member of the Council of his University, the President of its Alumni, its Senior Law Professor, and in 1880 he received from it the degree of L. L. D. At the University he formed a life friendship with A. Oakey Hall, who was two classes younger than himself. Vanderpoel had no sentiment and cared nothing for music, poetry or romance; but Hall, who was his opposite in these respects—extremes meet in friendship—interested him in theatricals and escorted him to Mitchell's Olympic. The two boyish friends agreed to become partners in law when they had graduated. Such juvenile plans are rarely carried out; but this one was, and the close friendship of the University has been, and still is, unbrokenly maintained.

Vanderpoel first studied law in the office of C. P. Schermerhorn at Kinderhook. Then he came to New York City, his uncle, Aaron, having been elected a Judge of the Superior Court, and entered the office of William Curtis Noyes, where he had E. T. Gerry as a fellow student. He was admitted to the Bar with great eclat, having fairly posed the examiners by his legal knowledge. This incident gave him celebrity, and he at once formed a partnership with J. Bryce Smith, who is now known at Newport as J. Smith Bryce. Soon after he formed a partnership for life by marrying the wealthy Miss Stephens, a sister of the Central American traveller. But still another partnership was impending, and the curious history of it is also that of one of the greatest law firms in the world.

A. Oakey Hall, also admitted to the bar, had been appointed Assistant District Attorney to Mr. N. Bowditch Blunt, who succeeded John McKeon. Blunt proposed a partnership, and Hall went down to Wall Street, where Smith and Vanderpoel had their modest office, and proposed to his old college friend to redeem their boyish pledges. Vanderpoel at once agreed, Mr. Smith releasing him with the remark that it would be folly for him to miss such an opportunity. Blunt, Vanderpoel and Hall opened an office at 32 Chamber Street; but a financial partner was needed, and, Blunt dying during the third year of the new firm, A. L. Brown was taken in and the famous partnership of Brown, Hall & Vanderpoel was formed, in 1857. It lasted until

1875, and was immensely profitable. Hall's political skill retained for it the business of the Sheriff's Office, which Blunt had brought into the original firm. Brown collected and took care of the money. Vanderpoel was the strong wheelhorse who did the heavy work. In 1875 the firm was transformed into Vanderpoel, Greene & Cummings, and still retains its enormous business and well-won reputation.

Such a partnership as Brown, Hall & Vanderpoel, half legal, half political, was most congenial to the native of Kinderhook, to whom politics was a second nature. But he did not become a "roarer," like his uncle, nor accept office, like Oakey Hall, who was District Attorney for twelve years, and Mayor of New York for four years, while a member of the firm. Like his father, Dr. John, he preferred to be the power behind the throne; the confidential adviser of public men. A Democrat by birth and education, he was trusted and consulted by President Lincoln during the war, and was one of the private counsel of President Johnson during the impeachment proceedings. He has been for years one of the most intimate advisers of Samuel J. Tilden, and he is now the private counsel of Jay Gould. Indeed, there are few leading politicians who have not been glad of his advice and proud of his friendship. His election to the presidency of the Manhattan Club was a frank acknowledgment of his political as well as his social supremacy among the City Democracy.

A shrewd observer astonished everybody by declaring that Charles Dickens looked like a Dutch sea-

captain. Nobody had noticed this resemblance before; but the moment it was mentioned everybody recognized it. Aaron J. Vanderpoel has the same nautical air; the short, square, compact figure; the bronzed face; the clear, shrewd, kindly, deep-set eyes. His dark-brown hair is turning gray now; but still he does not look his years, and seems the personification of strength, solidity and force. What his future may be, depends entirely upon his own wishes. He may remain a millionaire lawyer, or he may take his choice, if ever the Democrats come into power, of the highest offices of the Bench or the Cabinet. Almost alone among the politicians of New York, he maintains the traditions of the Van Burens, and is equally popular with all factions, and, it may almost be said, with all parties. Reserved and formal in public, he unbends in private life and displays an unexpected sense of humor. It is odd to find the leading Democratic lawyer the depository of several new and unpublished stories of President Lincoln, and to hear him tell them over a good dinner is a pleasure vouchsafed to few, but always most thoroughly enjoyed.

ALFRED VAN SANTVOORD.

WE have seen a portrait of Mr. Van Santvoord, taken twenty years ago, which represents him as a singularly handsome man, with a serene, benevolent and aristocratic face, cleanly shaven, the eyebrows delicately penciled and a broad square forehead framed with rather thin hair.

Alfred Van Santvoord was born at Utica, New York, on the 23d of January, 1819. He was the third son of Abraham Van Santvoord, and Sarah (Hitchcock) Van Santvoord. His father was one of the pioneers of Utica, and was engaged in the business of transportation before the opening of the Erie Canal, when the Mohawk was a navigable river for boats, and formed a link in the line of transportation between New York and Lake Ontario. Utica was regarded as a great store-house from which goods were to be distributed through the West. Wood's Creek, which was another link of this water line, had a succession of dams and even a lock long before the Erie Canal was projected. Nobody dreamed at that time of what a big country this was to be, nor of the effect which the construction of canals and railroads would have upon its size, its business and its population. In 1826 his father removed to New

York City to engage in the transportation business on the Hudson River, and Alfred was educated in the best select schools of the day, notably in those of the Rev. Edmund T. Barry, of New York, and of Simeon Hart, of Farmington, Connecticut. While at Farmington he was fortunate enough to be taken as a boarder into the family of Timothy Pitkin, the historian, and this incident led to mutual relations of lasting affection and esteem. His record as a scholar was good, and his talent for music was developed and educated. In 1832, being then thirteen years old, he was made a clerk, first in his father's office and then in the office of Isaac Newton, the agent of the Hudson River Towing Association, a man distinguished among his contemporaries for business capacity and broad, intelligent views.

When Mr. Newton left the Towing Association to become the agent of the People's Line of steamboats, Van Santvoord went with him and served for seven years as the secretary and treasurer of the new company. In 1846 he resigned these offices, in spite of the remonstrances of the directors, to take his first trip to Europe, sailing on the packet ship Columbia and returning, a year later, by the steamer Cambria. He had made good use of his holiday abroad, devoting special attention to the roads, bridges, aqueducts and modes of conveyance and transportation in England, Scotland and on the continent. Upon his return he went to Albany and made his permanent residence there as the agent, with Marquis Barnes and Charles B. Redfield, of the

line of freight barges in which his father was interested. Albany was then an important commercial depot. Goods and merchandise for and from New York were re-shipped there. Mr. Van Santvoord remained a resident of Albany for twenty-four years, and during this period was prominent in working and extending the transportation business.

It is related of him that, as a clerk, he never restricted his work to certain hours nor insisted upon extra pay. He never could understand the meaning of the phrase "over-work." Like his successful contemporaries, he never thought of leaving his office while there was any business which required his attention. Generally he would remain with the boats until the barges were safely dispatched, even if midnight struck before he felt himself free to rest. To this assiduity he added an exceptional ability in organization and in so managing the men he employed that they gave him their best work, knowing that this would advance their own interests as well as his. But, perhaps, his special faculty was in the adaptation of ordinary means to secure important results. One instance of this is the manner in which he simplified and reformed the method of keeping accounts in the forwarding business, and invented the system which is still in use and has saved thousands of dollars in time and labor. But his greatest triumph in this department of talent was his invention of the model of the steamtug Oswego.

Up to 1850 the towing tugs on the Hudson had square, full sterns. The old fogies insisted that such

a stern was necessary; but one result of it was that the tugs had little control of their direction and went smashing into other boats, causing a great deal of damage and numerous lawsuits. Mr. Van Santvoord's brother is a lawyer, and derived a large income from these suits. Mr. Van Santvoord invented the Oswego, with a stern like a clipper ship, which improved the steering qualities and gave perfect control of the tug. The new shape and equipment were generally adopted on the Hudson, and within five years all the world had imitated Mr. Van Santvoord's tug, and he heard of his wedge-shaped stern being in use in Asia. "Yes," says his brother, the lawyer, laughingly, "Alfred reformed the tugboats, but he spoiled my law business; for I had no more such suits for damages after his simple invention came into operation."

Mr. Van Santvoord, during his residence at Albany, became the managing director of the Hudson River Steamboat Company, of which he was a large shareholder. During the war of the Rebellion he equipped and leased or sold to the Government numerous boats for transportation purposes, and his experience was of notable service to the country. The day boats now plying between New York and Albany were built under his supervision and direction, and he is particularly proud of the C. Vibbard and the Albany, the latter a magnificent iron steamboat launched by the Harlan and Hollingsworth Company, of Delaware. Next to his engineering skill and business tact, Mr. Van Santvoord has good

reason to boast—although he is too modest to do so—of his architectural ability. The new edifice on Forty-second street, opposite Vanderbilt avenue, was chiefly designed and built by him, and is occupied by the Lincoln Safe Deposit Company and the Lincoln National Bank, of both of which institutions Mr. Van Santvoord is Vice-President. In private life it may be truly said of him that he has never lost a friend, except by death, and never made an enemy intentionally. He enjoys his ample fortune thoroughly and dispenses it benevolently. His hospitality is proverbial, and throughout the business circles, from which he has never had any ambition to emerge, the name of Van Santvoord is synonymous with geniality, enterprise, energy and success.

LESTER WALLACK.

To tell the world exactly how old Lester Wallack is would be like revealing a trade secret. An actor's youth is, in fact, part of his stock in trade. This is especially the case in America, where the public prefer young faces to old favorites. An actor, like a woman, is always as young as he looks. Up to a few months ago, Lester Wallack looked about forty. The sudden death of Manager Goodwin, of Philadelphia, who was said to be poisoned by a hairdye, frightened all our young-old men, and Mr. Wallack aged twenty years in twenty days. Now he shows himself with his hair of a creamy, yellowy white, like a *Charles Surface* wig, and looks his sixty years fully. But, on the stage, he can still make up satisfactorily for a romantic hero of from thirty-five to forty-five, according to your distance from the footlights and the excellence of your opera-glass. But, pshaw! why should we be more reticent than Mr. Wallack himself? In 1882 he celebrated his sixty-second birthday. His father lived to an older age, and still retained his youthful feelings and his figure. It is to be hoped, therefore, that New York's pet actor-manager is still in the prime of his life.

Another trade secret is the place of Lester Wal-

lack's birth. He is so thoroughly English in his tastes that he likes to be thought an Englishman born. We cannot say, with the chorus in "Pinafore," that "he himself has said it;" but certainly he has never denied it without an effort. He tries to manage his theatres in the English style; he produces, with scarcely an exception, only the plays that have been tested in England; he engages principally English actors, and he is not displeased when anybody refers to his service in the English army. But, alas! Mr. Wallack was born in Varick Street, New York. His father was J. W. Wallack, the famous English melodramatic actor; his mother, *née* Miss Johnstone, was the daughter of a celebrated Irish comedian. Lester Wallack himself, in spite of his predilections, is an American all over, with much more of the Irishman than the Englishman in his composition. The English actors, even of his own company, stand aghast when they see him play a genuine English character, say in "Ours," or "Caste," or "Rosedale." In his style of acting he is what the French call a *farceur* rather than a high comedian; but he understands his public, and for many years, he has pleased them perfectly and been their chiefest favorite. Although born in New York, young Wallack was taken to England to be educated, and before he came of age, an ensigncy in the army was purchased for him, as was the practice in those days among young men of fortune. His regiment was ordered off to the wars, but Lester did not accompany it, his father having peremptorily forbidden his

departure; but his elder brother went, and so distinguished himself that, upon his return, he was honored with several semi-civic appointments, and was for a long while the Governor of Holloway Prison, where Lester used to make his headquarters when visiting London. There is a tradition that certain persons now living saw Lester Wallack march with his regiment as far as Charing Cross Depot during the Crimean war; but this story is contradicted upon the best authority. The descendant of two theatrical families, Mr. Wallack took to the stage as naturally as a duck to water, and was soon as much at home in his new sphere. He returned to America, and with a manly and artistic independence not often imitated, dropped his father's name, called himself John Lester, and took an engagement at the Bowery Theatre, while his father was acting on Broadway.

Next to the old Park, where J. W. Wallack was one of the most popular stars, the old Bowery was then the best theatre in the city, and there the young Lester obtained a training and experience that have stood him in good stead during his long and successful career. He played not only in comedy, but in melodrama and tragedy, and one of his happiest hits was in "The Three Guardsmen." When his father opened Brougham's Lyceum as Wallack's Theatre, he was glad to engage his son as a leading member of his very strong company. In the meantime, Lester had eloped with and married the sister of Millais, the great English artist, and his social and

professional position was now assured. Since the time when he joined his father's theatre, and competed with George Jordon for the reputation of being the handsomest man in New York, the history of Lester Wallack has been the history of Wallack's Theatre. He has acted in it a variety of parts from the sentimental hero of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," to the roystering parent in "My Awful Dad;" from the melodramatic villains of "Pauline" and "The Isle of St. Tropez," to the Oriental "King of the Mountain" and the gallant "Captain of the Watch." He has also written several plays for his theatre, notably "The Veteran," "Rosedale," and "Central Park," which displayed ingenuity of adaptation and cleverness of stage-tact rather than originality of invention. He was his father's stage manager, and, when his father died, succeeded to the management, which he will transmit to his son Arthur, now in training for this future.

When, in 1861, Wallack removed his theatre from Broadway and Broome Street to Broadway and Thirteenth Street, the new house was opened with an adapted play, by Lester Wallack, with the apropos title "The New President." This failed, and after several doubtful experiments, the management fell back upon the old comedies, which have been for over a quarter of a century the Wallack speciality. Lester Wallack then appeared in a round of parts that definitely settled the limitations of his talent. He was a capital *Charles Surface*; but he declined to shave off his side whiskers, preferring to sacrifice

artistic consistency rather than his good looks. He was the best *Charles Courtney* in "London Assurance" that we have ever seen, and when he exchanged that part for *Dazzle* he made an artistic mistake. He attempted to play *Claude Melnotte* and was received with smiles by the well-bred audience. After his father's retirement he tried *St. Pierre* in "The Wife;" but the smiles became ill-concealed laughter. At this time he had ideas about *Hamlet*; but his common sense prevailed and he never wore the sable suit of the melancholy Dane. At last he dramatized the *Blackwood* novel, "Lady Lee's Widowhood," under the title of "Rosedale," and wrote up the leading part for himself, adding a very effective scene from Bulwer's novel, "What Will He Do With It?" The play was a hit, and so was Mr. Wallack's acting. He could sing a comic song, knock down a burglar and come to the rescue of a child, at the head of his regiment, as a veritable "captain with his whiskers," and the public were delighted with him. "Rosedale" has survived the war and is still his most profitable star play.

Anxious, as all Americans are, for a London indorsement of their reputations, Mr. Wallack procured from Manager Buckstone, of the Haymarket, an engagement as light comedian. He was compelled to make his London *début* in a comedietta, late in the evening, when the stall and private-box audience and the critics had gone home to supper, and, of course, failed to achieve anything like his New York success. At his own request his engage-

ment was cancelled. As a dramatist, also, he had a London failure. He intrusted "Rosedale" to Dion Boucicault to be fitted for the Haymarket Theatre, with Sothorn as the hero. Mr. Boucicault changed the title to "Wild Geese," or some such absurdity, cut out Bulwer's scene, and so altered the piece that it did not please the London public. In its American form, "Rosedale" has since been played successfully in many English theatres, which proves that Boucicault's alterations weakened the Haymarket version.

When stars were engaged at Wallack's the actor-manager was out of the bills, and he was naturally tempted to become a star himself at some other house. Years ago he essayed his first experiment out of New York at Charleston; but his reputation was then merely metropolitan, and his farcical style was not appreciated by the provincials. A few years ago he repeated his starring experiment, this time in New York city, at the Grand Opera House, and, to his own surprise, found himself so profitable a success that he can always secure \$3000 a week, certainty, for a renewal of the engagement. Upon these terms he has starred at the Grand Opera House, the Windsor, the Brooklyn and the Mount Morris theatres.

In 1882 Lester Wallack built for himself a new theatre, on the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth Street, and leased his Thirteenth Street House to a German company. The up-town move was made about five years too soon; the German company

could not withstand the opposition of the Thalia, and, by the advice of Theodore Moss, the veteran manager decided to re-occupy his old house as a Star theatre, while keeping his stock company intact uptown. When, on the first night of the resumption, the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home!" the whole audience rose and cheered Mr. and Mrs. Wallack in their private box. With Theodore Moss to superintend all the details of the two theatres, Mr. Wallack is now free to accept brief starring engagements at or near New York. He has been Commodore of the Brooklyn Yacht Club and Shepherd of the Lambs Club, and is one of the directors of the Actors' Fund, for which a simultaneous benefit at all the theatres has been arranged annually. He is regarded and respected as the *doyen* of our actors and managers. But this sketch of him would be incomplete without a more particular reference to Theodore Moss, his right hand in and out of the theatre. Mr. Moss has been the treasurer of Wallack's under father and son, and his family has been allied to Wallack's by the marriage of young Arthur to Miss Moss. Lester and Moss have been so much together that they have grown to look alike, think alike, and speak alike. It is no secret—Mr. Wallack often proudly refers to the fact—that to the business acumen and sterling sagacity of Theodore Moss much of the success of Wallack's Theatre is due. Another generation of Wallack's will probably bear the same testimony to another generation of Mosses, in some future volume of Portraits a score of years hence.

SAM WARD.

DROPPING in at Sutherland's restaurant, one day, to enjoy some wild trout, which are cooked there to perfection, we noticed, sitting alone at a table near us, a short, stout old gentleman, with a ruddy, pleasant face, a bald head, fringed with silver hair, round, shrewd, intelligent eyes and a closely-trimmed gray moustache. At first sight he might have been mistaken for a retired colonel of the French army, and he certainly seemed to be enjoying his dinner with French gusto. But between the *plats*, he read by snatches from a little book, which, when he laid it down to resume his knife and fork, we saw was an edition of Horace in the original Latin. John Sutherland himself, with all the dignity of a Scotch laird, waited upon this literary *gourmet*, who feasted upon the best of viands and the best of epicurean poetry together. "That gentleman," said we, as Mr. Sutherland passed to give some order to the waiters, "must be Sam Ward." The reading diner looked up from his book, as if he had heard his name, bowed a recognition and renewed a former acquaintance. When our seat had been changed to Sam Ward's table we protested against the introduction of a book during dinner. "I agree with you," said Mr. Ward

pleasantly; "but I do not like to dine alone, and when I have no other friend present, I invite my Horace."

No romance could be stranger than the life of Sam Ward. In America he has lived three lives, at least; in England he is the most popular, socially, of all the Americans who have visited the mother country. He has a world-wide reputation as a *gourmet*; he tries hard to achieve a reputation as a versifier; he has not yet outlived the title by which all Americans knew him as "the King of the Lobby" at Washington. Amiable and sympathetic, full of quaint stories and poetic enthusiasm, fond of good living, good company and good books, Sam Ward is a Frenchman born in America in the same sense that a similar Frenchman was said to be a Greek born in Paris. We are too much accustomed to confound the ancient Greeks with their statuary and their architecture, and the phrase, a modern Greek, has become a term of reproach in two worlds, or else Sam Ward might have been at once described as one of the ancient Greeks living several centuries after his period. He would prefer to be considered as an ancient Roman who had survived his century but retained his fondness for Falernian and the poets; but Sam Ward has not the genuine Roman stamina. All through life he has drifted about, the sport of circumstances, lacking the iron will which moulds circumstances to its purposes. Chance made him a lobbyist, as chance has since made him a financial speculator. The only one thing which he ever earn-

estly desired and persistently sought—we mean fame as an author—fate has as earnestly and persistently denied him. He has seen his sister, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, become celebrated without a tithe of his talent, education or labor; and this thought secretly sours his choicest claret and over-seasons his daintiest dishes.

The father of Sam Ward was a member of the old banking firm of Prime, Ward & King, of New York, and during Sam's boyhood and youth, was a man of wealth and society. Sam was allowed plenty of money; was splendidly educated; was encouraged to travel, see the world and become a gilded youth. His talents were precocious; his acquirements remarkable. Some of the best society in this country was open to him. If he had only been compelled by lack of fortune to apply himself practically to business, to literature, to art or a diplomatic career, he would undoubtedly have become a great man. While still very young he married the granddaughter of John Jacob Astor, a sister of the present head of the Astor family, and thus seemed established as one of the New York aristocracy. But, in a few years, his wife died; his father's firm failed, and, without a single one of the habits of the provident bee, Sam Ward, a social butterfly, was forced to look upon life from a more serious standpoint. He debated many plans, but he did nothing. In fact, he did rather worse than nothing; for, travelling abroad upon the fragments of his fortune, he met and married the daughter of an English physician,

from whom he was soon separated by incompatibility of temper. Then the golden gates of California were opened, and the Sam Ward of the Primes and the Astors disappeared within them. When he emerged, a few years afterward, he was a new Sam Ward altogether. The man of fashion had become a Washington lobbyist.

Sam Ward's system of lobbying was not original; but he was the first to introduce it here. He gave his Congressman a first rate dinner, and then, when both body and soul were satisfied with the feast, he talked business and secured a vote for whatever measure he desired Congress to adopt. Looked at grossly, this is the simple bar-room strategy by which an invitation to drink preludes the request for a loan; but Sam Ward managed his spiriting delicately and often fed his fatted calves for months before he demanded the sacrifice. Everybody knew, however, that the dinner-knife would ultimately become the sacrificial knife, and, of course, he could influence only those Congressmen who were willing to barter their votes for viands, wines and something more substantial. As his reputation for good dinners spread, his company became more and more select. Many of our most prominent politicians were glad to sit at Sam Ward's table, although each of them knew there was a skeleton at the feast. Nowhere can you find so sumptuous a supper, free of charge, as at a gambling saloon; but everybody understands that there is an illegal game going on in the back room, and that you are expected to

pay for your supper by betting something on the cards. There was always some sort of Congressional game going on behind Sam Ward's dinners, and this period of his life is not one which his warmest friends can regard with complacency. Was he proud of it? He wore his title, "the King of the Lobby" with dignity; but he was the first to disclaim any financial purpose in his hospitality.

A few years ago James R. Keene came on from California to dispute with Vanderbilt and Gould the leadership of Wall street, and Sam Ward became Keene's intimate, nursed him faithfully through a long illness and withdrew from the Washington lobby to give Keene the benefits of his companionship and advice. The result was that Keene bestowed upon Ward a share in all his ventures, and Ward entered upon the third phase of his career in the character of a financier and a capitalist. He is reported to have made half a million of dollars under Mr. Keene's direction, and he is again able to lead a life of elegant leisure. He has an old-fashioned house in Clinton place, where he entertains his friends and such notorieties as Oscar Wilde and Mrs. Langtry. He takes trips to Europe, where he is being warmly welcomed now. Verses descriptive of his feelings on shipboard, or of the beauties of Mr. Keene's little girl, occasionally appear in the columns of that curious paper, the *World*, and serve to remind the public that Sam Ward is still in existence, and he busily pushes the books of his clever nephew, F. Marion Crawford, the author of "Mr. Isaacs"

and "Dr. Claudius." But otherwise he has quite dropped out of that publicity in which he used to figure so extensively. Sam Ward, the lobbyist, was not more different from the fashionable young fellow who went to California than is Sam Ward, the capitalist, from the ex-King of the Lobby. Each man in his time plays many parts; but few actors, since the conscientious amateur who blacked himself all over for Othello, have identified themselves so thoroughly with each part as has Sam Ward.

The question has often been asked how Sam Ward acquired his reputation as an authority upon the art of dining. He was not noted as a *bon-vivant* when he went to California; he entered at once upon his mission as a dinner-giver when he returned from California. Yet we have never heard that the Pacific Coast was noted for its culinary achievements. We are disposed to believe that Sam Ward learned the art of dining from books, correcting his reading by his youthful experiences at Paris. The mistakes which he makes when he talks about bills of fare are those of a book-diner rather than the experiments of an epicure who has learned from the dinner table, not the library table. For example, we once saw Sam Ward order three white meats to follow each other in immediate succession. The names of the three dishes looked very differently in print; but, to the palate, they were the same white meat with different sauces. Again, Sam Ward has the old school reliance upon the sweetbread as a dinner dish—a palpable error, since there is no more

tasteless viand, cook it as you may, and it merely serves to fill up space on the *menu* and in the stomach which ought to be better occupied. But, as among the blind the one-eyed is king, so Sam Ward reigns in America, where so little attention is paid to the artistic department of dining. In London, too, where dining well means eating a great deal, he is considered an authority upon wines and cookery. In Paris he is almost unknown as an epicure, outside of the American quarter, and when we once quoted him to the Baron Brissac, that genius had never even heard Sam Ward's name. We are afraid, therefore, that Sam Ward's reputation as a *gourmet* is not any more substantial than his fame as a poet; but, such as it is, long may he live to enjoy it.







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